



# SHAKESPEARE THE TEMPEST

WITH AN INTRODUCTION, NOTES, PARAPHRASE,  
EXPLANATIONS, QUESTIONS & ANSWERS,  
USE

*Edited by*

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## INTRODUCTION

### LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

#### Shakespeare at Stratford

The following entry in the register of baptisms is relied upon in fixing Shakespeare's birth approximately :

"1564, April 26, Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakespeare"  
(William son (of) John Shakespeare.)

The practice was to baptize the child within a few days of its birth : so 23rd April was fixed as Shakespeare's birthday.

His birth-place was Stratford-upon-Avon in Warwickshire. Round the town are more or less distant hills, and the view of it from the nearest, the Welcombe Hills, shows the town nestling in the broad valley.

His father, John Shakespeare, appears to have been a glover. He was besides a corn-dealer or farmer, and trader in all kinds of agricultural produce. William Shakespeare was the first son and third child of John Shakespeare and of Mary Arden, daughter of a husbandman and landowner. John Shakespeare thrived in worldly life till he rose to be Mayor of Stratford, and then its chief alderman—and thus he claimed a coat of arms as a gentleman.

It is usually held that Shakespeare went to the free Stratford Grammar School at the age of seven and stayed there till he was fourteen or sixteen at the latest, when he picked up his "small Latin and less Greek." If his picture of "the whining schoolboy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like a snail unwillingly to school" be not impersonal, then we may suppose that Shakespeare was at some school, and had written from his personal experience. There are frequent references to school-days' pranks in his plays "Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher (truant), and eat

black-berries ?" (*I Henry IV*, II, iv). It is pleasing to the fancy to imagine that Shakespeare had his full quota of a schoolboy's experience and pranks. He must have gone bird's-nesting, and joined in May-day, Christmas, and New Year's games ; helped make hay, gone to harvest-homes and sheep-shearings (*Winter's Tale*, IV. iii), fished (*Much Ado*, III. i), ran out with the harriers (*Venus and Adonis*, st. 113-118), and loved a dog and horse (*Venus and Adonis*, st. 44-52 ; *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, IV. i ; *Richard II*, V. v ; *I Henry IV*, II. i, etc.) as dearly as every boy in England did.

Lately Professor, J. D. Wilson (*The Essential Shakespeare*, p. 41) has questioned the Grammar School education of Shakespeare, and imagines that Shakespeare's father being an ardent Catholic, the boy might have received his education as a singing-boy in the service of some great Catholic nobleman, which explains how he became an actor.

Now whether Shakespeare had any schooling or not, he seems to have had a keen and alert mind which amassed a rich store of learning, quaint and miscellaneous. Lowell writes, "What kind of culture Shakespeare had is uncertain ; how much he had is disputed ; that wanted, must be clear to whoever considers the question."

John Shakespeare later appears to have fallen on evil days, and his son was consequently withdrawn from school. What Shakespeare did after he had left school is uncertain, and must be left to the fancy of every reader. It is variously stated that he was for some time a schoolmaster in the country, that he was apprentice to a butcher, that he was apprentice to his father. All that we can be certain of is that he stayed for some time longer at Stratford, that he noted the many rural scenes around him, took stock of the wild flowers and the birds, and learnt much of the lore of dogs and horses which he displays in his works. His frequent references to sports, hawking, coursing, and hunting make us believe that he must have seen all of these frequently and probably have indulged in them personally.

It is on record that Shakespeare at the age of eighteen was married to Ann Hathaway, his senior by eight years by special licence on November 28, 1582 and the issue of the marriage, Susanna, a daughter, was baptized on May 26, 1583. His twins—Hamnet and Judith were baptized on February 2, 1585. Thus when he was hardly twenty-one, he was burdened with three children and a wife eight years older than himself—and it is suggested that he must have worried about them.

Whether his marriage was a happy one must remain an open question. Shakespeare of course dwells on the evils of a woman wedding one younger than herself in *Twelfth Night*, II. iv; of the disdain and discord which grow through such incompatible union in the *Tempest*, IV. i; of a wife's jealousy in the *Comedy of Errors*, V. i. But the inference must be left to every reader as it pleases him. J. D. Wilson asserts, "In any case—to nail one more slander to the counter—there is no ground whatever for imagining that his married life was an unhappy one, which is not the same thing as saying that he himself was a model husband."

His domestic entanglements might have been the reason for his abruptly leaving Stratford to seek his fortunes elsewhere. Tradition gives a different cause: that Shakespeare joined some wild young fellows in breaking into Sir Thomas Lucy's park at Charlecote, about three miles from Stratford, and stealing his deer, for which, and for writing an impossibly bad ballad against Sir Thomas, the latter so persecuted the poet that he had to leave Stratford. But it is all uncertain. It is, however, generally supposed, though without any sure ground, that Shakespeare left Stratford in or about 1586. "The Queen's Players" paid a visit to Stratford in 1587. It is said by some that this was probably the turning point in Shakespeare's life. At any rate, sooner or later, he left his birth town for London, and took the way to fame and fortune.

### Shakespeare in London

The legend that Shakespeare, on the first appearance in London, employed himself in holding horse's heads

outside theatre doors, or worked in a printer's or lawyer's office, is now discredited. The earliest notice of Shakespeare in London occurs in 1592 in the death-bed effusion of Robert Greene—*A Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, in which Shakespeare is referred to as "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers" and as "Johannes factotum." Henry Chettle, who edits Greene's pamphlet, makes a nice apology to Shakespeare. It may be inferred from Green's ill-natured allusion that Shakespeare must have been actively engaged in writing plays by 1592, that at least some of them were based upon the work of other men.

The playhouse with which tradition connects him was called "The Theatre", and was built by a player and joiner, James Burbage in 1577, in the fields outside the City Walls, on the west of Bishopsgate Street, in Shoreditch. In 1598 it was pulled down and in 1599 rebuilt as "The Globe," on Bankside, Southwark.

The records of Shakespeare's life and doings henceforth are fairly continuous. Not long after he found a patron in Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. In 1596 he seems to have been well off enough to apply for a coat of arms. On August 11, 1596, Shakespeare's only son, Hamnet died, and was buried at Stratford. His son's death must have been a great blow to Shakespeare, wishing as he did to found a family. Now he seems to have been growing rich. In 1597 he bought for £ 50 the largest house in his native town, New Place, and later he made further investments in land in the neighbourhood. When "The Theatre" was rebuilt as the "Globe", Shakespeare was taken in as a partner—"a fellowship in a cry of players" (*Hamlet* III. ii). The admission as a partner into the profits of the *New Globe* marks definitely his success in London better than his purchase of New Place at Stratford.

In the beginning of the year, 1601, Essex's rebellion broke out, and for his share in it. Lord Southampton was imprisoned in the Tower whence he was not released until James I's accession in 1603. Shakespeare's fortunes

thus suffered a temporary eclipse. On March 24, 1603, Queen Elizabeth died, and as Chettle complains, "the silver-tongued Melicent" (Shakespeare) did not "drop from his honied Muse one sable tear." On James' accession, Shakespeare's company, originally entitled "The Lord Chamberlain's Servants," assumed the title of "The King's Players."

### Shakespeare at Stratford again

Shakespeare's life in London is an unbroken record of success and growing prosperity. "The rest of his story, so far as it can be read in the records, is one of continued good fortune. In the worldly sense, at least, Shakespeare had become, and remained till his death, a prosperous and wealthy man. The numerous documentary references to him that have come down to us are mainly concerned with property bought, money sued for in the courts, or plays of his which were acted or published."

In or about 1609, after the period of his great tragedies Shakespeare is supposed to have left London for Stratford. "There is nothing definite to fix the change to any one year; but the internal evidence of his plays and sonnets as well as the fact that he must, before he made his will, have sold or released to his partners all his interest in the Globe and Blackfriars' profits, and in his plays, almost obliges us to conclude that his leaving town dates from 1609 or thereabouts." Since his retirement to Stratford, he seems to have been once suing for the recovery of his share in the tithes which he had bought in 1605, and to have purchased a house and a piece of ground near the Blackfriars Theatre. This Blackfriars House was part of a large property belonging to the Bacon Family, and when this was cut up and sold, Bacon's widow Anne (mother of the great Francis Bacon) retained the title-deeds. On April 26, 1615, Shakespeare associated himself with his fellow-buyers in a Bill of Complaint to recover the title-deeds, and the widow's heir, Matthew Bacon, was ordered by the Lord Chancellor to bring the deeds to court.



Having executed his will on March 25, Shakespeare died at New Place on April 23, 1616, and was buried in the Chancel of Stratford Church on the 25th. The only report as to the cause of his death is in the Diary (printed in 1839) of the Rev. John Ward, who was appointed Vicar of Stratford in 1662, that "Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merie meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a feavour there contracted."

### Chronology of Chief Incidents in Shakespeare's Life

- 1564. April 26, Shakespeare baptized.
- 1571. At the age of seven, according to the custom of the time, Shakespeare's school-life probably began.
- 1575. Queen Elizabeth visited the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth. Shakespeare's father might have taken him to witness the Kenilworth festivities (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. iii).
- 1578. Shakespeare left school. His father's fortunes at a low ebb.
- 1582. Shakespeare married Ann Hathaway.
- 1583. May 26. Shakespeare's daughter, Susanna, baptized.
- 1585. February 2. Shakespeare's twin children, Hamnet and Judith, baptized.
- 1586. Shakespeare left Stratford.
- 1592. Shakespeare referred to in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*.
- 1593. *Venus and Adonis* published and dedicated to Southampton.
- 1594. *Titus Andronicus* acted by the Earl of Sussex's men.
- 1596. August 11. Shakespeare's son, Hamnet buried.
- 1597. May 4. Shakespeare bought New Place.
- 1598. Francis Mere's *Palladis Tamia* published which contained a list of Shakespeare's plays up-to-date in a chronological order. Shakespeare acted in Ben Jonson's *Everyman in His Humour*.

- 1599. Shakespeare purchased shares in the *Globe*.
- 1601. Essex executed, and Southampton imprisoned. John Shakespeare buried.
- 1602. May 1. Shakespeare purchased one hundred and seven acres of arable land which he added to new Place.
- 1603. February 2. Shakespeare's company performed before the Queen at Richmond.
- 1604. March 15. Shakespeare took part in the procession on the occasion of James' entry.
- 1607. Susanna married John Hall.
- 1608. September 9. Susanna's mother buried. Shakespeare established himself at New Place.
- 1609. *Sonnets* published.
- 1613. *The Tempest* performed at the festivities in celebration of the marriage of Princess Elizabeth with the Elector Frederick. The *Globe* burnt down.
- 1616. January 25. Shakespeare made his will, not signed till March 25.  
       April 23. Died.  
       April 25. Buried in the Chancel of Stratford Church.

### Chronology of Shakespeare's Plays

#### *Evidence—External and Internal.*

External evidence consists of (1) Entries of Poems and Plays, before or on publication, by publishers, in the *Registers* of the Stationers' Company incorporated by Queen Mary in 1557. (2) The publications of the Poems and Plays. (3) Allusions in contemporary books, diaries, letters, etc.

The *Stationers' Registers* and publication establish the dates of two Poems and six Plays, all printed in Shakespeare's lifetime, except *As You Like It* which is mentioned in the *Stationers' Registers*, and of which the date can be conjectured to be 1600.

Below is given the table of results :

*Venus and Adonis* entered and published in 1593 ;

*Lucrece* entered in 1594 ;

1 Henry IV entered in 1597 and published in 1598.

*Much Ado* entered in 1600.

*Hamlet* entered in 1602, published in 1603-4.

*Lear* entered in 1607, published in 1608.

*Pericles* entered in 1608, published in 1609.

Allusions in contemporary books, etc., give the dates of five plays : *Romeo and Juliet*, before 1595 ; *Julius Caesar*, 1601 ; *Twelfth Night*, February 1602 ; *Winter's Tale*, 1611 ; *Henry VIII*, 1613.

The books and diaries which supply the dates are as follows : Weever's *Sonnet* in his *Epigrammes*, 1595, for *Romeo and Juliet* ; Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, 1601, for *Julius Caesar* ; Manningham's *Diary*, Feb. 2, 1601-2 for *Twelfth Night* ; Dr. Forman's *Diary* for *Winter's Tale*, 1611 ; (1) Thomas Lorkin's letter to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated "London, this last of June, 1613" and (2) John Chamberlaine's letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, dated London, 8th July, 1613, both of which refer to the burning of *The Globe*, or *Playhouse*, during the performance of *Henry VIII*.

Internal evidence consists of allusions in the plays to past or contemporary events, and also relies upon the Style and Temper of the works. Allusions in the plays to contemporary events suggest positively the date of one play, *Henry V*. The Prologue to Act V refers to the Earl of Essex :

"Now the general of our gracious empress :  
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming ;  
Bring rebellion broached on his sword,  
How many would the peaceful city quit,  
To welcome him !"

The Prologue to Act I refers to the newly-built wooden "O," or the Globe Theatre, opened in 1599 :—

"Can this cockpit hold,  
The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram,  
Within this wooden O, the very casques,  
That did affright the air at Agincourt ?"

The reference to the great earthquake of April 6, 1580 in *Romeo and Juliet* helps to determine its date :—

"Come Lammas-eve at night shall be fourteen,  
 Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls :—  
 Were of an age : well, Susan is with God ;  
 She was too good for me : but, as I said,  
 On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen ;  
 That shall she, marry ; I remember it well,  
 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years."

This gives either 1591 or 1593 for the date of the play.

For the rest of Shakspeare's plays, *i. e.*, twenty-six out of thirty-seven plays, we have to depend on the style and temper of the works. First we may take the evidence of metre. If we compare *The Comedy of Errors*, an earlier play, with *The Winter's Tale*, we may deduce the following results : In the *Errors* the end-stopped lines *i. e.*, lines with a pause at the end are a marked feature, but in the *Winter's Tale* the lines are run on (*i. e.*, the sense is carried from one line to the next) with a fair proportion of weak or light endings which help the process, and varied central pauses—thus the lines in the *Errors* are stiff and formal, while in the *Winter's Tale*, they have the ease and freedom of natural talk. Further in the *Errors* lines are regular—five iambic feet, but in the *Winter's Tale* there is sometimes an extra or eleventh syllable or even a twelfth syllable. The results may be thus tabulated :

(i) Run-on lines in the *Errors* : 1 in 7·66

*Winter's Tale* 1 in 2·3.

(ii) Extra-syllable in the *Errors* nil

*Winter's Tale* 1 in 1·75.

(iii) Week endings in the *Errors* nil

*Winter's Tale* : 1 in 4 2.

The proportion of rhyming lines is another test. *Love's Labour's Lost*, a very early play may be compared with the latest plays, *The Tempest* and *Winter's Tale*.

*Love's Labour's Lost*.....1,018 rhyme, to 579 blank,  
 or 1 to ·56

*The Tempest*.....2 rhyme, to 1, 458 blank, or 1 to 779.

*The Winter's Tale*.....0 rhyme, to 1,825 blank, or  
 1 to infinity.

So we may compare the proportion of *run-on* to end-stopped lines in three of the earliest and latest plays :—

Earliest plays :—

*Love's Labour's Lost*.....1 in 18·14

*The Comedy of Errors*.....1 in 10·7

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.....1 in 10.

Latest plays :—

*The Tempest*.....1 in 3·02

*Cymbeline* .....1 in 2·52

*The Winter's Tale*.....1 in 2·12

Dowden, in his *Growth of Shakespeare's Mind and Art*, thus sums up the characteristics of Shakespeare's early plays—(i) frequency of rhyme in various arrangements ; (ii) occurrence of rhymed doggerel verse ; (iii) comparative infrequency of feminine or double ending, of weak ending, of unstopped line ; (iv) regular internal structure of the line ; (v) frequency of classical allusions ; (vi) frequency of puns and conceits ; (vii) wit and imagery drawn out in detail to the point of exhaustion ; (viii) clowns, who are, by comparison with the later comic characters, outstanding persons in the play, told off specially for clownage ; (ix) the presence of termagant or shrewish women ; (x) soliloquys addressed rather to the audience (to explain the business of the piece, or the motive of the actors) than to the speaker's self ; (xi) symmetry in the grouping of persons.

Now proceeding from Shakespeare's early to later plays we can trace the changes in style and metre which marked the progress of Shakespeare's mind and spirit. He soon gave up the doggerel, the excessive word-play, the quip and crank of his early plays, their puns, conceits, and occasional bombast ; he curbed his exuberant fancy by the control of the higher imagination and poetic creation ; he subdued the rhetoric of his historical plays ; he exchanged the playfulness of fancy, the verbal ingenuity, the farce of the early plays for the death-struggle of the passions, the terror of his tragedies, laying bare the inmost recesses of the human soul ; and then passed serene and tender, to the pastorals and romances of his later age.

A *Note on Folio and Quarto* : The term *Folio* is applied to a book the pages of which are formed by a sheet of paper folded once, and the term *Quarto*, to a book the pages of which are formed by a sheet of paper folded twice. All the plays of Shakespeare except *Pericles* were used in Folio (known as the first Folio), in 1623 by his friends and fellow actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell, and dedicated to the Earls of Pembroke and of Montgomery. Only seventeen of Shakespeare's plays were printed in Quarto during his lifetime. The first Folio is of great value, as it is, in some instances, more correct than Quartos, and contains seventeen plays, of which no Quarto editions exist. The second Folio appeared in 1632, the third in 1663-64, the fourth in 1685. Single plays appeared in Quarto form during Shakespeare's lifetime and throughout a large part of the seventeenth century.

### Classification of Shakespeare's Plays in the Folio of 1623

#### Histories.

*Henry VI.*  
*Richard III.*  
*Richard II.*  
*King John.*  
*Henry IV.*  
*Henry V.*  
*Henry VIII.*

#### Tragedies.

*Titus Andronicus.*  
*Romeo and Juliet.*  
*Julius Caesar.*  
*Hamlet.*  
*Othello.*  
*Lear.*  
*Macbeth.*  
*Antony and Cleopatra.*  
*Coriolanus.*

#### *Cymbeline.*

*Timon of Athens.*

#### Comedies.

*Love's Labour's Lost.*  
*Comedy of Errors.*  
*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*  
*Midsummer Night's Dream.*  
*Merchant of Venice.*  
*Taming of the Shrew.*  
*Merry Wives of Windsor.*  
*Much Ado About Nothing.*  
*As You Like It.*  
*Twelfth Night.*  
*All's Well that Ends Well.*  
*Measure for Measure.*  
*Troilus and Cressida.*  
*Winter's Tale.*  
*Tempest.*

## Development of Shakespeare's Dramatic Art

## FIRST PERIOD

The following plays belong to the First Period (1584-1594 ?)

*Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Romeo and Juliet* (with the poems of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* and probably the *Troilus* part of *Troilus and Cressida*), *Richard II*, 1, 2 and 3 *Henry VI*, and *Richard III*.

In the first period Shakespeare served his dramatic apprenticeship. In the earliest of his plays he shows an extraordinary facility in expression and a rare gift of phrasing which ever distinguished his work. But the verse form with the practice of rhyming and five rigid iambic feet did not make for appropriate dramatic expression. Even when rhyme was not used, the verse seemed to be crude and strained.

The use of Blank Verse by Marlowe in *Tamburlaine* (1587) opened a new era in dramatic composition. The possibilities of blank verse were but partly revealed by Marlowe in his creation of glowing forms and gorgeous scenes, inspired by the stirring events and great stories of danger and discovery of Elizabethan days. Shakespeare saw his opportunity. From blank verse he drew music and colour—myriad-toned and myriad-tinted. He could express through its medium the delicate beauty of a flower, the most gentle and the most unruly of emotions, the sadness of the death-scene, the splendid pageantry of state and arms.

In this striving towards freedom of expression Shakespeare first began to discard rhyme, and resort to such metrical devices as *double endings*, *light* and *weak endings*. In *Love's Labour's Lost* there are only 9 double endings (i. e., extra unaccented syllables at the end of lines), but in *Richard III*, which ends the First Period there are 570 double endings. In the plays of the first period there are only 17 light endings and 2 weak endings, but in the later play of *Antony and Cleopatra* alone there are 71 light and 28 weak endings—

and they are ever on the increase in his later plays. A light ending is a monosyllable at the end of a line, on which the voice can dwell in reading; and a weak ending is a monosyllable at the end of a line, which, both in sense and pronunciation is carried on to the next line. *And* is a light, and *where* is a weak ending in the following Verse from *Coriolanus*, III, ii.

“Which else would put you to your fortune, *and*  
The hazard of much blood.  
I would dissemble with my nature, *where*  
My fortunes and my friends at stake, required  
I should do so in honour.”

This external evidence apart, the plays of the First Period are linked together in plot and expression—they are mainly lyrical in character and are steeped in the gaiety of youth. In *Love's Labour's Lost* Shakespeare ridicules contemporary mannerisms and affectations, but the noteworthy fact is shakespeare's use of *mistaken identity*, which is the source of so much fun in his early comedies, and the symmetrical plot. The symmetrical plot and mistaken-identity devices are employed again in the *Comedy of Errors*, *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Characters are not sufficiently individualized in the early plays. *Richard III* is a one-character play, written under the shadow of Marlowe. *Richard II* has plenty of rhyme, quibbles and weak lines, matched by consistencies in the central figure—its only relieving feature is its lyrical fervour. As regards the art of construction, it may be noted that Shakespeare first intermingles themes in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which develops into a plot with an under-plot in later plays; but in *Romeo* and the two *Richards* Shakespeare discovers and applies the principle of causing the action to revolve round, and depend upon, one or two central figures, of making character and not incident the source of the action—a principle which is fully carried out in his tragedies. We note also that there is an increasing command over materials displayed by Shakespeare and an increasing insight into character and mind.



The lyricism of Shakespeare's early plays comes to full flower in *Romeo* and in *The Two Gentlemen*. The poems *Venus* and *Lucrece* are the work of a student who is intoxicated with beauty—the beauty of the material universe as well as the beauty of mind and imagination.

## SECOND PERIOD

To the Second Period (1594 to 1601) belong *King John*, *Merchant of Venice*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, 1 and 2 *Henry IV*, *Henry V*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, and the *Sonnets*.

In the Second Period the art of characterization is considerably advanced. First he touches on many different phases of life and presents a gallery of portraits. The political plays (*John*, *Henry IV*, *Henry V*) epitomize the great era of Elizabeth's reign, and embody her political insight and wisdom.

Henry IV advises his son that foreign wars unite a nation, and Henry V acts on that policy : the questions of Elizabeth's sovereignty, her right to the crown, are effected in *John* and *Henry IV*, as are the Elizabethan necessity of preventing foreign intervention in national politics, and the principle that vexations controversy concerning the right to rule might be, and was, less important than the duty of ruling strongly, wisely and well. Throughout is the plea for national unity ; throughout is the exultation of national strength, pride of England, love of its green fields and its sea-bound shores, rejoicing in its conquests, faith in its power, and hope for its future "

As illustrative of Shakespeare's insight into character, it may be pointed out that he shows wonderful knowledge of the Celtic temperament in these plays ; Glendower in 1 *Henry IV*, credulous, superstitious, passionate, overruled in his contracts by prophecies ; Gower in 2 *Henry IV* ; Fluellen in *Henry V*, one who loves argument, quotes precedent, forgets names, likes literature, and is brave and hardy, and lastly Sir Hugh Evans in the *Merry Wives*, a most "vehement" man.

Secondly, Shakespeare shows rare skill and delicacy in drawing the women characters. Portia in the *Merchant of Venice* is the beginning of that succession of beautiful types of splendid womanhood, whose watchword is *devotion*, and whose beauty and purity touch their character with pathos in their struggles against fate. Portia foreshadows Helena, Ophelia, Isabella, Desdemona and Cordelia. Rosalind and Celia of *As You Like It* are of an ideal cast. Rosalind and Celia wandering wearily, with their devoted Touchstone, through the wild, wonderful ways of a strange forest remind one of Virgil's *Eclogues*, where love-lorn shepherds tell the story of their love-sorrow in metrical cadences. There is a less pleasant and more passionate note in *All's Well That Ends Well*.

The links that connect this period with the first may be noted: The magnificent lyrical outburst of Rome is echoed in the *Merchant of Venice*, when Jessica, so like Juliet, and Lorenzo tell over again the story of their love; Marlowe's influence appears again in Shylock, and to Marlowe, Shakespeare pays a tribute in *As You Like It*:

"Dead Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?"

Rosalind and Celia repeat in part the story of Julia and Silvia in the *Two Gentlemen*, and the device of mistaken identity, employed in the *Dream and Errors*, is used again in *Twelfth Night*. For *Venus and Lucrece* we have the "Sugared" Sonnets,—and the sonnets strike the note of gloom and despair which prelude the Third Period of soul-racking tragedies.

Lastly the *metrical advance* in the Second Period. The proportion of double endings increases from 8 per cent in the First Period to 11·2 per cent in the Second. Light and weak endings in the First Period are as rare as ·162 per cent; in the Second Period they rise to ·359 per cent. The ratio between rhyme and blank verse in the First Period is as 1 : 3·3; in the Second Period it is only as 1 : 10·04.

## THIRD PERIOD

To the Third Period (1601—1609) belong *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*, *Measure for Measure*. *Troilus and Cressida*. *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, *Timon of Athens*.

In the tragedies Shakespeare deals with the problems of life and fate evil-doing or error or excess followed by punishment, and also the wider net spread by evil, in which the innocents are often involved, with the suggestion of a dark power which crushes down wicked and the innocent alike. As side-issues there are the stings of ingratitude and treachery—a *motif* which is further worked out in his plays of the Fourth Period, with the crowning result of forgiveness and reconciliation.

In *Julius Caesar*, Cæsar pays the penalty of ambition, and Brutus falls through error or—want of judgment—and there is the suggestion of dark forces which man reckons without. The strain of speculation in Brutus anticipates Hamlet, and in Hamlet speculation usurps the place of action. In *Hamlet* the bright and happy life of the young prince is darkened by the lust and ingratitude of his mother, and eclipsed by the revelation of his ungrateful uncle's foul murder of his father. Of the dark forces that drag down the hero of Shakespeare's tragedy, there is almost always an innocent woman victim; so Ophelia in *Hamlet*. *Measure for Measure* is a comedy. Against the gloom of lust and filth which touches this comedy rises, radiant as a star, the figure of the "enskyed and sainted" Isabella. In her is re-captured the breath of his earlier comedies. There is a note of stark realism in *Troilus and Cressida*. Hector alone is untouched by this realism—and Hector with his sentiment of honour and impracticability recalls Brutus. In *Othello* the treachery of the trusted friend, Iago, ruins the hero and involves the innocent Desdemona in destruction, the gloom of which is only relieved by the idyll of the hero's winning, and wooing, and wearing his pride. In *Macbeth*, Shakespeare for the first time introduces a woman who appears to be unsexed—and all for ambition. The idea of moral retribution—death of Lady Macbeth,

under the pangs of conscience and death of Macbeth, from Macduff's sword—is nowhere more clearly worked out than in this tragedy. Then follow the terrors and horrors of *Lear*. “Ingratitude of daughters, treachery of a son—driving their fathers to despair, to madness, and to death,—infidelity of a wife, plotting her husband's death, and poisoning her sister, to gratify her own lust, the heavens themselves joining in the wild storm of earthly passions”—these are at the core of the tragedy of *Lear*. *Antony and Cleopatra* is admired for its gorgeous eastern colour and the most wonderful study of a woman that Shakespeare has ever made. “In the earlier group of tragedies, from *Julius Caesar* to *Lear*, a woman is the passive confidant, the helpless victim, the good angel, or the deadly foe, of the tragic hero; in the late group she becomes a companion spirit, holding him by the spell of personality, of passion, or of blood. Sex has no part in the sinister magnetism of Lady Macbeth; but in the “strong toil of grace” cast by Cleopatra over Antony, the magnetism of sex becomes a source of tragedy, less harrowing indeed than the tragedy of Othello or *Lear*, but even richer in consummate poetry.” *Coriolanus* is linked, on the one hand, with *Julius Caesar* by its picture of mob-mentality and with *Lear* by portraying the self-will and pride of the hero. But in *Coriolanus* is struck the keynote to the plays of the Fourth Period: “Thinkest thou it honourable for a noble man still to remember wrongs?” In *Timon* there is real hardening of the soul of the hero, not by crime, but by ingratitude. He cries, “I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind” And so he ends, “who, alive, all living men did hate.”

Now the metrical advance. In the Second Period the double endings are 11·2 per cent; in the Third Period they increase to 22·08 per cent. In the Second Period the light and weak endings are 35·9 per cent; in the Third Period they increase to 43 per cent. The ratio of rhyme to blank verse in the Second Period is as 1 10·04; in the Third Period it is as 1 25·8.

## FOURTH PERIOD

To the Fourth Period (1609 to 1612) belong *Pericles*, *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Henry VIII*. Shakespeare passes from the storm and stress of the Third Period to "a great peacefulness of light," a harmony of earth and heaven. The new notes are the notes of mercy and forgiveness, reunion and reconciliation. Two features specially distinguish the plays of the Fourth Period.

First, there is a tender touch about the women. We may contrast the women of the Third Period with the women of the Fourth Period. Portia, the gentle wife of Brutus, is lost amid plots and assassinations. Ophelia is denied her love and is drowned. Isabella, sorely tried by temptations, barely escapes ruin. Desdemona is crushed by fate against which her simple and perfect womanhood cries out in vain. Poor Lady Macduff is deserted and murdered. Cordelia is disowned, banished from her father, is wronged and slain. Chaste Octavia is wedded to Antony and deserted. Volumnia and Virgilia are made the instruments of that ruin which they sought to avert. Now what gracious tenderness environs the women of the Fourth Period: Thaisa and Marina, separated from Pericles, patient in adversity, are reunited at last and find happiness. Miranda, unaffected, unsophisticated, untainted by one ungenerous thought or impulse, tender, pitiful, open-hearted, so different from the Stratford-type women of Period I, the lively, pert and competent London-type women of Period II, the fate-stricken women of Period III, nurtured in the love and wisdom of a noble father, is at last rewarded with the love of a noble prince. Imogen belied, wronged by her husband, is at last reconciled, and forgives all who have done her harm. Hermione, disgraced and thought to be dead, suffers in silence and finally forgives the husband who has so injured her. Perdita, the fair shepherdess, fragrant with the breath of the open fields and wild flowers, lost to her kin, is found again and takes part in the joyful reunion.

Secondly, these Fourth-Period plays take us back to the joys of the simple life of nature. They paint Shakespeare's Stratford life—the wild flowers of the countryside, the junketings of the rustics, the merry, roguish pedlar with his frayings for the maidens, the shepherds, the sheep-shearing. And as the country scenes point to Shakespeare's renewed life at Stratford, so the scenes of reconciliation between husband and wife, the love of fathers for their daughters, and their watchful care over their children's destiny, point to his renewed life with his wife Ann, and his care of his two daughters—all that then remained alive of his children.

In the Fourth Period Shakespeare returns to his original method of construction. Instead of concentrating the action in two or three main characters, as he did in his tragedies, he intermingles themes, as in the First Period, but paints them on a broader canvas, still keeping characters in the forefront. In many things Shakespeare seems to return to Period I—in the pictures of country life, in the portraiture of girls, in themes like the sleeping portion; but here the handling of materials is finer, characterization is deep, charity and forgiveness are everywhere—we seem almost to be in a new heaven and a new earth.

In metrical matters, the double endings increase to 38·8 per cent from the 22·08 per cent of Period III; the light and weak endings increase to 5·06 per cent from the 1·43 per cent of Period III; but the ratio of rhyme to blank verse decreases to 1 : 53·8 from the 1 : 25·8 of Period III.

### Shakespeare's Self-Revelation

Shakespeare is a dramatist, and a dramatist does not lay bare his soul in his plays. The idea of getting at the soul of Shakespeare through his plays will be resented by many critics. The drama is an "objective" art; the less said about the dramatist's self-revelation, the better. As a matter of fact the dramatist conceals his self behind his characters—and particularly in the case of Shakespeare who has created such a bewildering variety of characters, no two being alike, his personality,

if he has reflected it in any of his characters, is absolutely elusive. Yet lately Professor J. Dover Wilson claims to have discovered the "Essential Shakespeare" in his interesting study of the problem. His book is the high watermark of the "subjective" interpretation of Shakespeare. We need not go the whole hog with Professor Wilson, but we may accept the reasoned conclusions of Leslie Stephen. And here is Leslie Stephen's summing up of the case :

"A dramatist is no more able than anybody else to bestow upon his characters talents which he does not himself possess. If—as critics are agreed—Shakespeare's characters show humour, Shakespeare must have a sense of humour himself. When Mercutio indulges in the wonderful tirade upon Queen Mab, or Jaques moralizes in the forest, we learn that their creator had certain power of mind just as clearly as if we were reading a report of one of the wit combats at the "Mermaid". It is harder to define those qualities precisely than to say what is implied by John's talk at the "Mitre," but the idiosyncrasy is at least as strongly impressed upon such characteristic mental displays. If we were to ask any critic whether such passages could be attributed to Marlowe or Ben Jonson, he would enquire whether we took him for a fool. If we were considering a bit of purely scientific exposition, the inference to character would not exist. A mathematician, I suppose, could tell me that the demonstration of some astronomical theorem was in Newton's manner, and the remark would not show whether Newton was amiable or spiteful, jealous or generous. But a man's humour and fancy are functions of his character as well of his reason. To appreciate them clearly is to know how he feels as well as how he argues; what are the aspects of life which especially impress him, and what morals are most congenial. I do not see how the critic can claim an insitinctive perception of the Shakespearian mode of thought without a perception of some sides of his character. You distinguish Shakespeare's work from his rival's as confidently as any expert judging of handwriting. You admit, too,

that you can give a very fair account of the characteristics of the other writers. Then surely you can tell me—or at least you know “implicitly”—what is the quality in which they are defective and Shakespeare pre-eminent.

“Half my knowledge of a friend’s character is derived from his talk, and not the less if it is playful, ironical and dramatic. When we agree that Shakespeare’s mind was vivid and subtle, that he shows a unique power of blending the tragic and the comic, we already have some indications of character; and incidentally we catch revelations of more specific peculiarities. Part of my late reading was a charming book in which Mr. Justice Madden sets forth Shakespeare’s accurate knowledge of field sports. It seems to prove conclusively a proposition against which there can certainly be no presumption. We may be quite confident that he could thoroughly enjoy a day’s coursing on the Cotswold Hills, and we know by the most undeniable proof that his sense of humour was tickled by the oddities of his fellow sportsmen, the Shallows and Slenders. It is at least equally clear that he had the keenest enjoyment of charms of the surrounding scenery. He could not have written *Midsummer Night’s Dream* or *As You Like It*, if the poetry of the English Poet Greenwood had not entered into his soul. The single phrase about the daffodils—so often quoted for its magical power—is poor enough, if there were no other, of a nature exquisitely sensitive to the beauties of flowers and of spring time. It wants, again, no such confirmation as Fuller’s familiar anecdote to convince us that Shakespeare could enjoy convivial meetings at taverns, that he could listen to, and probably join in, a catch by Sir Toby Belch, or make Lord Southampton laugh as heartily as Prince Hall laughed at the jests of Falstaff. Shakespeare, again, as this suggests, was certainly not a Puritan. That may be inferred by judicious critics from particular phrases or from the relations of Puritans to players in general. But without such reasoning we may go further and say that the very conception of a Puritan Shakespeare involves a contradiction in terms. He represents, of course, in the fullest



degree, the type which is just the antithesis of Puritanism ; the large and tolerant acceptance of human nature which was intolerable to the rigid and strait-laced fanatics, whom, nevertheless, we may forgive in consideration of their stern morality. People indeed, have argued, very fruitlessly I fancy, as to Shakespeare's religious beliefs. Critics tell us, and I have no doubt truly, that it would be impossible to show conclusively from his works whether he considered himself to be an Anglican or a Catholic. But a man's real religion is not to be defined by the formula he accepts or inferred even from the church to which he belongs. His outward profession is chiefly a matter of accident and circumstance, not of character. We may, I think, be pretty certain that Shakespeare's religion, whatever may have been its external form, included a profound sense of the mystery of the world and of the pettiness of the little lives that are rounded by a sleep : a conviction that we are such stuff as dreams are made of, and a constant sense, such as is impressed in the most powerful sonnets that our present life is an infinitesimal moment in the vast "abyss" of eternity. Shakespeare, we know, read Montaigne ; and if, like Montaigne, he accepted the creed in which he was brought up, he would have sympathized in Montaigne's sceptical and humorous view of theological controversialists playing their fantastic tricks of logic before high Heaven. Undoubtedly, he despised a pedant, and the pedantry which displayed itself in the wranglings of Protestant Papist divines would clearly not have escaped his contempt. Critics, again, have disputed as to Shakespeare's politics ; and the problem is complicated by the desire to show that his politics were as good as his poetry. Sound Liberals are unwilling to admit that he had aristocratic tendencies, because they hold that all aristocrats are wicked and narrow-minded. It is, of course, an anachronism to transplant our problems to those days, and we cannot say what Shakespeare would have thought of modern applications of the principles which he accepted. But I do not see how any man could have been more

clearly what may be called an intellectual aristocrat. His contempt for the mob may be good-humoured enough, but is surely unequivocal : from the portrait of Jack Cade, promising, like a good Socialist, that the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, to the first, second and third citizens who give a display of their insanity and instability in *Coriolanus* or *Julius Caesar*. Shakespeare may be speaking dramatically through Ulysses in *Troilus and Cressida* ; but at least he must have fully appreciated the argument for order : and understood by order that the cultivated and intelligent should rule and the common herd have as little direct voice in state affairs as Elizabeth and James could have desired.

“When we have gone so far, we have already, as it seems to me, admitted certain attributes, which are as much personal as literary. If you admit that Shakespeare was a humorist, intensively sensitive to natural beauty, a scorner of the pedantry, whether of scholars or theologians, endowed with a amazingly wide and tolerant view of human nature, radically opposed to Puritanism or any kind of fanaticism, and capable of hearty sympathy with the popular instincts and yet with a strong persuasion of the depth of popular folly, you inevitably affirm at least some negative propositions about the man himself. You can say with confidence what are the characteristics which were thoroughly antipathetic to him, even though it may be difficult to describe accurately the characteristics which he positively embodied.

“Another point is, it would seem, too plain to need much emphasis. The author of *Romeo and Juliet* was, I suppose, capable of Romeo’s passion. We may ‘doubt that the sun is fire,’ but can hardly doubt that Shakespeare could love. In this case, it seems to me, the power of intuition is identical with the emotional power. A man could surely have been unable to find the most memorable utterance in literature of passions of which he was not himself abnormally susceptible. It may be right to describe a poet’s power as marvellous, but why should we hold it to be miraculous ? I agree with Pope’s

common sense remark about He'loisa's 'well-sung woes', 'he best can paint 'em who can feel 'em most'. Surely that is the obvious explanation, and I am unable to see why there should be any difficulty in receiving it."

### Shakespeare's Genius—As a Poet and Dramatist

#### 1. *Universality.*

"And such was Shakespeare, whose strong soul could climb

Steeps of sheer terror, sound the ocean grand  
Of passions deep, or over Fancy's strand  
Trip with his fairies, keeping step and time.  
His too the power to laugh out full and clear  
With unembittered joyance, and to move  
Along the silent, shadowy paths of love  
As tenderly as Dante, whose austere  
Stern spirit through the worlds below, above  
Unsmiling strode, to tell the tidings here."

—W. W. Story.

"Shakespeare's work alone can be said to possess the organic strength and infinite variety, the throbbing fullness, vital complexity, and breathing truth of Nature herself. In points of artistic resource and technical ability—such as copious and expressive diction, freshness and pregnancy of verbal combination, richly modulated verse, and structural skill in the handling of incident and action—Shakespeare's supremacy is indeed sufficiently assured. But, after all, it is of course in the spirit and substance of his work, his power of piercing to the hidden centres of character, of touching the deepest springs of impulse and passion, out of which are the issues of life, and of evolving those issues dramatically with a flawless strength, subtlety and truth, which raises him so immensely above and beyond, not only the best of the playwrights who went before him, but the whole line of illustrious dramatists that came after him. It is Shakespeare's unique distinction that he has an absolute command over all the complexities of thought and feeling that prompt to action and bring out the dividing lines of character. He sweeps with the hand of a master the whole gamut of human experience, from the lowest

note to the very top of its compass, from the sportive childish treble of Mamilus and the pleading boyish tones of Prince Arthur, up to the spectre-haunted terrors of Macbeth, the tropical passion of Othello, the agonised sense and tortured spirit of Hamlet, the sustained elemental grandeur, the Titanic force, the utterly tragical pathos of King Lear.”

—T. S. Baynes.

“The greatest genius that, perhaps human nature has yet produced, our *Myriad-minded* Shakespeare.”

—S. T. Coleridge.

“No other author had ever so copious, so bold, so *creative* an imagination, with so perfect a knowledge of the passions, humours and sentiments of mankind. He painted all characters, from kings down to peasants, with equal truth and equal force. If human nature were destroyed, and no monument were left of it except his works, other beings might know *what man was* from those writing.”

—George, Lord Lyttleton.

“When Learning’s Triumph o’er her barb’rous foes,  
First rear’d the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose ;  
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin’d new.”

—Garrick.

Shakespeare is above all writers the poet of Nature, the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of man and his environment, manners and life. His characters do not belong to this country or that, one profession or the other, but come from all hands and all walks of life. They are the rightful progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply and observation will always find, unaffected alike by the vagaries of fashion, the accidents of custom and the changes of opinion. They run the whole gamut of the world, the flesh and the devil, motivated by general passions and principles and conforming to the common pattern of life. Shakespeare’s persons are not individuals : They are a species eternal and true taken from nowhere in particular, though met here, there and everywhere.

And yet paradoxically enough no two characters of Shakespeare are alike. Shakespeare never repeats himself. Indeed, universality of idea and individuality of character are his specialities. With all the versatility of a dramatic Proteus he changes himself into every character and enters into every condition of human nature. Myriad are the shapes and guises, but like the colours in a kaleidoscope, all so bright and clear, all so true to life, that in the words of Pope it is a sort of injury to call Shakespeare's characters by so distant a name as copies of Nature. Or, as Goethe would have it 'his characters are like watches with dial-plates of transparent crystal; they show you the hour like others, and the inward mechanism also is all visible.'

It was not for nothing that Shakespeare's last hero was a master-magician, a universal charmer. Prospero is a significant symbol; but all its significance it does not explain enough. Rather, like Wordsworth's beautiful violet, half-seen, half-hidden, it only beautifully tantalises. For magic, however transfiguring from the simple Margo trick to the stupendous Rope trick is, after all, only a trick, eerie and esoteric true, but a trick all the same. Shakespearian magic, on the other hand, lies open and above board in his plays and poetry for anyone with the eye, the ear and the wit to understand. And for a second, all magic dies with the magician. A posthumous thaumaturgist is neither seen nor heard of. Yet Shakespeare's magic was not made much of in his life-time. He had caused a flutter in the dovecots or dramatists and poets, he had made them sit up and take notice; but when all is said, he was one among the many a tall poppy with whom others, even the tallest of the tall, had to reckon but by no means surely a Triton among the minnows. His magic worked later, distance lent enchantment to the view and continues still to lend it. Already Shakespearean has grown from a snowball into an avalanche and Shakespearolatry has become a regular religion.

Well, where vagueness is bliss it is folly to be clear. What he was, the greatest thinkers, critics and poets

could not fathom. Goethe called him second only to God, Coleridge termed him million-mouthed. Wordsworth compared him to a mountain, and they all left it at that. Perhaps an Aristotle alone could place Shakespeare in a clear-cut category and Aristotle flourished once in remote antiquity and is not going to flourish again. Nonetheless gods and groundlings alike, or as Bottom would say, every mother's son of us, could enjoy the magic. Here is matter for all tastes, all prejudices, all predilections. Here is knowledge without tears, pleasure without sin, upliftment without penance.

Nor need you be taken aback at this funny furrage of *panem et circenses*, church juxtaposed with cinema screen and religion brought to the Rialto. If you call it Gilbertian, well, then so is life, at once topsyturvy and humorous. For what is life but a musical miscellany of pleasure and pain, high seriousness and hilarious laughter. And to this Shakespeare spoke with a voice deep as Tophet and high as Heaven. In this Shakespeare was a prophet. A peculiar prophet though, in that the man sang and did not preach except through music. More, while he set out the riddle of life and gave all the necessary clues, he did not care to solve it but left his Pericles, Prince of Tyre, as a standing warning against daring Oedipuses. Enough that life has a harmony as the Spheres have theirs : this for angels, that for mortals. Life is a gigantic promenade concert with the whole world for its audience. They that stand still or go out of their way seeking the Primum Mobile do so at their peril. This is what Shakespeare has sung and spoken through a megaphone as it were in his works with none of your Dantean defeatism but with right apostolic fervour.

Hence it is that Shakespeare's gayest comedies are interspersed with scenes and interludes of solemn seriousness and civil-suited melancholy, and his tragedies of the deepest pathos are chock-a-block with passages and part singings of scintillating wit and side-splitting laughter. Hence too, that crown comic character of all times, that mountain of flesh exuding wit at every pore, that brazen-browed Toledo-tongued Sir John Falstaff of

Munchausenesque mendacity and Shavian cynicism. Indian Bidushak and Birbal in one, rolls his way through tragedies and comedies on end illustrating as if in person that life is one chiaroscuro of alternating light and shade, one fabric of which joy and sorrow are the warp and the woof.

Even a prophet was without honour in his land. Not so Shakespeare

His writings were confessed to be such  
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much ;

and this was 'all men's suffrage.' He broke unities and usage, Priscian's head and princely genealogies and was the more applauded for that. 'Better a mechanic rule were stretched or broken than a great beauty were omitted,' said Dryden 'There is more beauty' said Addison, 'in the words of a great genius who is ignorant of the rules of art, than in those of a little genius who knows and observes them.' Ignorant of the rules perhaps but by no means an ignoramus. For, though without a particular piece of Oxon parchment in his portfolio, he had yet won many a richer distinction in the University of Genius which had turned out Homer and Chaucer before and was later to turn out Balzac and Dickens, viz., the public street and the tavern where you read no books, the mighty bloodless substitute for life as Stevenson called them, but the 'liveableness of life' in all the colours of the rainbow. Not that he did not know art, but that he knew it so well that he could conceal it too. 'He was master of an art which no one else could reach,' said Ben Jonson, who was an artist if ever there was one. And that Sultan of Literature, Dr. Johnson, who has debunked many a fair reputation nobly won, wrote : 'He who has mazed his imagination in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language ; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world and a confessor predict the progress of the world.' More trenchant still is Lyttleton who in his *Dialogues of the Dead* said that

Shakespeare's knowledge of the passions, the humours and the sentiments of mankind was so perfect and so perfectly expressed that 'if human nature were destroyed and no monument were left of it except his works, other beings might know what man was from those writings'. Such was thrice-sweet Shakespeare, 'honey-tongued' and 'mellifluous' of speech, saccharine of diction and of luscious imagination, all compact.

The world is prolific of authors and prolific authors are the order of the day. There are authors that amuse, authors that instruct, and authors that elevate, to say nothing of 'shilling-shockers' and penny-a-liners beyond the pale. But authors who atonce amuse, instruct and elevate are the salt of the earth. No wonder they are so rare, and like all rare things of utility they are precious as well. Free trade or economic nationalism, they have an international value and currency of their own. Quotas, pacts and restrictions bind them not; they are heart-deep. For them, there exist neither snobbish segregations of class nor chauvinistic quarantines of country: they are cosmopolitans, honoured with the freedom of every city of civilization. They go strong while they live; and when they have shuffled off their mortal coil they go stronger like Caesar's spirit. To this privileged band belongs William Shakespeare. He has been more than three centuries dead. But he was an Elizabethan—the age of vim, valour and wine, the 'water of life.' The older the wine, the better the bouquet they say. What about Shakespeare, then, the wine of life incarnate, whose bouquet persists still, dainty and delicious as ever? A super-Voronoff for the mind and the spirit with harmones and hemoglobins all complete? Or a new version of Peter Pan, ever young himself and making others young too? A modern poet has written:

Revolving years have flitted on,  
Corroding Time has done its worst,  
Pilgrim and worshipper have gone  
From Avon's shrine to shrines of dust;  
But Shakespeare lives unrivall'd still  
And unapproached by mortal mind,



The giant of Parnassus hill,  
The pride, the monarch of mankind.

Great praise this ! Yet not enough. For though he bestrides the narrow world like a Colossus, neither the men who walk under his huge legs are all petty, nor do his admirers, their name is legion, peep about to find themselves dishonourable graves. Ben Jonson and Milton, Carlyle and Quincey, Goethe and Schiller, were giants themselves, but they acknowledge and acclaimed him their 'Big Brother'. And far from finding themselves dishonourable graves, they lived and learned, poured libations and burnt incense at his shrine and were inspired to works of immortality. Though monarch of mankind, his is no ordinary monarchy. For while thrones may totter to the dust, crowns tumble in the mire, and kings wander jobless—the War aftermath has sent many perambulating the capitals of Europe—Shakespeare on his pedestal in the valhalla of Literature will stand firm and foursquare, swaying generation after generation of scholars and savants, critics and connoisseurs, hermits and hero-worshippers alike."

—D. S. Varshney.

## 2. *Dramatic Faculty.*

"Many dramatic writers of different ages are capable, occasionally, of breaking out, with great fervour of genius, in the natural language of strong emotion. No writer of antiquity is more distinguished for abilities of this kind than Euripides. His whole heart and soul seem torn and agitated by the force of the passion he imitates. He ceases to be Euripides ; he is Medea ; he is Orestes. Shakespeare, however, is most eminently distinguished, not only by these occasional sallies, but by imitating the passion in all its aspects, by pursuing it through all its windings and labyrinths, by moderating or accelerating its impetuosity according to the influence of other principles and of external events, and finally by combining it in a judicious manner with other passions and propensities, or by setting it aptly in opposition. He thus unites the two essential powers of dramatic invention, that of forming characters and that of imi-

tating in their natural expressions, the passions and affections of which they are composed.”—*W. Richardson.*

### 3. *Nature versus Art.*

“He was an eminent instance of the truth of that rule, *Poeta non fit sed nascitur* ; one is not *made*, but *born* a poet. Indeed, his learning was very little, so that, as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smoothed even as they are taken out of the earth, so nature itself was all the *art* which was used upon him.

Many were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson ; which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man of war ; Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning ; solid but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.”

—*Thomas Fuller.*

“If ever any author deserved the name of an *original*, it was Shakespeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of Nature ; it proceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning or some cast of the models of those before him. The poetry of Shakespeare was inspiration indeed ; he is not so much an imitator as an instrument of Nature : and it is not so, just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.”

—*Alexander Pope.*

“Shakespeare came out of Nature’s hand like Pallas out of Jove’s head, at full growth and mature.”

—*George Colman.*

### 4. *Truth and Variety of Character.*

‘His *characters* are so much Nature herself, that ’tis a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets have a constant resemblance, which shows that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image ; each picture, like a mock rainbow, is but the

reflection of a reflection. But every single character in Shakespeare is as much an individual as those in life itself ; it is as impossible to find any two alike ; as much as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will upon comparison be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character, we must add the wonderful preservation of it, which is such throughout his plays, that, had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker."

—*Alexander Pope.*

"His plays alone are properly expressions of the passions, not descriptions of them. His characters are real beings of flesh and blood ; they speak like men, not like authors."

—*William Hazlitt.*

### 5. *Powers of Insight and Imagination.*

"Shakespeare is as astonishing for the exuberance of his genius in abstract notions, and for the depth of his analytic and philosophic insight, as for the scope and minuteness of his poetic imagination. It is as if into a mind poetical in form there had been poured all the matter that existed in the mind of his contemporary Bacon. In Shakespeare's plays we have thought, history, exposition, philosophy, all within the round of the poet."

—*David Masson.*

"Through all the forenoon of our triumphant day till the utter consummation and ultimate ascension of dramatic poetry incarnate and transfigured in the master-singer of the world, the quality of his tragedy was as that of Marlowe's, broad, single and intense ; large of hand, voluble of tongue, direct of purpose. With the dawn of its latter epoch a new power comes upon it, to find clothing and expression in new forms of speech and after a new style. The language has put off its foreign decorations of lyric and elegiac ornament ; it has found already its infinite gain in the loss of those sweet superfluous graces which encumbered the march and enchained the utterance of its childhood. The figures which it invests are now no more types of a single passion, the incarnations of a single thought. They now demand a

scrutiny which tests the power of a mind and tries the value of a judgment ; they appeal to something more than the instant apprehension which sufficed to respond to the immediate claim of those that went before them. Romeo and Juliet were simply lovers, and their names bring back to us no further thought than of their love and the lovely sorrow of its end ; Antony and Cleopatra shall be before all things lovers, but the thought of their love and its triumphant tragedy shall recall other things beyond number—all the forces and fortunes of mankind, all the chances and all the consequences that waited on their imperial passion, all the infinitive variety of qualities and powers wrought together and welded into the frame and composition of that love which shook from end to end all nations and kingdoms of the earth."

—A. C. Swinburne.

#### 6. *Humanity.*

"What I admire in Shakespeare, however, is that his loves are all human—no earthliness hiding itself from itself in sentimental transcendentalism—no loves of the angels, which are the least angelic things, I believe, that float in the clouds, though they do look down upon moral feelings with contempt just as the dark volumes of smoke which issue from the long chimney of a manufactory might brood very sublimely over the town which they blacken, and fancy themselves for more ethereal than those vapours which steam up from the earth by day and night. Yet these are pure water, and those are destined to condense in black spot. So are the transcendentalisms of affection. Shakespeare is healthy, true to Humanity in this.....You always know, that you are on an earth which had to be refined, instead of floating in the empyrean with wings of wax. Therein he is immeasurably greater than Shelley. Shelleyism is very sublime, sublimer a good deal than God, for God's world is all wrong and Shelley is all right—much purer than Christ, for Shelley can criticise Christ's heart and life—nevertheless, Shelleyism is only atmospheric profligacy, to coin a Montgomeryism. I believe this to be one of shakespeare's most wondrous qualities—the

humanity of his nature and heart. There is a sprit of sunny endeavour about him, and an acquiescence in things as they are—not incompatible with a cheerful resolve to make them better.” —F. W. Robertson.

### 7. *Magic of Expression.*

“Let me have the pleasure of quoting a sentence about Shakespeare, which I met with by accident not long ago in the *Correspondent*, a French review which not a dozen English people, I suppose, look at. The writer is praising Shakespeare’s prose. ‘With Shakespeare,’ he says ‘prose comes in whenever the subject, being more familiar, is unsuited to the majestic English iambic.’ And he goes on : ‘Shakespeare is the king of poetic rhythm and style, as well as the king of the realm of thought, along with his dazzling prose. Shakespeare has succeeded in giving us the most varied, the most harmonious verse which has ever sounded upon the human ear since the verse of the Greeks.’ M. Henry Cochin, the writer of this sentence, deserves our gratitude for it ; it would not be easy to praise Shakespeare, in a single sentence, more justly.” —M. Arnold.

### 8. *Humour.*

“Shakespeare illustrates every phase and variety of humour : a complete analysis of Shakespeare’s humour would make a system of psychology.”

### **Elizabethan Stage**

Originally a scaffold was set up either in the church-yard, or market-place for the performance of a religious play, but for a secular play the inn-yard was chosen. The innyard resembled the quad of a small college or almshouse—it was surrounded by rooms, and had an open gallery running round it, on which the doors of the chambers on the upper floor gave.

This was practically the model of the theatre that Burbage built on the site of the dissolved priory of Holywell in Shoreditch in London in 1576. He, however, made the yard a circular one, like the bear-baiting and bull-baiting rings already existing on the other side of the Thames in Southwark. This led Shakespeare to

speak of his theatre 'as this wooden O.' Before the end of the century several more play-houses on more or less the same model sprang up. In 1598 Richard and Cuthbert, sons of Burbage, built the famous Globe in which most of Shakespeare's plays were performed.

From existing fascimiles and many scattered references of the time we can fairly reconstruct the Elizabethan stage. The circular yard, which corresponds to 'the pit,' was open to the sky, surrounded by three tiers of galleries, and having an oblong stage raised upon trestles projecting from one side almost into the middle of the area. The players were thus surrounded by spectators. The highly priced seats were in the gallery behind the stage in a private box, called "the lord's room." The uppermost gallery was roofed with thatch or tiles, and the stage was partly covered with provision to carry off the rain.

The stage was sometimes a movable platform, as we have said above. At the back of the stage was a screen in which were two doorways, opening out of the actors' retiring room; between them was a third door hidden by a curtain, which formed the background of the stage. The expression 'behind the arras' (where Polonius, *e. g.*, in *Hamlet* lay in hiding) points to this curtain at the back of the stage. Behind the curtain was a recess, which could be used as an inner scene to represent *e. g.*, the tomb of Juliet, or the bed-chamber of Desdemona. It was immediately below the upper stage. The upper stage was used to represent the battlements of a castle wall, the upper story of a house, the balcony of Juliet's bedroom, or any scene described as 'above' in the stage directions.

The arras or the back-ground could be used to indicate scenery by means of crude pictures painted on cloth. At any rate what little scenery was used was of a very primitive kind. M. Jusserand points out that Shakespeare made up for 'the deficiency of the scenery by his wonderful descriptions of landscapes, castles, and wild moors.' If Shakespeare had painted scenery at his command, we would have lost much of his fine descrip-

tive poetry. Theatrical property was, however, liberally put into requisition, as we learn from the account books of the Elizabethan times. The allusions in Ben Jonson's Prologue to *Every Man in His Humour* are significant—for he says he would have no

“roll'd bullet heard,  
To say it thunders ; nor tempestuous drum  
Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come.”

Large sums of money were spent on the costume of the players. But the costume was Elizabethan, there being no idea to reproduce the costume of the period in which the play was set. “Shakespeare was no archaeologist ; as the mediæval artist who gave us the wall-painting and sculpture of our churches represented Pilate's Roman soldiers in plate armour, so his Romans, in *Coriolanus*, for example, carry pistols, are put in the stocks, say grace before meat and generally behave and look like the Elizabethans who watched them perform.”

All the female parts were played by men and boys in women's dress. On this point the lines, spoken by Portia (*Merchant of Venice*, III. iv. 62-68) make an oblique comment :

“I'll hold thee any wager,  
When we are both accoutred like young men,  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with the brave grace,  
And speak between the change of man and boy  
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps,  
Into a manly stride.”

It seems incredible that boys with ‘cracked’ voice could do justice to such parts as those of Lady Macbeth, Volumnia, Cleopatra. Cleopatra at any rate seems to lament before her death that ‘some *squeaking* Cleopatra’ will ‘boy’ her greatness.

## INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAY

### Date of Composition

The date of composition of *The Tempest* has been a matter of conjecture, and suggestions of a very early and a late date have been made. The play was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623. Malone discovered a notice, in Vertue's Mss., of the play having been acted at Court in February, 1613, on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to Frederick Elector Palatine. Some critics infer that this was also the date of composition. Hunter sought to establish, in a special essay, that the date of composition was 1596. Elze fixed the date at 1604 on the assumption that the last ten or twelve years of Shakespeare's life were spent in idleness.

The general consensus of opinion is, however, in favour of 1610-1611, either late 1610 or early 1611. The play is evidently connected with current stories of colonization and adventures of English seamen. An event that created a great sensation at the time is supposed to be alluded to in *The Tempest*.

In May, 1609, the fleet of Sir George Somers, bound for Virginia, was scattered by a tempest, and one of the ships was wrecked on the Bermudas, thence sometimes called the Somers or Summer Islands. The sailors had given up all hope, when the vessel was found to be "jammed in between two rocks," in just such a nook as that described by Ariel :

"in the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes."

A narrative of the adventures was published in 1610 by Sylvester Jourdan, under the title: *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils*. Malone first pointed out the connection of this narrative with *The Tempest*. The scene of the play was not certainly laid in the Bermudas, but Shakespeare evidently derived hints from Jourdan.



Many of the expressions in *The Tempest* are echoes of Jourdan. Some are mentioned here: "still-vex'd Bermoothes," "safely in harbour is the king's ship; in the deep nook"; "the mariners I have left asleep"; "have we devils here"; "though the island seem to be desert, uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, it must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance"; "there is everything advantageous to life."

In 1612, a fuller account of the adventures was published by William Strachey. The Rev. W. G. Gosling's valuable articles contributed to *Literature*, April 8, 15, June 3, 1899, make a strong case for Shakespeare's use of it. Critics who are not willing to go beyond 1611 as the date of composition, rather discount the influence of Strachey's account. If Shakespeare actually used the *printed* tract, the date of the play would be subsequent to 1612. It may be noted, however, that Strachey returned to England at the close of 1611 and he wrote from his lodging in Blackfriars. Is there any possibility that Shakespeare had read the Ms.? Morton Luce makes the interesting suggestion that William Strachey "lived in the Blackfriars, wrote poetry, and very possibly had a talk with Shakespeare." It is no good splitting hair on the date of composition of *The Tempest*. In any case the repercussion of the Virginia incident in *The Tempest* may be fairly admitted.

(i) *External Evidence*: External evidence may be taken into account in hunting for the date of the play.

1. Gonzalo's description of the common wealth is suggested by Florio's translation of *Montaigne* published in 1603. In the translation—"Of Caniballes" should have supplied Shakespeare with the name of his 'Caliban.' The particular passage that Shakespeare had in mind is:

"It is a notion, would I answer Plato, that hath no kinds of traffike, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superiortie; no use of service, of riches or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle; no respect of kindred, but common; no apparell but natural; no manuring of lands, no use of wine,

corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulations, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them."

The resemblance is a conclusive proof that the play was written subsequently to 1603.

2. A resemblance has been noted between the passage, "The cloud clapp'd towers, etc," and a stanza in the Earl of Sterling's *Tragedy of Darius*, published in 1603 :

"Let greatness of her glascie scepters vaunt :  
Not scepters, no, but reeds, soone bruis'd soone  
broken :

And let this worldlie pomp our wits inchant,  
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.  
Those golden pallaces, those gorgeous halles,  
With furniture superfluoslie fair :  
Those statelie courts, those sky-encountring walles  
Evanish all like vapours in the air."

3. Ben Jonson alludes to *The Tempest* in the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair* (1612-1614) :

"If there be never a *Servant monster* i' the *Fayre*,  
who can help it, he sayes ; nor a nest of *Antiques* ?  
Hee is loth to make nature afraid in his *playes*, like  
those that beget *Tales Tempests*, and such like  
*Drolleries* !"

4. Connection of the play with the marriage of Princess Elizabeth *The Tempest*, some critics assume, has all the masks of a play, originally written for private representation before a courtly audience. It is shorter by the third than an average play of Shakespeare's. It is also pointed out that it has scarcely any change of costume or change of scene, and that it has two elaborate masques of the description then habitually presented before persons of distinction on great occasions.

Because the play was performed at Court on the occasion of the marriage above referred to, some contend that the play was written for the occasion and in the year 1613. Among arguments put forward by Marton Luce against the date 1613, the following may be noted :

1. If the play was written for the marriage, it must have been written between the betrothal of December 1612 and the wedding of the following February—rather too short space of time for the composition. Again the pre-nuptial warning would make the play unsuited for representation after the wedding ceremony.

2. The plot is in many ways unsuited to the occasion.

3. In no way can Prospero be identified with Prospero.

4. James I's *Demonology* has little relation to the supernatural element of *The Tempest*.

5. The masque is essential to the drama.

6. *The Tempest* is one of a group of plays with which it shares a loftiness of purpose that would be destroyed by any such occasional suggestion or application.

(ii) *Internal Evidence.* The internal evidence of style and versification sometimes may help us to determine the date of a play approximately. In the early plays of Shakespeare, for example, we find that *expression* predominates over *thought*, i. e., Shakespeare is careful to give a polish and elaboration to the expression when the thought is rather poor or thin. The early plays abound in quibbles, verbal conceits and far-fetched imagery. Then in his plays of the middle period there is a perfect balance between the thought and its expression. In his later plays *thought* seems to predominate over expression—thought seems to break through language. In fact Shakespeare, in his later plays, is more concerned to disburden his teeming, multitudinous thoughts, and takes little pains over the language. In the early plays his aim is more or less decoration of a pretty or ingenious thought or idea; in the later plays his aim is compression—packing the thoughts that seem to crowd into his mind into the fewest and most significant words and phrases. Now *The Tempest* shares rather in the characteristics of his later than of his earlier plays—it has rather the quality of *concentration* than of decorative elaboration.

One of the tests applied is the proportion of *run-on* to *end-stopped* lines in a play of Shakespeare's. In his

early plays end-stopped lines (in which sense and pause come at the end of each line) predominate ; in his later play run-on lines (in which the sense is continuous) predominate. In *The Tempest* the proportion of run-on to end-stopped lines is 1 in 3·02, but to take an early play *Love's Labour's Lost* it is 1 in 18·14. The percentage of *weak ending* and *double endings* is also a good index. Week endings (i. e., unemphatic monosyllables at the end of line such as *and*, *for*, *from*, *it*, *in*, *of*, etc.) and double endings (extra unaccented syllables at the end of a normal line of blank verse) are very sparingly used in the earlier plays, but they occur very frequently in later plays. The percentage of weak endings in *The Tempest* is 1·71, and of double endings is 35·4, *The Winter's Tale* has a percentage of 2·36 weak endings and of 32·9 double endings ; and *Cymbeline* has a percentage of 1·93 weak endings and 30·7 double endings. Measured by these material tests, *The Tempest* stands closer to *The Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline* than to any other plays. Rhymes are a proof of Shakespeare's early writing. Leaving out the songs there are only two rhymed lines in *The Tempest*—and in *The Winter's Tale* there is no rhyme altogether.

The moral tone of *The Tempest* brings it into the closest relation with *The Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline* and parts of *Pericles*—all later plays. These plays are first of all concerned with the themes of forgiveness and reconciliation, of final peace and happiness. There is certainly a note of seriousness in these plays, but it is not connected with tragic issues. It is rather suggestive of "an eye that hath kept watch o'er man's mortality." In these plays there is the common trick—restoring children thought to be dead, and a passionate delight in rural scenes (which marks Shakespeare's return to Stratford).

### Sources of the Play

Shakespeare does not usually invent a plot, but borrow it from some well-known tale. The tale from which the plot of *The Tempest* is taken is as yet unexplored. The incidents may have been borrowed from

different sources, but critics are unable to trace the exact original. Morton Luce writes, "No explorer in the regions of Shakespearean investigation has yet traced *The Tempest* to its sources; and with the exception of *Love's Labour's Lost*, in this respect of undiscovered origins the play stands alone." It is conjectured by some that *The Tempest* was in all probability founded on some older play, and that play is lost.

The possible sources for the incidents of the play are however, enumerated here:—

1. *Aurelio and Isabella*: Collins first pointed out that *The Tempest* was based upon this romance. *Aurelio and Isabella* was printed in 1586 in one volume, in Italian, French, and English. And again, in Italian, Spanish, French, and English, in 1588. As Warton in his *History of English Poetry* points out, "Collins, with his failing memory, had wrongly identified the original of *The Tempest* and we may believe that Collins might have actually read some tale resembling *The Tempest*."

2. *Die Schöne Sidea* (by Jacob Ayler): Jacob Ayler was a notary of Nurnberg, and died in 1605. If there were real affinities between the German play of Jacob Ayler's *Fair Sidea* and *The Tempest*, then the German playwright who died in 1605, could not have borrowed from Shakespeare. In the German play Ludolph is like Prospero a banished prince and benevolent magician; he dwells in a forest with his daughter Sidea and a familiar spirit, Runcifal. The son of the usurper falls into his hands, and like Ferdinand he is set to carry logs, is pitied by Ludolph's daughter, and finally united to her. The striking resemblances between the German play and *The Tempest* are undeniable. It is certain that Shakespeare did not read German. Therefore it is likely either that a version of Ayler's drama reached Shakespeare through one of the English actors who had been visiting Germany, or that both plays were founded upon some unexplored tale. One critic supposes that Ayler's play was "a German version of Shakespeare's original," and adds that Ayler's productions were in many cases mere adaptations or translations of English plays brought

to Germany at the beginning of the seventeenth century or previously by strolling players, "the English Comedians," as they called themselves (Cohn's *Shakespeare in Germany*, Preface, and pp. 1-75).

For different parts of *The Tempest* the following may be noted .

(i) Sylvester Jourdan's *Discovery of the Bermudas* ;  
 (ii) *A True Declaration of the Council of Virginia* ;  
 (iii) Strachey's *Reportory*—all the tale relating to details of shipwreck, described in *The Tempest* and also to the problem of colonization, which alluded to in the play The opening scene of the play ; to discourse on the island—'though this island seems to be desert, etc.' (II. i ; Ariels feat—"I flamed amazement, etc." are traced to these sources.

(iv) Hakluyt's *Voyages* and Raleigh's *Discovery of Guiana* Both speaks of the strange races, described in Act III, Sc. iii of the play :

"When we were boys,  
 Who would believe that there were mountaineers,  
 Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at'em  
 Wallets of flesh ? or that there were such men  
 Whose heads stood in their breasts."

(v) Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays* suggests Gonzalio's description of the imaginary commonwealth.

(vi) The Earl of Sterling's *Tragedie of Darius* suggests Prospero's speech, "The cloud-capp'd towers, etc."

(vii) Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* suggests Prospero's invocation, Act V, Sc. 1.

(viii) Edden's *History of Travayle* (1577). Shakespeare found in it Setebos. From the same work he possibly derived the names, Alonso, Ferdinand, Sebastian, Gonzalo, and other details.

(ix) Thomas' *History of Italye* (1561). It mentions one Prospero Adorno, lieutenant to the Duke of Milan. It also mentions Alonzo, king of Naples, who married the daughter of the Duke of Milan and united the two houses—and was succeeded by his son, Ferdinand.

(x) The name 'Ariel,' though glossed by Shakespeare as an airy spirit, is of Hebraistic origin, and was no doubt derived from some such treatise as Heywood's *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels* :

"The earth's great lord

Ariel. The Hebrew Robbing thus accord."

(xi) King James's *Demonology* (1603) and Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584) may have furnished hints for the magical and supernatural portions of the play.

#### Scene of the Action

'*The Scene, an uninhabited island*'—that is all we know. Attempts have been seriously made to identify the island. But there is much doubt whether Shakespeare meant any particular island in the Mediterranean or in the Atlantic. No such specific details are given as can enable one to locate the island. Yet critics who seem to see more than meets the eye have put forward this or that island as the original.

(i) The claim of the Bermudas is upheld by many critics. They make much of Shakespeare's reference to 'the still-vexed Bermoothes'. Rudyard Kipling has lately investigated the question. Much, he points out, will have to be set down to "the wealth of details peculiar to sailors." He adds that "so closely did he (i. e., Shakespeare) keep to his original informations that those who go to-day to a certain beach some two miles from Hamilton, will find the stage set for Act II, Scene 2 of *The Tempest*—a bare beach, with the wind singing through the scrub at the land's edge a gap in the reed," etc.

N. B.—Mr. Gosling (*Spectator*, June 2, 1898), however, maintains that Mr. Kipling's "vivid imagination has led him astray when he thinks he has discovered the scene of the shipwreck in a cave about two miles from Hamilton."

(ii) Hunter's suggestion is Lampedusa. It lies between Malta and the coast of Africa. Hunter says that the island answers exactly to Shakespeare's description. It is "situated in a stormy sea" ; it is a deserted island, and has the reputation of "being enchanted."

(iii) Dr. Bell suggested Corcyra, and others have suggested Malta.

Reference to the island Shakespeare might have incorporated a few of the details of the contemporary descriptions of the Bermudas, or of any other island or colony. But he does not evidently mean it to be this or that island. After all the island exists nowhere but in the poet's imagination. Opinions of critics who take this view are given below :

(1) "Few things surely, in the whole history of criticism, are more futile than the attempts that have been made to identify Shakespeare's enchanted island. Nothing is clearer throughout the play than that the poet studiously avoids any approach to fact or definiteness in his dealings with this new Atlantis. He will not so much as leave room for the suspicion that it might be the "still-vest Bermoothes," for he expressly sends Ariel to fetch dew from that enchanted scene of the wreck of Sir George Somers ; and this for many reasons ; in a strange land that might nevertheless be identified by mariner or traveller, Shakespeare could not be sure of his footing ; some false step he must make, some incongruity of local colour was inevitable. And free indeed is the hand with which he sketches even this imaginary island ; it is described with a studied and often a humorous vagueness and inconsistency ; we must not be surprised if he does not avail himself more fully of the details in Jourdan or Strachey. At the very outset he quibbles over these details (II. i. 34-35) : "though this island seem to be desert.....It must indeed be, etc." ; and although in this instance the quibble may have been suggested by the pamphlet before him, we notice how carefully the narrative accounts are disguised. And so it is throughout the play ; there is the smallest possible proportion of local 'fauna and flora' just enough to place the spot somewhere beyond seas, and the rest is Stratford-on-Avon, or at the most England. We have the snaring of the ninulle marmoset, the significant brine-pits as opposed to the quick fresh ; we have possibly the see-awl of Strachey, and the berries for infusion in water—'same beginesse



and collour of Corynthes' whether these be the cedar of the pamphlets or some further reference to coffee; and we have but only incidentally, apes, wolves, bears, and the like. Otherwise the island contains no indigenous natural objects; there are some generalities of magic, such as the urchin shows, and Ariel music, but that is all. As to the yet more imaginary scene of the masque, we need not only such as the vines with clustering bunches, which are conventional; and as in the play itself, all other details are of Shakespeare's own island. Of these the list would be a very long one, from the horse-pond and a possible clothes-line, even to adders which are introduced in defiance of the narratives; for they expressly state that there were no venomous reptiles in the island. Thus Shakespeare selects, rejects, or adds at his will, and this in his usual manner; as his Rome was London, so his island, England, though on this occasion I should repeat he was careful to locate, identify, or realise as little as might be, much less indeed than when he was describing Rome and its Romans."

—Morton Luce.

(ii) "The scene of the action must be conceived to be an imaginary island in the Mediterranean, which the reader may locate anywhere he pleases between Tunis and Naples, the starting-point and terminus of Alonso's interrupted voyage. There is not the smallest reason for identifying it, as Mr. Hunter demands, with Lampedusa; and it would be perfectly irrational, with Chalmers and other commentators, to make Ariel fetch dew from Bermuda to Bermuda. The imagination which created Ariel and Caliban was assuredly equal to summoning an island from the deep, and remanding it thither when its purpose was fulfilled:

These let us *wish away*."

—Richard Garnett.

(iii) As to the island, it ought, of course, to be the Mediterranean, and commentators have wasted a great deal of time in conjecturing whether it was Malta, Lampedusa, Pantalaria, or Corcyra. It is in the sea of the imagination; and its rocks and dells, its nook where

the wave lies calm, nay, Prospero, Miranda, Caliban and Ariel, belong to that country which is seen only by the intellectual eye, which is bodied forth from things unknown, but which abides for ever as it was first created, unsubject to the decay that winds and waters, frosts and fires work on the islands of the earth. This island is immortal, though no ship has cast anchor there ;

“It is an isle ’twixt Heaven, Air, Earth, and Sea,  
Cradled, and hung in clear tranquility.”

— *Stopford A. Brooke.*

### Time of the Action

The whole action of the play lasts from three to four hours. We may note casual hints of time, sown throughout the play. At the opening of the action we learn from Ariel’s reply to Prospero’s inquiry about the time of the day that it is “past the mid season” (I ii. 239). Prospero’s remark that follows seems to show that by six o’clock in the evening Prospero’s plan will be completed – and that limits the action of the play.

*Pros.* At least two glasses. *The time ’twixt six and now  
Must by us both be spent most preciouslly.*

The ship-wreck which takes place in the first scene cannot have long preceded this conversation between Prospero and Ariel. Then Ariel leads on Ferdinand by his music until he sees Miranda and Prospero, and is disarmed and made a captive Prospero—and is later set to bear logs. All time seems to be forgotten when the ship-wrecked Alonso, and his courtiers talk among themselves—and then the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian is projected as Alonso and Gonzalo sleep—and is defeated at the very moment of its execution. We can but imagine the time, taken up in Act II, sc. 1. Part of all that happens here is simultaneous with the wanderings of Ferdinand in the island, for only in the later part of the scene Ariel appears to frustrate the conspiracy.

In the opening of the third Act, we see Ferdinand bearing logs, and he is soon joined by Miranda. Miranda remarks :

"My father  
Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself ;  
He's safe for *these three hours*."

It cannot have been more than one hour since the conversation between Prospero and Ariel, already referred to. We can approximately put the time at three o'clock.

Prospero watches from a distance the scene between Ferdinand and Miranda. At the end of the first scene of the third Act Prospero says :

"I'll to my book,  
For yet *ere supper time* must I perform  
Much business appertaining."

In Shakespeare's days, it should be remembered, the supper-time was between five and six in the evening. Prospero repeats the time-limit, already referred to.

In the meantime Stephano and Trinculo meet Caliban and they together plan the murder of Prospero. We are told that it is a custom with Prospero to sleep in the afternoon. So when Caliban says :

Within this half-hour will he be asleep :  
Will thou destroy him then ? III. ii. 110-111.

We may imagine that it is rather late in the afternoon, say four or half-past four. When the Masque of Juno and Ceres takes place, Prospero cries out :

the minute of their plot  
Is almost come. IV i. 141-142.

In the opening of the fifth Act we learn that it is six o'clock :

*Pros.* Now does my project gather to a head :  
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and time  
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day ?  
*Ari.* On the *sixth hour* : at which time, my lord,  
You said your work should cease.

Emphasis is rather laid on this limit of six o'clock. It is repeated twice in the beginning, and mentioned again at the end.

It may be noted in this connection that the impression of the ship-wrecked Alonso when Prospero reveals his identity to him is that it is but three hours since the ship-wreck took place :

How thou hast met us here, who *three hours since*  
Were wreck'd upon this shore. (V. i. 136-137).

### The Three Unities in the Tempest

The three unities are the *unity of time*, the *unity of place* and the *unity of action*. They are derived from the classical drama. Shakespeare and Marlowe have rarely been observant of these rules. Of the three rules, the unity of action, if not too literally interpreted but taken rather in the sense of *unity of impression*, has been generally attached to by Shakespeare. Ben Jonson on the other hand, is a great respecter of classical rules and principles. But Shakespeare and Marlowe as romanticists, have followed the lawless impulse of their fancy and imagination. It is curious that *The Tempest* is Shakespeare's nearest approach to the observance of the three unities.

The *unity of time* demands that the action of a play should correspond in time to its representation on the stage. This will spell the death of the romantic imagination, which juggles with time, space and action. According to this principle no action which exceeds twenty-four hours in duration can be represented on the stage. The unity of time is strictly observed in *The Tempest*. All that happens in *The Tempest* takes no more than three or four hours, and the performance of the play will occupy the same space of time. The unity of time will make it impossible to introduce into a play of three or four hour's duration events that are spread over months and years—and this is exactly what Shakespeare elsewhere does in total disregard of the unity of time.

The *unity of place* demands that all the events of a drama that are represented must happen in the same locality, and that there should be no change of scene. Now in *The Tempest* most of the scenes are enacted before Prospero's cell, and only a few are placed in another part of the island. But Shakespeare's usual practice is to change scenes from one place to another, even from one country to another—just his romantic licence.

The unity of action demands that a play should deal with one central theme and dominating incident. Forgiveness and reconciliation are the central theme of *The Tempest*. The preparatory conditions for such forgiveness and reconciliation are brought about by Prospero's magic. But the happiness of Miranda is a great part of the motive of the action—and even the motive of forgiveness and reconciliation seems to be subsidiary to it. All that Prospero brings about by his magic is directed to Miranda's happiness and restoration. *The Tempest* is thus remarkable for unity of motive and action. Compared with *The Winter's Tale*, in which Shakespeare gives free rein to his romantic imagination, *The Tempest*, though allied in theme and motive, it may seem strange, should have been constructed on classical principles at all. Boas writes: "We are almost tempted to believe that Shakespeare was bent upon demonstrating by a *tour de force* with what triumphant ease he could turn from one dramatic method to another. But he had in reality a weightier motive. In a piece where enchantment was to be the dominant agency, he aimed at a wise economy in its display. The human mind finds it difficult to realize the supernatural, especially in its most exalted aspect of omnipotent power. In bringing it in this form upon the stage, Shakespeare sought to give it plausibility by confining its operation to a single spot and to the briefest period of time."

### The Supernatural in The Tempest

Shakespeare introduces the supernatural in other plays too—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, etc. But there is a striking difference. In other plays the supernatural powers act on their own and independently—they are not subject to any potent human will; nay, they sometimes meddle in human affairs and influence the human destiny. For example, when they are tiny, innocent beings, like fairies in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, they may play some harmless pranks among the mortals; but in *Macbeth*, the supernatural powers are the very principle of evil, and tempt man to crime and to his doom. In *The Tempest*, on the other

hand, the supernatural powers are under the control of human will.

In *The Tempest* Prospero is credited with the powers of a mediæval magician such as Dr. Faustus (in Marlowe's drama). Dr. Faustus uses magic for the purpose of sensual indulgences ; Prospero uses it for the beneficent purpose of bringing the sinner to repentance, of furthering love and good will, etc. It may be noted that Prospero otherwise resembles a magician of the Middle Ages—he is equipped with his books, his wand and his robe. Prospero is also afraid of the damnation that a magician incurs by his practice of magic ; so in the *Epilogue* Prospero solicits the good will and prayers of the audience :

Unless I be relieved by prayer,  
Which pierces so that it assaults  
Mercy itself and frees all faults.

When he abjures magic, he proposes to "break his staff", and to "bury it certain fathoms in the earth", and to drown his book "deeper than did ever plummet sound."

The main spirit whom Prospero employs to execute his purpose is Ariel. Ariel is a spirit of air, but he is equally at home in sea and fire. Ariel now and then seems to get rebellious against his human master's authority, but as a matter of fact all spirits that serve human will are but unwilling agents. Prospero has command over other spirits—spirits of earth, and fire and water. But these spirits are not directly employed by Prospero. He has rather delegated some of his power to Ariel. The spirits of earth or goblins are employed, for example, to torture Caliban into submission :

For every trifle are they set upon me ;  
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me  
And after bite me ; then like hedgehogs, which  
Lies tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount  
Their pricks at my footfall ; sometime am I  
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness.

To execute the Masque of Juno, spirits of a more delicate nature are employed. Perhaps the same spirits are

responsible for the music that fills the air of the island :

This isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears ; and sometime voices,  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again.

Now the propriety of introducing magic and supernatural element in the play. The supernatural machinery is the integral part of *The Tempest*. All that happens in *The Tempest*, is brought about by magic and the supernatural agency. The initiation and the development of the action of the play are intimately connected with magic. Thus in the opening of the play the shipwreck is brought about by Prospero's magic. But for the shipwreck, Prospero could not have met his old enemies and brought them into the mood of repentance and exercised the power of forgiveness, nor could Miranda have been restored to her own. The supernatural element is always introduced by Shakespeare to serve a dramatic purpose. In *The Tempest* it is the very basis of the structure of the play. The action of the play stands or falls with it.

### Group of Plays to which the Tempest is Allied

*The Tempest* belongs to the group of plays known as *Dramatic Romances*—such plays are *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale* and *Pericles*. After Shakespeare has worked on his tragedies, which depict the welter of passions—lust, ambition, avarice, etc., and the demoniac forces of Fate and Accident, hurling man to his doom, a change comes over him. This change in Shakespeare's mood happily coincides with his retirement to Stratford.

The romances strike the notes of peace and good will. Forgiveness and reconciliation—that is the recurring motive in these plays. Shakespeare cannot certainly will away all wrongdoing from the earth ; if he must depict an ideal world, as he does in these romances, he cannot totally ignore the conditions of real life. But wrong and evil can be conquered by love and by charity. And it

is this conviction that Shakespeare repeatedly exemplifies in his later plays.

Shakespeare must have drunk deep of the joys of nature again. In all these plays there are touches of the tranquil, unravished beauty of the countryside. No less noteworthy is his reviving interest in innocent childhood. Each of the plays has something to do with a lost child, or a child supposed to be dead and miraculously returning to life again. Take, for example, the Marina of *Pericles* and the Perdita of *The Winter's Tale*.

It may be noted that there is but variation of one theme in these plays. In fact the theme is the putting right of the wrong that is done—an act of reparation and restoration. In *Cymbeline* Imogen, Cymbeline's daughter, is wronged by her husband; in *The Winter's Tale* Queen Hermione is wronged by the king; in *The Tempest* Prospero is wronged by his brother. In *Cymbeline* Posthumus (Imogen's husband) is convinced of his folly, and Imogen is restored to him and forgives her husband; in *The Winter's Tale* Hermione is similarly restored to the king; in *The Tempest* it is a man not a woman who is wronged, and the wrong done to Prospero is righted in the end. Further there is the motive of the lost child repeated in these plays. In *Pericles* Marina is the lost child that comes back to the father at the end; in *Cymbeline* the king's two lost sons, Arviragus and Guiderius, finally return to him; in *The Winter's Tale* Perdita is cast away by her father, as in *The Tempest* Miranda is cast away by a treacherous uncle—and both ultimately come to their own.

#### **The Tempest and The Winter's Tale**

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch writes, "No one can read *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* side by side and fail to observe that they contain a number of stage devices almost identical, but turned to different account. Further, many of these devices are so frequent in Shakespeare's later plays that we may almost say they had become his final stock-in-trade."

The points of similarity between the two plays have been thus summarized by Quiller-Couch :—



(1) Perdita and Miranda (and Marina for that matter) are both princesses—the one royal, the other ducal—who as infants have been exposed to almost certain death and cast away on a strange shore.

(2) Both grow up in complete ignorance of the high fortune to which they are rightfully heiresses.

(3) Both Perdita and Miranda are saved by the compassion of a good honest courtier. The same device is employed in *Pericles* and *Cymbeline*.

(4) Both Perdita's and Miranda's fortunes turn cardinally on a storm and a shipwreck.

(5) Both shipwrecks occur off an imaginary coast.

(6) To Miranda as to Perdita—both discovered as adorable and ripe for love—there arrives the necessary and inevitable lover, who also happens to be the one youth in the world to heal the old wrong between their parents.

(7) Both plays contain a masque of performance in dumb show, with dancing.

(8) In both, there is a great recognition in which the long-losts are found.

### The Tempest and A Midsummer Night's Dream

*A Midsummer Night's Dream* is an earlier play, and between it and *The Tempest* there will be notable difference in style, in conception and in treatment of character and theme. But in both the supernatural agency is employed. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* the fairies mix themselves up with the mortals, leading to ludicrous confusion and entanglement. Perhaps in Puck, the mischievous fairy in the early, we have a fore-runner of Ariel. Puck is, however, a free agent except for his nominal obedience to Oberon, the fairy-king. Ariel works under the will of the human Prospero.

The points of similarity between the two plays are thus noted by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch :—

(1) Both plays include a bridal interlude ; and both were designed to celebrate a Court wedding.

(2) Both catch away this world to entangle it in enchantment by fairy.

(3) Both are noticeably short (*A Midsummer Night's Dream* 2250 lines, *The Tempest* but 2068 lines), and near together in length.

(4) Of all the plays, these two most constantly invoke and rely on music.

(5) In neither play is there any real plot to concern anyone. The story dies in the telling.

(6) In both, the lowlier characters—Caliban and company as well as Bully Bottom and company—get ludicrously mixed in the enchantment.

#### **Relation of the *Tempest* to the Maritime enterprise of Elizabethan England**

It has been noted above that *The Tempest* seems to have been written when the sensation of the Virginia exposition had hardly died down. At first the ship, the *Sea-Adventure*, in which Sir George Somers had sailed in May, 1609, was reported to have been lost. In the summer of 1610 news of the ship's safety reached England.

The opening scene of *The Tempest* seems to reproduce the storm and shipwreck, which were the current topic of the day. Sylvester Jourdain, who had been on board the *Sea-Adventure*, had in the meantime published his tract, *A Discovery of the Bermudas*, and we may imagine that Shakespeare had read it. In fact Shakespeare caught the popular enthusiasm, which was then running high, and the outcome was *The Tempest*.

The Virginia expedition and its issues stimulated people's interest in schemes of colonization. When Gonzalo (in II. i. 138) says, "Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord," Shakespeare humorously alludes to the endless speculations about the future government of the colonies. Gonzalo's discourse on the ideal commonwealth may not be any substantial contribution to the solution of the problem, but it certainly reflects the new movement of thought and interest.

Shakespeare also refers to traveller's tales in *The Tempest*, which however extravagant, were listened to with bated breath. So Gonzalo says :



But Caliban is not simply amusing as a "monster". He suggests more serious problems, connected with colonization. If Caliban is a conquered savage, the relation between him and his master seems to be most unsatisfactory. Prospero finds that all the pains he has taken to educate Caliban, have been wasted. Caliban is unhappy because he feels that Prospero has robbed him of the island. "This island's mine," says Caliban, "which thou takest from me." Things are bound to become uncomfortable to the colonists when the "natives" begin to be conscious of their own rights—rights of which they have been dispossessed. Shakespeare envisages this problem, in dealing with Caliban, and with the unsatisfactory relation between him and his master.

### **The Tempest and the Masque**

The Masque (originally *Mask* is said to have been introduced from Italy in the sixteenth century. In the earliest form the Masque was an entertainment in which masks were worn by the actors, and dancers, often illustrating some story in dumb show, were the chief element. Gradually it became a more elaborate form of representation, in which allegorical characters, dialogue and music were introduced. In this form it resembled an opera. The Masque came to be patronized by the court and nobility. As the result of it, most lavish decoration and scenery came to be an indispensable part of the Masque.

The Masque as a form of entertainment was very popular in the reign of Elizabeth, but it reached its perfection in the reign of James I. Ben Jonson distinguished himself as the writer of Masques. The Masques were performed by the court on special occasions. The elaborate character of the decoration and scenery of a Masque demanded the services of experts. The court-composer, Alfonso Ferrabosco supplied the music, which was rendered by the court orchestra and the choirs of the royal chapels. The court-architect, Inigo Jones, designed the scenery. The performance of a Masque did not require any special skill in acting. The courtiers, the Queen and her maids of honour could manage the

songs and dances all right between themselves. The Masque could never have been meant to be put on the public stage; the cost of production was too high. It could be performed only privately by wealthy patrons. Court-festivities, royal visits, weddings, etc., were usually celebrated by Masques.

The following characteristics of a Masque may be especially noted :

1. The themes were allegorical and mythological. The characters were the gods and goddesses of classical mythology, or personifications of abstract qualities such as Delight, Love, Harmony, Laughter, etc.

2. The number of characters seldom exceeded six.

3. The scenes were laid in ideal regions—either some celebrated places in classical mythology as Arcadia, the Fortunate Isles, etc., or some such abstractions as the Hill of Knowledge, the Fountain of Light, etc.

4. They were written in rhymed verse.

5. They were performed privately, and the actors and actresses were amateurs

6. They were a part of entertainments given on the occasion of a marriage in high life.

7. Most costly and elaborate scenery and costume were employed.

8. Sometimes a Masque contained within itself an Anti-Masque, which was of the nature of a burlesque. It was usually performed by servants and by actors, hired for the purpose.

A *Midsummer Night's Dream* may be regarded as an enlarged kind of Masque because of its ideal and lyrical character. But Shakespeare introduces a Masque in *Henry VIII* and in *Love's Labour's Lost*. *The Tempest* contains two more or less elaborate Masques, and the lesser one may be regarded as the Anti-Masque. It may be noted that the more serious Masque in *The Tempest* has the following characteristic features :

1. The characters are taken from classical mythology.

2. It is written in rhymed verse..

3. It is connected with a marriage.

4. Nymphs and Reapers form the Masquers, and they are "properly habited."

5. Some form of elaborate machinery must have been employed when we are told that the vision suddenly disappears.

The Banquet Scene is the Anti-Masque. It is described as "a living drollery"—a dumb show, which represents the original character of a Masque. We are told that the banquet suddenly vanishes "with some quaint device." The quaint device must mean some stage-machinery which was necessary to produce the spectacular effect, aimed at in a Masque.

The Masques in *The Tempest* are intimately connected with its plot. The more serious Masque in which Juno and Ceres appear to bless Ferdinand and Miranda, pictures the happy end of the play in the union of the two houses of Milan and Naples. The Anti-Masque (the Banquet Scene) fulfils another motive of the play—it awakens repentance in the "three men of scene," for without repentance there can be no forgiveness, which is the keynote of the play.

### Shakespeare and Prospero

One school of critics identify Prospero with Shakespeare, and suppose that Shakespeare bids farewell to the stage in Prospero's speech ;

I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth.  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book—

Another school of critics argue that as a dramatist Shakespeare's art must be *impersonal* and that Shakespeare could not have portrayed himself in Prospero or in any other character for the matter of that. It may be generally true that Shakespeare, as the dramatic art demands, could not have projected his own character and personality in any of his creations. Yet it is sometimes held that Shakespeare has given more of himself in *Hamlet*—the most introspective character he has ever painted. The plays no doubt mirror the varying and

complex moods of Shakespeare at the different periods of his life—and we may even fancy that this or that character partly represents Shakespeare. It will not, however, be safe to identify Shakespeare with any character of his plays. We give the two different views below :

(I) *Prospero is Shakespeare.*

(i) "The splendour of sunset in *The Tempest* can escape no one, and the sternest opponent of guess-work must admit the probable presence of a designed allegory in the figure of Prospero and the burying of the book, the breaking of the staff, at the close." —Saintsbury.

N.B. Saintsbury's contention is harmless. He does not identify Shakespeare with Prospero, but holds that Prospero's solemn abjuring of magic symbolizes Shakespeare's farewell to the stage.

(ii) "I confess that it seems to me less unlikely—I will not put it higher—that in creating Prospero Shakespeare had some at least occasional thoughts of himself. What is Prospero? He is a magician who has lived in a dream and attended by spirits, but now breaks his staff and utters too solemn farewells to the world of visions which he is forsaking for the ordinary life of men. Could Shakespeare, even if the least self-conscious of all poets, have escaped thinking of himself as he wrote Prospero's :

Our revels now are ended ; these our actors  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air.

And if the wonderful lines which follow only repeat with greater magnificence a thought which the poet had often expressed before, could he write them at that time without some interior and personal application? He was retiring from his life's work and accepting the fact that his best years were past. Could he fail to think at least a little of himself, of the unreality and swift passing of life, not as a general truth but as a personal experience, as he put on his paper such words as :

The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve  
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made on, and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep." — *John Bailey.*

N. B. John Bailey too makes a reasoned and cautious statement, which can provoke no contradiction.

(iii) " 'We are such stuff as dreams are made on'; a deep sleep from which we awaken to life, and again, a deep sleep hereafter. What a personal note is in the last scene of the play where Prospero says :

"And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
 Every third thought shall be my grave."

How we feel that Stratford was the poet's Milan. Just as Ariel's longing for freedom was the yearning of the poet's genius for rest. He has had enough of the burden of work, enough for the toilsome necromancy of imagination, enough of art, enough of the life of the town. A deep sense of the vanity of all things has laid its hold upon him, he believes in no future and expects no results from the work of a lifetime.

Like Prospero, he had sacrificed his position to his art, and, like him, he had dwelt upon an enchanted island in the ocean of life. He had been its lord and master, with dominion over spirits, with the spirit of the air as his servant, and the spirit of the earth as his slave. At his will graves had opened, and by his magic art the heroes of the past had lived again. The words with which Prospero opens the fifth Act come, despite all gloomy thought of death and wearied hopes of rest, straight from Shakespeare's own lips :

"Now does my project gather to a head ;  
 My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and time  
 Goes upright with his carriage."

All will soon be accomplished and Ariel's hour of deliverance is night. The parting of the master from his genius is not without a touch of melancholy :



"My dainty Ariel ! I shall miss thee  
But yet thou shalt have freedom."

Prospero has determined in his heart to renounce all his magical powers :

"To the elements  
Be free, and fare thee well !"

He has taken leave of all his elves by name, and now utters words, whose personal application has never been approached by any character hitherto set upon the stage by Shakespeare :

"But this rough magic  
I here abjure, and, when I have required  
Some heavenly music, etc.  
I'll break my staff, etc."

Solemn music is heard, and Shakespeare has bidden farewell to his art." —George Brandis.

N. B. Brandis practically identifies Prospero with Shakespeare. Every detail of Prospero's speech he would fit into his idea of Shakespeare. Brandis rather lets himself be carried away by his speculation.

## (2) *Shakespeare is not Prospero.*

"Indeed, it has been said that Shakespeare pictured himself as Prospero and said farewell in this play to that dramatic poetry in which he had wrought so many enchantments, and seen, through Ariel, his familiar spirit of imagination whom he now set free, into the secret of Nature and the hearts of men. His magic staff he buried now, and deeper than ever plummet sounded, he drowned his book. He had created a whole world, and now he would rest from creation.

The argument might be carried further. It might be said that Shakespeare, looking back on the work he had now laid aside, and on life's comedy and tragedy, expressed his judgment of it in what he said to Ferdinand and Miranda concerning the pageant he had shown them. All we think so vital, the glory, love, and suffering of the world, the cloud-capped philosophy and the solemn temples of law and religion, the earth itself, and

all the human struggle on it, are illusion, the fitting in a dream of the soul of the world ; itself a dream, to and fro through empty space ; and all its actors, like the spirits in the masque, phantoms in the dream, drawn out of the visionary imagination to make a show, and vanishing into the mist, to leave not a rack behind. It was thus, some theorist might say, that Shakespeare thought of all this world when he was near departure from it, and quoted the famous lines :

These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits and  
Are melted into air, into thin air ;  
And like the baseless fabric of this vision, etc.

This is a thought common to the race. It seems, so common is it, to belong to the original texture of humanity. In certain circumstances, varying as temperaments vary, it is sure to slip into the mind. Most often it slips out again : sometimes it stays ; .....it is here expressed in lines of such uncommon force and beauty that it ceases to seem common ; it is as if no one felt it before Prospero shaped it. And it exactly fits the temper of his mind at this instant of the play ; naturally emerging from the scene and the circumstances. But Prospero—and, indeed, Shakespeare, if we mix him up with Prospero—was too sane and too experienced a character to imagine that life was illusion, or that we were the stuff of dreams, or that sleep rounded our little life. No one should quote the passage as an explanation of Shakespeare's theory of life, only as far as 'rounded with a sleep.'

—Stopford A. Brooke.

N. B. Stopford A. Brooke has the following note on the theory that Prospero is Shakespeare :

"Many years ago, Emile Montegut elaborated this theory in a long and admirable article in, if I remember rightly, the *Revue des deux Mondes*. It was so well done that it almost convinced the reader, at least for a time, that it was a true theory. There can, however, be no certainty in any of these theories. They are interesting as excursions into the unknowable, but they remain

guesses, and no more. One may, I think, argue from the general temper of a play to the temper of the writer's mind when he wrote it, specially when the same kind of temper, though in different moods, prevails through a succession of plays, as in the great tragedies. *But Shakespeare was so impersonal in his art, that such argument has not much weight.*"

### Problem of Caliban

It has been pointed out above that Caliban means more than is apparent. The idea that Caliban is a monster, who may be exhibited in London for profit, is not everything. Prospero claims his services almost as a matter of right :

We cannot miss him : he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices  
That profit us.

But Caliban renders but the most grudging services and if he had the power, he would have rebelled. "The history of Caliban's subjection," as Cyril Ransome says, "is precisely that of the Indians of the New World." The issues are certainly complicated when Caliban says, "This island's mine, which thou takest from me." It means nothing less than the dawning of political consciousness—and it points to the troubles that are to arise in the future in the relations between the colonists and the aborigines. Verity writes, "He represented the problems connected with the Indians of the West, problems inseparable from colonisation." Morton Luce writes, "He is a dispossessed Indian, a more or less noble savage, and here should be mentioned a fact that may have more than its surface significance ; in the "Names of the Actors" appended to the play in the First Folio, Caliban is.....described as a "savage and deformed slave".....in this latter character of the dispossessed Indian he appears frequently, and with striking effect."

The question also arises whether the civilized European's so called efforts (which, it is generally insinuated are but a disguised form of exploitation) to educate and refine the savage are worthwhile. The pains taken by

Prospero to educate Caliban seem to have been wasted. At any rate the benefit to Caliban is doubtful :

“You taught me language ; and my profit on’t  
Is, I know how to curse.”

Morton Luce thinks, “Shakespeare is more than doubtful whether European civilization is anything better than a curse to the savage ; he is certainly severe when he points out that the vices of the old world, such as drunkenness, find their way into the new world far sooner than any of its virtues :

‘Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee’.

A word of caution may be added here. There is no limit to theorizing—and theories may be carried to any extravagant point. After all the problems which commentators argue into *The Tempest*, may exist nowhere than in their own speculative brains. They may not have occurred at all to Shakespeare’s mind.

### Key-notes of the Play

One of the main ideas of *The Tempest* is the lesson of forgiveness. It is in Prospero’s action that this supreme lesson of forgiveness is illustrated. In the beginning Prospero appears to be stern and relentless : he seems to rejoice that he has his enemies in his power. It is true that he is a much wronged man, and it is true also that by his virtues of long-suffering and patience he neutralizes his sorrows—he hardly utters them until he has had to inform Miranda of her past history. Perhaps from the beginning he had no idea of exacting any vengeance from his enemies. Yet repentance is a primary condition of forgiveness. By means of supernatural terrors enacted by Ariel, finally repentance is awakened in the ‘three men of sin’—Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian. Prospero not only forgives these three, but he also forgives Stephano, Trinculo and Caliban for their plot to murder him.

“The rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance”—

These are Prospero’s own words, and his own action illustrates their truth.

Another prominent idea of *The Tempest* is freedom.

The most poignant craving from freedom is illustrated in Ariel. But, as Prospero points out to Ariel, the true condition of freedom, is service. Ariel earns his freedom after he has performed all the tasks that Prospero sets him. But Caliban who clamours for freedom, but little understands its true spirit or value, finds all service irksome. Freedom through service is best illustrated in Ferdinand :

“The very instant that I saw you did  
My heart fly to *your service* ; there resides.  
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man.”

Miranda’s own sentiment is equally characteristic :

“I am your wife, if you will marry me ;  
If not, I’ll die your maid ; to be your fellow  
You may deny me ; but I’ll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no.”

“The thought which seems to run through the whole of *The Tempest*, appearing here and there like a coloured thread in some web, is the thought that the true freedom of men consists in service. Ariel, untouched by human feeling, is panting for his liberty in the last words of Prospero are promised his enfranchisement and dismissal to the elements. Ariel reverences his great master, and serves him with bright alacrity : but he is bound by none of our human ties, strong and tender, and he will rejoice when Prospero is to him as though he were free. To Caliban, a land-fish, with the duller elements of earth and water in his composition, but no portion of the higher elements, air and fire, though he receives dim intimations of a higher world—a musical humming, or a twangling, or a voice heard in sleep—to Caliban service is slavery. The great master has usurped the rights of the brute-power Caliban. And when Stephano and Trinculo appear, ridiculously impoverished specimens of humanity, with their shallow understandings and vulgar greeds, this poor earth-monster is possessed by a sudden fanaticism for liberty.

“The leaders of the revolution, escaped from the stench and foulness of the horse-pond—King Stephano and his prime-minister Trinculo—like too many leaders

of the people, bring to an end their great achievement on behalf of liberty by quarrelling over booty—the trumpery which the providence of Prospero had placed in their way. Caliban, though scarce more truly wise or instructed than before, at least discovers his particular error of the day and hour :

What a thrice-double ass  
Was I, to take this drunkard for a good,  
And worship this dull fool.

“In the epilogue, which was written perhaps by Shakespeare, perhaps by someone acquainted with his thoughts, Prospero, in his character of a man, no longer a potent enchanter, petitions the spectators of the theatre for two things, pardon and freedom. It would be straining matters to discover in this epilogue profound significances. And yet, in its playfulness, it curiously falls in with the moral purport of the whole. Prospero, the pardoner, implores pardon. Shakespeare was aware -- whether such be the significance of this epilogue or not—that no life is ever lived which does not need to receive as well as to render forgiveness. He knew that every energetic dealer with the world must seek a sincere and liberal pardon for many things. Forgiveness and freedom : these are the key-notes of the play.”

—(Dowden).

### **Allegorical Interpretation of the Tempest**

“The little Enchanted Island represents the universe. Prospero’s magic represents omnipotence, and he exercises it as a shadow of the Divine, with love, allowing full liberty, guiding all things to a happy end, leading to penance, and condemning only where there is intractable resistance to grace.

“The little island a more perfect picture of the universe because in it the four elements, -- Earth, Air, Fire and Water—are embodied in two personalities, Ariel and Caliban. That Ariel is the spirit of Air and Fire, and Caliban the brute of Earth and Water, can be proved by so many words and phrases that Shakespeare’s deliberate intention is beyond all reasonable question. It was no new thought to him so as to contrast the elements. He does it

in *Henry V.* and again in *Antony and Cleopatra*. "He is all air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water have no part in him."

"In this little universe, then, Prospero has an all-embracing power. He has at his disposal the magic of Nature and of art. He guides, but will not overwhelm, three distinct forms of natural enchantment, familiar to us,—the human enchantment of love (in the story of Ferdinand and Miranda), the infrahuman enchantment of vice (in the drunkenness of Stephano, Trinculo and Caliban), and the superhuman enchantment of forgiveness (in the story of Alonso and Antonio) In this third story the religious intention is emphasised by Shakespeare beyond all cavil. The speech of Ariel, as a harpy, to Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian, touches all the springs of contrition; and the banquet which the penitent and the innocent (Alonso and Gonzalo) are allowed to approach, but which is denied to the guilty (Antonio and Sebastian), is as near to a representation of the Eucharist as any dramatist has ever dared to go.

"In addition to this lofty significance, there is the further interest that it was intended to be Shakespeare's farewell to the stage. The idea of a dramatist as a magician summoning up a world of spirits for the audience was a commonplace in Elizabethan days. Heywood's famous Prologue is full proof of that. And if a meaning is quite obvious to me, I think it impertinent to doubt whether Shakespeare intended it. It is the most glorious farewell that any artist has ever given to the public, and it is a fit rounding off of a dramatic career which had portrayed all character, all passion, all life, all humanity, and now lifted that humanity into harmony with and into a semblance of the Divinity."

—F. C. Kolbe, *D. Litt.*

### Construction of the Play

It has been pointed out above that *The Tempest* curiously enough observes strictly the three classical unities of time, place and action. One of the most romantic plays, its action is kept within strictly defined limits, no juggling with time and place being allowed. Judged

by its structure, *The Tempest* is a supreme triumph of art—the happiest blending of the most romantic temperament with the severest classical art.

But *The Tempest* is pre-eminently a play of *Enchantment*; there is so much the less of the purely human interest. The conflict of human wills and motives is the very life of a drama—and it is the suspense—the uncertainty of the result which keeps the reader's interest alive. But in *The Tempest* there is no such dramatic conflict of interests, no suspense—and the climax is a foregone conclusion. The action of the drama is entirely controlled by Prospero. Prospero plays the part of Providence. The unexpected does not happen, and the miraculous that happens becomes pre-determined. But from the technical point of view the plot is admirably managed.

The play opens with a shipwreck, off an unknown coast (Shakespeare is purposely vague about the locality). In the next scene Miranda is introduced. Miranda has watched the shipwreck, and her heart is filled with pity. Questioned by her, Prospero gives a long narration to explain the shipwreck, which has been caused by his magic art. The long *retrospective* narrative supplies all the information that the reader needs to know. The second scene of Act I, unavoidably long as it is, puts the reader in possession of all the facts to enable him to follow the story. The second scene serves the purpose of *Exposition*, but it also brings together Ferdinand and Miranda, which supplies the *initial incident* of the drama.

Ferdinand is, however, kept apart from the rest of the survivors of the shipwreck. We meet them in the first scene of Act II. The King Alonso is disconsolate for his missing son, Ferdinand. But a diversion of interest is created by the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian to murder Alonso. As the reader expects, the conspiracy is foreseen by Prospero, and is frustrated by Ariel. Things being so foreseen and forestalled in a drama, the effect of dramatic truth and dramatic representation is destroyed.



In the second scene two sailors who are also survivors are introduced. They are again kept apart from the King and his court. Ferdinand meets Miranda. The two sailors (Stephano and Trinculo) meet Caliban. There is dramatic propriety in these meetings. We have now three distinct groups—(i) Ferdinand and Miranda ; (ii) Alonso and his courtiers ; (iii) Stephano, Trinculo and Caliban. And Prospero and his agent and executive Ariel between themselves manage their affairs. But Prospero is practically the master of their destinies. The fundamental weakness of the drama lies in this fact.

The most interesting group is of course Ferdinand and Miranda—and the first scene of Act III is a most exquisite love idyll. It gives the only human interest to the play. In the second scene Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo are presented again to us. They are no doubt used for a comic scene, but in the second scene of Act III a serious interest is thrown in the conspiracy of Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo to murder Prospero. There are thus two conspiracies—an instance of *reduplication of motive, or parallelism*, which is a favourite device with Shakespeare.

The climax may be said to occur in the third scene of Act III. The “three men of sin”—Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian—are denounced in this scene, and the leading idea of the play is revealed in that repentance is to precede forgiveness. Prospero is the forgiver and his wrongers are to be forgiven. Their repentance is wrought through enchantment which is brought into full play in this scene as well as in Act IV.

The *Resolution* of the plot begins in Act IV. Miranda is promised as a bride to Ferdinand, but their marriage is not yet to be. Prospero entertains them with “some vanity” of his art. The vision (in which Juno blesses the betrothed couple) cannot, however, be said to have any vital connection with the action of the drama. Act IV also shows how the conspiracy of Caliban-group is frustrated—a result already foreseen by the reader.

The three groups have been so long kept apart. They are brought together in Act V. First, the Alonso-group is brought in by Ariel. It is followed by Prospero's disclosure of his identity, his forgiveness and restoration of Ferdinand, now with his bride, Miranda, to Alonso. Then Ariel brings in the Master and the Boatswain whom we have not heard of since the shipwreck, and who have nothing to do with all that happens on the island. Lastly Ariel brings in Caliban and his two fellows. So those who were parted by the shipwreck, re-assemble—and the old Duke of Milan reappears with his daughter, and forgives his brother and the King of Naples who have wronged him.

"*The Tempest* has little action or progressive movement, the union of Ferdinand and Miranda is settled at their first interview, and Prospero merely throws apparent obstacles in their way; the shipwrecked band go leisurely about the island; the attempts of Sebastian and Antonio on the life of the King of Naples, and the plot of Caliban and the drunken sailors against Prospero, are nothing but a flant, for we foresee that they will be completely frustrated by the magical skill of the latter; nothing remains therefore but the punishment of the guilty by dreadful sights which harrow up their consciences, and then the discovery and final reconciliation. Yet this want of movement is so admirably conciled by the most varied display of the fascination of poetry, and the exhilaration of mirth, the details of the execution are so very attractive, that it requires no small degree of attention to perceive that the *denouement* is, in some degree, anticipated in the exposition."

—Schlegel.

### Characteristic Features of the *Tempest*

(1) *Want of Dramatic Action*: "*The Tempest* is not one of the plays whose interest consists in strong dramatic situations. The course of the action is revealed from the first. Prospero is too manifestly the controlling spirit to arouse much concern for his fortunes"

—Garnett.

(2) *Atmosphere of Enchantment*: "The whole play is under the influence of the supernatural: the scene is an enchanted island; the leading character, as we might

expect, is a magician, he is waited upon by the demon or attendant spirit, who again marshals an army of lesser ministers and the island was inhabited first by a witch, and later by "a born devil", who is not without his attributes of magic.

"Then the structure of the play itself is in keeping with this supernatural tone and colour ; for example, it contains a masque which is an organic growth, we may add, for it is hard to see how the play could have been developed without it." —*Morton Luce.*

(3) *Love Element* : The love of Ferdinand and Miranda is the only thing of human interest in the play. And it is an integral part of the action. It determines the character of the play as much as the motive of forgiveness and reconciliation the happy ending of the play is contributed as much by it as by the other.

(4) *Romantic Element.* "*The Tempest*, a romantic play, is as notable as any for poetic quality and varied conception. It takes elemental nature for its scenes and background, the unbarred sky, the sea in storm and calm, the enchanted flowery isle, so

full of noises,

Sound and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

(5) *Autobiographical Interest* : "The world has agreed to recognise in the enchanter's speech abjuring his 'rough magic' the farewell not only of Prospero to the wonderful island, but of Shakespeare to the stage."

—*Boas.*

## CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY

### Prospero

We do not see Prospero actually as the Duke of Milan. But from his recital of the past to Miranda we learn that he practically handed over the administration to his brother, Antonio, and devoted himself to studies. Naturally his brother took advantage of the circumstance, and at last expelled him and his daughter from

Milan. Being sent adrift on sea, he reached an uninhabited island with his daughter. By his study of magic he acquired control over the forces of nature and over the world of spirits. The tempest which is raised and which wrecks the ship in the opening scene of the play is the manifestation of the power, conferred upon him by magic. He released Ariel, whom he found imprisoned in cloven pine, and got him to execute all his commands. The action of the play is, as a matter of fact, put into the hands of Ariel. Prospero designs, and Ariel executes. First Ferdinand and Miranda are brought together, and it is Prospero's plan that they should fall in love. Secondly, the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian against Alonso is frustrated. Thirdly, remorse is awakened in Prospero's enemies by supernatural terrors of the banquet scene. Lastly, Prospero meets his enemies and forgives them. So we can sum up the character of Prospero :

(1) *His Omnipotence and Magnanimity* : Prospero is the Providence of the play. He controls the action and fortunes of all the characters in the play. What is most remarkable is that he is never tempted to abuse the unlimited and irresponsible powers, conferred upon him by magic. He might have exacted a dire vengeance upon his enemies when he got them in his power, but he lets them off with a fair warning. In fact Prospero ever retains balance and judgment—he is never intoxicated by possession of power. Verity rightly says, "Prospero is almost a personification of wisdom." He possesses his soul in truth and peace ; only on one occasion in the play he seems to lose his patience. It is when he remembers Caliban's plot against him, and suddenly dismisses the spirits who are executing a harvest dance for the delight of Ferdinand and Miranda. Ferdinand notices his temper :

"This is strange : your father's in some passion  
That works him strongly." (IV. i. 143-44).

Perhaps this is the only case in which Prospero shows his human weakness.

(2) *His Passion for Learning* : Prospero is a typical scholar, who is indifferent to worldly ends. But later by his experience of suffering and hardship he learns to take a detached view of himself as a scholar and recluse. So Prospero does not spare himself when he recites the past to Miranda :

"I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind  
With that which, but by being so retired,  
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awaked an evil nature ; etc." (I. ii. 89-93).

Prospero says :

"Me, poor man, my library  
Was dukedom large enough." (I. ii. 109-110).

This he gives as the opinion, his brother, Antonio held of him. But it may be taken as a compliment to, and not a reproach of, Prospero. Indeed his library was more than his dukedom. He let his dukedom go to his brother and clung to his books. He could have little blamed his brother for replacing him. He himself confesses that :

"those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies." (I. ii. 74-77)

It may be noted here that not his learning, but his practical experience of life—the experience of his brother's treachery (which most hurt him) and of hardship and suffering—teaches him wisdom.

(3) *His Paternal Affection* :—Prospero's dukedom did not have a hold upon him. By losing his dukedom he seems to gain something immensely richer—he rediscovers his human nature. Being cast on an uninhabited island, and left to himself, undistracted by petty and mean court intrigues, he naturally turns all his care and affection to his daughter. He may justifiably say :

"and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princesses can, that have more time  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful."

(I. ii, 171-174).

When Prospero is put into a frail boat with his daughter and turned adrift, he finds his sole comfort and strength in her. His good angel seemed to have entered the body of his daughter and inspired him with courage and fortitude :

“Pros. O, a cherubin  
Thou wast that did preserve me Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,  
Under my burthen groan'd ; which raised in me  
An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
Against what should ensue.” (I. ii. 152-57).

Stopford Brooke writes, “His little daughter kept him human ; his love for her, as she grew to womanhood, strengthened his humanity ” The study and practice of magic might have made Prospero a non-human being—an impersonation of Intellect ; Miranda was his salvation. On the island he studies only the up-bringing and happiness of Miranda. He exercises his magic art with a wonderful foresight relating to Miranda's well-being :

“I have done nothing but in care of thee ;  
Of thee, my dear one : thee, my daughter”  
(I. ii. 16-17).

Nothing delights his heart so much as to see Ferdinand and Miranda fall in love, and each owning the love for other :

“Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
Who are surprised withal ; but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more.”

(4) *His Sense of Justice* : Prospero is represented by some as the impersonation of justice and reason. He does not forgive his enemies as a weak man may forgive the wrong done to him. He does not exact vengeance as a weak man, if he had the power, would have thirsted for. First repentance, then forgiveness, Prospero works on this principle. The three men of sin—Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian—are haunted by supernatural terrors, but these supernatural terrors are meant to symbolize the terrors of guilty conscience :

"Gon. All three of them are desperate : their great guilt,  
Like poison given to work a great time after,  
Now 'gins to bite the spirits."

If it is not very clear that Antonio and Sebastian felt the effect of remorse, Alonso is susceptible to it :

"Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous !  
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it,  
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced  
The name of Prosper ; it did bass my trespass."

No forgiveness without repentance : thus Prospero's sense of justice is satisfied.

(5) *His Forgiveness* : Prospero realizes that  
The rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance." (V. i 27-28).

He only demands that sinners should be repentant :

"They being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further." (V. i. 28-30).

Prospero seeks and attains a nobler revenge upon his enemies in forgiveness. Revenge leaves the wrong-doer no chance of reforming himself. The rarer action is forgiveness which blesses the giver as well as the receiver.

N. B. Dr. Garnett seems to see in Prospero detachment and apathy, and consequently discount the value of his forgiveness. Dr. Garnett writes, "It is rather the contemptuous indifference, not only of a prince who feels himself able to despise his enemies, but of a sage no longer capable of being very deeply moved by external accidents and the mutations of earthly fortune. He does not in his heart very greatly care for his dukedom, or very deeply resent the villainy that has deprived him of it. The happiness of his daughter is the only thing which touches him very nearly, and one has the feeling that even the failure of his plans to secure this would not have embittered his life. Nay, so far does he go in detachment from the affairs of the world, that without any external enforcement he breaks his staff, drowns his books, and, but for the imperishable

gains of study and meditation, takes his place among ordinary men."

Brondes also sets forth the same view : "There is less of charity towards the offenders in Prospero's absolution than that element of contempt which has so long and so exclusively filled Shakespeare's soul. His forgiveness, the oblivion of a scornful indifference, is not so much that of the strong man who knows his power to crush, if need be, as that of the wisdom which is no longer affected by outward circumstances."

### Miranda

Miranda shared her father's misfortunes. And under the fostering care of her father she grew upon an uninhabited island. Her father (Prospero) took particular pains to educate her. Her education, however, did not counteract her naturalness and simplicity. In fact Miranda owes her charm to her unsophisticated simplicity to the native innocence and purity of her heart. Her love is born of a frank admiration of Ferdinand's personality. She is most unlike any of her sex in her innocent, unaffected, partly articulate confession of love for Ferdinand. Miranda is truly the child of Nature. The white purity of her soul is untarnished by any knowledge of evil.

(1) *Her Education and Up-bringing*: Miranda is brought up by her father (Prospero) on an uninhabited island. He takes more than ordinary pains to educate her. As Prospero himself points out, she has profited more under his instructions than if she had been placed under the care of tutors. She had, as a matter of fact, less time for the idle vanities of life. Prospero has, however, taken particular care to shield her innocence. Caliban is the only other inhabitant of the island beside father and daughter. Miranda's natural repulsion from him added to her father's watchfulness, keeps her safe from any harm that he might have done to an innocent and guileless child of Nature. The only and the fundamental defect of her education is that she has grown up in complete ignorance of life and the world. Living all her life on an uninhabited island, and away from all human



society and social-intercourse, she has been able to preserve the tender bloom of her heart, the spontaneous sense of wonder and sensitiveness to beauty, if her knowledge and experience are inconceivably limited.

(2) *Her Quick Sympathy* : Though brought up in solitude, she has not grown selfish, but has developed the social instinct and fellow-feeling. She identifies herself with the distress of the shipwrecked :

"O, I have suffer'd  
With those that I saw suffer : a brave vessel,  
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,  
Dash'd all to pieces. O ! The cry did knock  
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd."  
(l. ii. 5-9).

Miranda must have very lively imagination which enables her to enter into the distress of the shipwrecked and make it her own. But apart from that her heart has a natural tendency to pity—an inborn tenderness of emotion. When she hears her father's recital of the past—her father being set adrift in a boat, with the additional burden of looking after her (Miranda) and rearing her, her heart goes out in sympathy to him :

"Alack, for pity !  
I, not remembering how I cried out then,  
Will cry it o'er again : it is a hint  
That wrings mine eyes to't." (I. ii. 132-135).

Pity is the very instinct of her soul. So when she sees Ferdinand bearing the logs, she offers to carry them herself to spare him the hardship which, she is quick to perceive, he is enduring.

(3) *Her Innocence and Simplicity* : The peculiarity of her up-bringing and the sedulous care with which Prospero watches over her growth keeps her ignorant of any matter but the elementary feeling and natural prompting of her uncorrupted heart. The conventions of society—and the artificial life which society imposes, supplant the simple, unmixed and generous impulses of the heart but in the case of Miranda Nature as an impulse and law and her father's tenderest affection take the place of social conventions. Nothing could have been a better guardian of

her innocence and simplicity. Her innocence and simplicity are best shown in the love-scene between herself and Ferdinand. In any sophisticated girl the exact terms of Miranda's confession, of love would have come dangerously near to forwardness. Her innocence and simplicity give it a rare grace.

(4) *Her Love for Ferdinand* : When Miranda beholds Ferdinand, her first exclamation is :

"What is't ? a spirit ?  
Lord, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir,  
it carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit."

(I. ii. 409-411).

It is not yet love ! it is simple *admiration*. The next step is *sympathy*. And Miranda's sympathy for Ferdinand is awakened when Prospero makes a too severe trial of Ferdinand. Her love is finally the outcome of her admiration and sympathy. Bold in the innocence and simplicity of her sentiment Miranda declares to her father :

"My affections  
Are then most humble ; I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man " (I. ii. 481-483).

While Miranda puts up a strong plea for Ferdinand's innocence, she is not forgetful of her duty to her father. A daughter who deeply appreciates and esteems her father's care and affection, preserves an exquisite balance between her duty and her love :

"Mir. Be of comfort ;  
My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech : this is unwonted  
Which now came from him."

Love fully blossoms in the scene in which Ferdinand bears logs. Miranda offers to carry the logs for him and begs him to rest for a while. The idea of 'service' enters into true love—it is love that is capable of self-denying and self-effacing. In their love both are imbued with the idea of service. Miranda offers to carry the logs for Ferdinand. Ferdinand alludes to 'service' in her declaration of love :

"Hear my soul speak :  
The very instant that I saw you, did

My heart fly to your service ; there resides,  
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man." (II. i. 63-67).

N. B.—Stopford Brooke thus contrasts Miranda and Ferdinand in their love : "No lover's talk in Shakespeare's dramas is more beautiful than theirs in the third Act, where the innocent love of Miranda, who has never seen a man but her father, is in contrast with that of Ferdinand, who has seen many women and flitted through momentary love of them, but who, on touching Miranda, is lifted out of his atmosphere of light love, his half cynical view of women, on to the level of her frank and innocent passion, such as Eve might have felt when first she looked into Adam's eyes. She would free him from his log-bearing service, herself would carry the wood ; but the Prince accepts a toil which, her pitiful eyes, is glorified by love into a delight. And his ravishment is answered by her pure, tender, and childlike admiration and passion, confessing that he is all she desires, all she can conceive of beauty, princeliness, and joy. It is the modest, natural meeting in ardent love of sex and sex, tempered by their duty to honour, morality, and the high traditions of their birth."

### Ariel

Ariel is a more exquisite and rarefied Puck of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. He has a love of mischief like Puck, but he has a more artistic and subtle way of doing things. But he has to work under Prospero while Puck is a free agent. Yet freedom seems to be the very breath of his life. He is a spirit that will languish away for want of freedom. Prospero's promise of freedom is his chief inducement to execute all his commands. He is, however, a spirit too delicate to carry out the gross and hateful commands of Sycorax. Though non-human, he develops a certain admiration for Prospero, which is transformed into gratitude when Prospero adequately appreciates his services. Prospero designs and Ariel executes. For the development of the plot or action of

the play Ariel who represents the executive power is as indispensable as Prospero who is the brain.

(1) *His Longing for Freedom* : A spirit of air, freedom seems to be the very essence and meaning of his life. It is only Prospero's potent magic that can harness him into human service. Over and above that, Prospero's repeated promise of freedom, makes him prompt and diligent in carrying out Prospero's designs. When we first see Ariel, he is moody. Prospero has to promise to set him free at the end of two days. Everytime that Prospero sets him a task, Prospero repeats his promise. We may note the following instances :

(i) Ariel brings together Ferdinand and Miranda and they fall in love, according as Prospero desires and intends. Prospero is pleased and says :

"Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds : but then exactly do  
All points of my commands." (I. ii. 498-500).

(ii) After Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo have been hunted by spirits, whom Ariel summons, Prospero is again pleased with Ariel's action :

"Shortly shall my labours end, and thou  
Shalt have the air at freedom : for a little  
Follow, and do me service." (IV. i. 260-62).

(iii) Finally Prospero charges Ariel to provide calm seas and auspicious gales, and then he is free for ever :

"That is thy charge : then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well !" (V. i. 317-18).

(2) *His Artistic Skill and Grace* : The epithets that are constantly applied to Ariel are "delicate" (I. ii. 272), "quaint" (I. ii. 318), "dainty" (V. i. 95). "tricksy" (V. i. 226). The point is that every action that is performed by Ariel, smacks of a rare and exquisite skill and grace. He repeatedly receives praise from his master. For example, when Ariel appears in the guise of a water-nymph, Prospero exclaims in admiration :

"Fine apparition ! My quaint Ariel." (I. ii. 318).  
But Prospero praises most highly Ariel's role of the harpy :

"Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou  
Perform'd, my Ariel ; grace it has, devouring."  
(III iii. 83-84).

(3) *His Love of Mischief* : Ariel resembles the Puck of *A Midsummer Nights Dream* in his love of mischief. The scene in which he remains invisible, and contradicts Caliban, while Stephano charges Trinculo with the offence, is the most exquisite example. Ariel seems to have enjoyed the fun most, as evidenced in his narration to Prospero :

"Then I beat my tabor ;  
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,  
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses  
As they smelt music : so I charm'd their ears  
As calf-like they my lowing follow'd through  
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,  
Which ent'red their frail shins : at last I left them  
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake  
O'erstunk their feet."  
(IV. i. 175-84).

(4) *His Non-Humanity*. Ariel, a spirit of air, works under the human will of Prospero, but he dwells apart from all that concerns man. He is not linked with humanity—and shares neither in its joys nor in its sorrows. Yet by association with Prospero he seems to catch a distant reflection of Prospero's humanity for a moment :

"Ari.                    Your charm so strongly works 'em.  
                         That if you now beheld them, your affections  
                         Would become tender.

Pros.                    Dost thou think so, spirit ?

Ari.                    Mine would, sir, were I human."

(V. i. 17-20).

Ariel has imagination, and by means of imagination he can enter into the feelings of humanity—it is after all a detached perception.

N. B. Stopford A. Brooke has the following most illuminating study of Ariel : "Ariel is 'but air', the free spirit of the air subtle, changeful, in incessant motion, lively

all-penetrating like the ether, having power in the air and water, in fire, and to the depths of the earth. To-day, we might call him electricity. But, though at many points the conception of Ariel is not apart from that which physical science has concerning the finest forms of matter, a scientific correlation does not fit his spiritual nature. For here, though he does wondrous work, he is a spirit of personal gaiety and self-enjoyment, and loves to play 'a quaint' and 'tricksy spirit,' like when he is most himself, the light and fluttering airs of summer. Nor is he only a spirit of the air. He is also a spirit of fine fire; air and fire together, they have but one life in him. He impersonates them both. And as the ethereal forms of matter vibrate between the molecules of the earth and water so Ariel can live in the seas, and the vapours of the clouds, and in the depths of the earth. It is thus he first appears :

"All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds To thy strong bidding task  
Ariel and all his quality." (I. ii 189-93).

He flames amazement in the king's ship, burns like lightning here and there, sets the sea-at-fire, is himself the fire, makes the tempest, disperses the fleet, binds and looses the winds, calms their rage, lives in the deep bays of the shore, can run upon the sharp wind of the north, and do business in the veins of the earth when it is baked with frost. He can be at will a nymph of the sea, a harpy, any shape he pleases. He, like the air, is always invisible, save to the scholar who has mastered him by knowledge..... This pervasiveness of his, in and through all nature, extends to man ; he knows and feels the thoughts of men as if he were the ethereal element in which the cells of the brain are floating, as if, being this, he would feel what passions also moved and dwelt in the silences of the soul. He knows the plots of the conspirators before they are spoken ; he clings to their conscience like a remorse. Prospero has no need to call him by speech. 'Come with a thought' he cries

to Ariel, who is going on his messages. 'They thought I cleave to,' answers Ariel. He has also the quickness of thought. Before the eye can close he is round the earth and back again :

"I drink the air before me, and return  
Or e'er your pulse twice beat." (V. i. 101-02).

This relation of his to thought lifts him above the mere presentation of any natural power. He is not human, but he can relate himself to humanity. It seems as if something of Prospero's soul during their comradeship had infiltrated into Ariel. And the relation, on account of this, between him and Prospero, is almost a relation of affection. Prospero admires his charm and beauty, and his gracious ways. 'Fine apparition !' he calls out when he comes in as a nymph of the sea. My 'quant Ariel !' my 'dainty Ariel,' are the pleasant terms with which his master describes him. When he comes as a harpy, Prospero is delighted with the grace the harpy had, devouring. Prospero recognises something more spiritual in Ariel, than his airy charm. He really sympathises with Ariel's longing for liberty. Then also he recalls how, when the witch Sycorax having subdued Ariel, laid on him gross and shameful commands, the fine nature of Ariel refused to do them. 'Thou wert,' he says, "a spirit too delicate."

To act her earthly and abhorr'd commands. This exquisite refinement of nature is then, as it were, a kind of conscience in him. When their one quarrel is over, they are together like friend and friend, even with the love of friendship. Ariel wishes to be loved :

"Ariel. Do you love me, master ? no ?

*Pros.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel !" (IV. i. 49-50.)

And when Ariel sings his lively song of freedom Prospero, charmed, cries out in admiration :

"Why, that's my dainty Ariel ! I shall miss thee ;

But yet thou shalt have freedom." (V. i. 96-7).

But far beyond any companionship of feeling, with his master, is Ariel's longing for freedom, to have his own control. Of course, being a spirit of the unchartered air, he desires only to obey himself. It is a desire harmless

in him, whose limits are set by law. But Prospero is a foreign law, and however kindly it be exercised, it is against Ariel's choice, independent of the law of his being. Therefore this bird of the air must escape his cage. All he does in it is toil : 'What ? is there more toil ?' Outside is joy, the soft life of the summer breeze, far beyond Prospero's commands, Ariel makes no tempests, no disturbance. He is delicate Music is his expression, the tabor and pipe, thin sweet instruments are his to play. He sings, like the light wind through the trees, clear, ringing, elfin notes. All he sings in poetry, all his speech is song. The life he lives is the life of the elements, and his songs are of their doings. Lamb's saying of his song. 'Full fathom five thy father lies,' that it is 'of the water watery, and that its feeling, seems to resolve itself into the element it contemplates, illustrates this nature in him, and itself is poised in the melody of ocean. His other song—'Come unto these yellow sands'—is so evanescent, so delicate, so rippling that no criticism can touch it without hurting it. It is of the shore, the moving sand, and the sea. Only when, in the calm of twilight, we see the long-curving edge of half-slumbering foam, when the wave is nothing but the life of the tide, and hear the hushing murmur of it on the sand, as it leaves the fantastic outline of the height it reached before its retreat—do we understand the delicate playing of Ariel, the dance he leads of sprites that foot it featly here and there.

"Come unto these yellow sands,  
 And then takes hands ;  
 Courtsied when you have and kiss'd,—  
 The wild waves whist,  
 Foot it featly here and there ;  
 And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear." (I. ii. 376-81).

More delicate, dainty and ethereal is Ariel as the soft summer wafts of air which come and go with fluttering pleasure. They make the faint blossom tremble where the bee can enter, they rock the cowslips bell, and stir the fur on the bat's wing, when the owls call to the night.



Where the bee sucks, there suck I :  
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;  
 There are couch when owls do cry,  
 On the bat's back I do fly  
 After summer merrily." (V. i. 89-92).

This is Ariel's farewell to Prospero, this the life he hopes to live in freedom. That is his true being ; aerial gentleness, spirit of the faint swift winds. The metre helps the conception. The dactyls are like the pulse of wings.

"Merrily, merrily shall I live now,  
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."  
 (V. i 93-94).

Thus Ariel passes into the elements. But Shakespeare, mastered while he wrote by his shaping spirit of imagination, has made him more than elemental, has given him a personality, touched with gleams of our humanity, as of old he did, but not so fully, to Oberon. Only Ariel is more elemental than Oberon, and, strange enough, also more human. Prospero has entered into him. Therefore round him collects the greater interest. Oberon we may meet in the woods by moonlight, Ariel is always with us, like the air. We breathe his spirit every day.

### Caliban

Caliban is not only an original, but a unique creation of Shakespeare. He seems to stop half way between man and beast. He has but glimmerings of understanding, but he is absolutely devoid of reason and moral sense. He is a sub-human and non-moral being. He is endowed with elementary feelings and passions. He has been regarded as the type of the conquered savage, whom Prospero employs in menial services, but who, being vaguely conscious of his personal rights, begins to resent his servitude. His weakness for drink, which is an acquired vice, is pointed out by many critics as the doubtful benefit civilizations to a savage. Contrasted with Ariel, who has the finer element of air and fire in him, Caliban has in him the element of earth and water. The pains taken by Prospero to educate him, are absolutely wasted on him. After all he is an unregenerate slave, whom only stripes can move into

activity. Perhaps if he had been left to himself—without being polished up by Prospero and without being initiated into the vices of civilization by Stephano, he might have possessed some grace of character.

(1) *His Parentage*: He was born of the witch, Sycorax, by the Devil. Sycorax was banished to the island from Algiers for “mischief manifold and sorceries terrible to enter human hearing.” His parentage explains his deformity, both physical and mental. He is “as disproportioned in his manners as in his shape.”

(2) *His Physical Appearance*: He is “a mis-shapen knave,” “not honoured with a human shape,” etc. Elsewhere he is described as “a strange fish.” But none of the details given about him, will fit into a picture perhaps Trinculo gets nearest to him in his attempt to size him up:

“What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive?  
A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not-of-the-newest, Poor-John. A strange fish ..... Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o’ my troth! I do now let loose my opinion: hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt.” (II. ii. 23-36).

Later on Antonio remarks that he is “a plain fish.” Caliban may have perhaps partial resemblance to a fish, which strikes a casual observer. After all he is a “misshapen” creature—and best answers to the description of a monster. Or, perhaps Shakespeare intended to keep his physical appearance vague, and leave much to the imagination or speculation of the reader. So Morton Luce writes, “But the Physical form of Caliban is as vague and as various as his character or his accomplishments, and the attempts that have been made to sketch this most protean of all such creations remind us of the equally futile attempts to discover his enchanted island. For example, he will dig pig-nuts, pluck berries, and snare the nimble marmoset, and yet some would discover him to be a kind of tortoise. Or, again, Miranda in one speech ranks him with man, in another she excludes him from that



'Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish :  
 Nor fetch in firing  
 At requiring ;  
 Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish :  
 'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban  
 Has a new master : get a new man  
 Freedom, high-day ! high-dey freedom ! freedom,  
 high-day, freedom ! (II. ii. 156-72).

(5) *His Conspiracy to Murder Prospero* : However brutish his brain, it works in a subtle way, if the resulting conception is rather crude. The plot to murder Prospero is evolved by his brain. He possesses an elementary shrewdness. He suggests several ways of murdering Prospero—all equally brutal and ghastly, appropriate to his grotesque imagination.

"Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,  
 I' th' afternoon to sleep : there thou mayst brain  
 him

Having first seized his books, or with a log  
 Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,  
 Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember  
 First to possess his books : for without them  
 He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not  
 One spirit to command " (III. ii. 85-92).

Caliban knows well that without magic books Prospero is powerless. He repeatedly warns Stephano to possess himself of Prospero's books. It is an indication of intuitive shrewdness (which springs from instinct of self-preservation). Similarly Caliban can appreciate the beauty of Miranda. If he cannot have Miranda for himself, she must be secured to be the queen of Stephano.

(6) *His Poetical Susceptibilities* : "Like the savage also who lives close to Nature, and impersonates her doings all he says, when he is excited, is poetical. Shakespeare puts the most of what he says into blank verse. Caliban only begins to lose his imaginative elements when he associates with Stephano and Trinculo, who would not have a poetical thought, if they could live for a thousand years. Even the little education which Prospero has given him has injured his imagination. Otherwise, when

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his senses are pleased, and when he hears the music, Ariel is always making, his heart is stirred, his sense of beauty touched. Shakespeare does not leave this poor soul, cursed from his birth without our pity. Trinculo trembles with fear when Ariel's pipe and tabor play. "Be not afeard," cries Caliban, and Prospero himself could scarce speak in better verse :

"Be not afeard : the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and  
hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears : and sometimes voices,  
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again : and then, in dreaming  
The clouds methought would open, and show  
riches.

Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,  
I cried to dream again." (III. ii. 132-40).

Thus 'music for a time doth change his nature.' One feels that he is capable of redemption ; but Stephano and Trinculo, deaf to sweet sounds, are in this life irredeemably the same. Before the close of the play, Caliban is on the way to conversion .... Prospero has despaired of him, but Shakespeare does not. Even when he is drunk, he goes straight to his purpose of murder, and cares nothing for the shining garments which enrapture his companions. 'Let it alone, thou fool ; it is but trash. And when he is punished, and Prospero forgives him, he cries :

"I'll be wise hereafter  
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass  
Was I, to fake this drunkard for a god  
And worship this dull fool." (V. i 294-97).

—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

N. B. Morton Luce analyses the triple character of Caliban :

(1) First, he is the embodiment of the supernatural; he is deformed ; he was the offspring of a witch, hence his deformity.

But a further stage of development under this head is due to books of travel with their wonderful accounts of island aborigines and to the popular utopias of the time, and their more imaginary islands peopled by beings strange but with human attributes, and free at least from the vices of civilisation. To this phase of Caliban's being such narratives as these of the wreck almost certainly contributed ; and thus the conventional monster was made up afresh as a sea-monster, and placed with his mother on an island.

(2) Secondly, Caliban is a slave when the play opens whatever he may have been before, or may become again : "We'll visit Caliban my slave .... .. he does make our fire, Fetch in our wood, and serve in offices That profit us (I. ii. 308-14) ..... Caliban is an African of some kind ; as a slave, he hates his task-master, hates all "service", and thus he further embodies one of the leading social topics dwelt upon in the play, namely, slavery, the revolt against labour, the "use of service" (II. i. 151).

(3) Thirdly, he is a dispossessed Indian, a more or less "noble" savage.

"This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou takest from me.".....(I. ii. 331-32).

"For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Which first was mine own king." (I. ii. 341-42).

### Ferdinand

Ferdinand is a prince, noble and chivalrous in his bearing, not lacking in courage and manliness, and steadfast in love when he truly loves. As yet he untainted by the atmosphere of court-life. His nature is simple, frank and generous, and he has all the impulsiveness of youth. Ferdinand has also handsome looks, which first won Miranda's admiration. His life has been smooth and untroubled until the shipwreck and the supposed loss of his father. Independently of Prospero's magic he would have certainly fallen in love with Miranda. But it is through the instrumentality of Prospero's magic that they are brought together. Love conquers all, and so Ferdinand submits to the humiliation of bearing logs.



Prospero's magic renders him impotent. Magic paralyses Ferdinand physically, but love, a more powerful magic, conquers him. So Ferdinand confess

"Fer. My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel.  
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,  
To whom I subdued, are but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth  
Let liberty make use of ; space enough  
Have I in such a prison " (I. ii. 486-92).

*His Love for Miranda* : Ferdinand may have had previous experience of the fleeting inconstant love of other women. He seems to allude to it in the following lines :

"Full many a lady  
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time  
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues  
Have I liked several women : never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with noblest grace she owed  
And put it to the foil : but you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best." (III. i. 39-48).

The confession above, which does credit to his generous heart, marks the height of his most sincerest admiration for Miranda. It is a noble-souled love that he offers to Miranda, so different from the love he had exchanged with other women previously. It is the most ardent and sincerest devotion to the ideal woman, who at once touches his heart and imagination. He may naturally cry,

"Hear my soul speak :  
The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service : there resides,  
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man." (III. i. 63-67).

The humiliation of bearing logs, which he would have otherwise felt very keenly, is no humiliation to him when



he knows that he has Miranda's kindly sympathy and even her companionship :

"my sweet mistress  
Weeps when she sees my work, and says, such  
baseness  
Hath never like excutor, I forget :  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my  
labours

Most busy least, when I do it," (III. i. 11-15).

The log-bearing business is a test of Ferdinand's love for Miranda. He stands the test well, and Prospero is quite satisfied.

N. B.—Stopford Brooke writes thus of Ferdinand : "A charming lover ! Ferdinand, however, is nothing more than the lover. When he thinks justly, as when he says, 'There be some sports are painful, and their labour Delight in them sets off ; some kinds of baseness Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters Point to rich ends.' (III. i. 1-4).

his thoughts are those love has put into his head. He has not the capacity for them before love opened his soul. He boasts a little of his regard for several women ; his has been a butterfly's life ; but now—"Hear my soul speak," he cries. The rest is boyishness. He will be a man hereafter, because he has met Miranda. He is not yet."

### Gonzalo

Gonzalo is 'an honest old counsellor.' He has a heart of gold. The unpleasant task of exposing Prospero and Miranda to the sea was committed to him. His heart wept for them, and, as we learn from Prospero's lips. Gonzalo provisioned the frail boat in which Prospero and Miranda were sent adrift, and gave them a supply of linen and other necessary stuff. On the island he takes upon himself to comfort Alonso in his grief for the loss of his son (Ferdinand). He is tactless, but he is well-meaning. His garrulity makes him a bore, and Alonso loses all patience with him. But he is not too dull to perceive the gibes of Antonio and Sebastian, and hits them back in his mild, but deadly sarcastic manner.

Among the unfaithful courtiers his loyalty to Alonso remains unquestioned. Prospero has the sincerest regards for him.

(1) *His Divided Loyalty* : Antonio displaces Prospero, and Gonzalo could have followed the fortunes of Prospero, but Gonzalo is an o'd man, and in spite of his loyalty to Prospero an old man like Gonzalo can hardly be expected to exchange the security of life to which he has been long accustomed, for the risk of death, which his loyalty demands. However, when he is charged with the task of carrying out Antonio's plan, he, as a loyal adherent of Prospero, does all he can to minimize Prospero's perils – a service which Prospero recognizes :

'Pros. Some food we had and some fresh water that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, who being then appointed  
Master of this design, did give us, with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessities,  
Which since have steaded much ; so, of his  
gentleness,  
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me  
From mine own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom." (I. ii. 160-68).

A more definite acknowledgment of Gonzalo's loyalty is made by Prospero later :

"O good Gonzalo,  
My true preserver, and a loyal sir  
To him thou follow'st." (V. i. 68-70).

Antonio and Sebastian, while conspiring against Alonso, know very well that they will have trouble in dealing with Gonzalo. Antonio suggests that Gonzalo should also be put to death. We find that he is most anxious to comfort, and divert the thoughts of Alonso in his grief for the loss of his son, even though he may have gone about it in a blundering way. His first thought when he is awakened by Ariel, is for the king :

"Now, good angels,  
Preserve the king !" (II i 301).

(2) *His Calmness in Danger* : In the confusion and terror that prevail on the eve of the shipwreck, Gonzalo,

alone keeps his head. In the moment of peril he can jest about the boatswain :

"He hath no drowning mark upon him ; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging : make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable." (I. i. 27-31).

When the ship positively splits, he is but resigned to his fate :

"Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, ling, heath, broom, furze any thing. The wills above be done ! but I would fain die a dry death." (I. i. 60-63).

(3) *His Garrulity* : As an old man his garrulity is certainly excusable. His talk seems to be interminable, when he seeks to comfort the king in his grief for the loss of his son. The king pays little heed to his words, yet he goes on. Antonio and Sebastian start gibing at him, but he does not mind. He simply gets on the nerves of Alonso :

"Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against  
The stomach of my sense." (II. i. 101-02).

He seems to be rather obtuse. Certainly Gonzalo is a plain, blunt courtier, who has none of hypocritical suavity and understands little of the intricate movements of the human mind. After all he means well, when he seeks to divert the king's thoughts, but he fails to understand that a man in grief would rather like to be left alone.

### Alonso

Alonso's character is but slightly sketched. He would not be very interesting but for his remorse. His imagination is deeply stirred by the supernatural incidents, and his conscience, which is not deadened like Antonio's leaps into flame in conjunction with his imagination. Pursued by remorse he is thrown into the most distracted state, which distresses Gonzalo's heart very much. His repentance, which is true and sincere, readily wins Prospero's forgiveness.

(1) *His Abatement of Antonio's Treachery* : Alonso would have been faultless but for his share in Antonio's

crime. His crime is blazoned forth to him by supernatural voices :

"But remember—  
For that's my business to you—that you three  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero ;  
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
Him and his innocent child : for which foul deed  
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the crea-  
tures,

Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me  
Lingering perdition, worse than any death  
Can be at once, shall step by step attend  
You and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you  
from—

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls  
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow  
And a clear life ensuing." (III. iii. 68-82).

Alonso, otherwise a good man, is most susceptible to this supernatural warning. His remorse is most painful and pathetic to see.

(2) *His Remorse* : The supernatural warning does not stir conscience either in Antonio or in Sebastian :

"Seb. But one fiend at a time,  
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second." (III. iii. 102-103).  
All the same they are terror-struck. The effect upon Alonso, however, is most striking. The supernatural warning seems to be the voice of conscience, calling him unto repentance :

"Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous !  
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it ;  
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced  
The name of Prosper ; it did bass my trespass."  
(III. iii. 95-99).

(3) *His Fatherly Affection* : Alonso's fatherly affection is his most redeeming quality. Except for a temporary aberration when he joins Antonio in his crime,

he is quite an estimable character. The loss of his son goes deep into his heart, and he refuses all comfort from Gonzalo. He makes one vain search for his son in the island, and then gives up all hope.

"Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee.

Who am myself atch'd with weariness,  
To the dulling of my spirits : sit down, and rest  
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer : he is drown'd  
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

(III. iii. 4-10).

Later the loss of his son seems to intensify and bring home to him his sense of guilt :

"Methought the billows spoke and told me of it ;  
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced  
The name of Prosper : it did bass my trespass,  
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded  
And with him there lie mudded." (III. iii. 96-102).

### Antonio and Sebastian

Antonio is a more confirmed criminal than Sebastian. The detailed history of his crime is narrated by Prospero to Miranda : how he abuses Prospero's trust, first by winning over the officers of state, and then by conspiring with Alonso, king of Naples to get rid of Prospero. His treachery hurts Prospero more than the loss of his dukedom :

"Pros. I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should  
Be so perfidious !—he whom next thyself  
Of all the world I loved and to him put  
The manage of my state." (I. ii. 66-70).

His mind, full of dark designs, will always jump at an opportunity. When Alonso falls asleep (II. i. 191) Antonio's brain is busy, and he already foresees the chance of replacing Alonso for Sebastian.

At first Sebastian fails to understand, or deliberately misunderstands, his covert hints. But Antonio is not one to give up the game. He plies the most subtle

reasoning and casuistic skill, totally removing all scruples of Sebastian, and finally openly discusses the matter when he becomes sure of Sebastian's co-operation.

Sebastian could not have been wholly innocent and honest. If he had been so, he would have sternly rejected Antonio's suggestions, but he seems to meet them halfway. Sebastian has a timid and cautious nature, but encouraged by Antonio's success in crime and primed up by Antonio's most plausible arguments, he ventures to draw the sword along with Antonio to kill Alonso. Their attempt, however, is frustrated by Ariel. On waking up Alonso finds the two standing with drawn swords. Sebastian, who seems to have progressed wonderfully under Antonio's tutoring, may very well now outrival Antonio. It is most significant that instead of being at all abashed, Sebastian readily invents a story to explain the drawn swords.

"Alon. Why, how now ? ho, awake ! Why are you drawn ?

Wherefore this ghastly looking ?

Gon. What's the matter ?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
Like bulls, or rather lions : did't not wake you ?  
It struck mine ear most terribly." (II. i. 301-06).

Their second attempt too (III. iii)—for they are not at all sobered by the failure of the first attempt—is frustrated. The supernatural warning (III. iii) does not melt the hardness of their hearts into repentance. They receive rather gratuitously Prospero's forgiveness—they do not earn it by any reformation of their conduct. They remain unrepentant to the end :

Pros. [*Aside to Sebastian and Antonio*].

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,  
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you  
And justify you traitors : at this time  
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside*.] The devil speaks in him. (V. i. 125-28).  
Evidently the original condition of forgiveness (as

announced in the supernatural warning) is relaxed in their favour.

N. B. Hudson thus seeks to justify partially the inconsistency of Prospero's conduct in forgiving Antonio and Sebastian :

"In the delineation of Antonio and Sebastian, short as it is, there is a volume of wise science.....Nor is there less of sagacity in the means whereby Prospero seeks to make them better, provoking in them the purpose and taking away the performance of crime, that so he may bring them to a knowledge of themselves, and awe or shame down their evil by his demonstration of good. For such is the proper effect of bad designs thus thwarted, showing the authors at once the wickedness of their hearts and the weakness of their hands ; whereas if successful in their plans, pride of power would forestal, and prevent the natural shame and remorse of guilt. And we little know what evil it lieth and lurketh in our hearts to will or to do, until occasion permits or invites ; and Prospero's art here stands in presenting the occasion until the wicked purpose is formed, and then removing it as soon as the hand is raised. It is noticeable that in the case of Antonio and Sebastian the workings of magic are so mixed up with those of nature that we cannot distinguish them : or rather, Prospero here causes the supernatural to pursue the methods of nature ; thus, like the Poet himself, so concealing his art while using it that the result seems to spring from their own minds."

### Stephano and Trinculo

Stephano, a butler, cannot do without his bottle. Armed with his bottle, he can god it and king it to Caliban who is well fitted for the part of a worshipper and slave. His blustering and hectoring are but a gift of drink. He wins Caliban by offering him a drink. By the same means he silences Trinculo into submission. But drink muddles his sense and understanding—of which he seems to have but a fragment. Trinculo, a jester, is not in such "a parlous state" as Stephano. He is endowed with a little more of intelligence than Trinculo, though

some critics suppose that he is a fool by nature, as by profession. It may be noted, for instance, that he makes some shrewd and pertinent comments on the scene between Stephano and Caliban. Compare the following :

- Cal.* I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island ;  
And I will kiss thy foot : I prithee, be my god.  
*Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster ! when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.  
*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot ; I'll swear myself thy subject.  
*Step.* Come on then ; down and swear.  
*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster ! I could find in my heart to beat him—  
*Step.* Come, kiss.  
*Trin.* But that the poor monster's in drink : an abominable monster !  
*Cal.* I'll show the best springs ; I'll pluck the berries ;

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard." (II. ii. 135-52).

At least trinculo has no illusion about himself and two of his companions :

*Trin.* Servant-monster ! the folly of this island ! They say there's but five upon this isle : we are three of them ; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters." (III. ii. 4-6).

The plot made by the three to murder Prospero is a comic counterpart to the plot of Antonio and Sebastian to murder Alonso—and it has a most grotesque termination in their ducking in "the filthy-mantled pool."

N. B. Percival has an interesting theory about Stephano and Trinculo :

"In history, they (Stephano and Trinculo) are types of 'the mean white', who taught the savage man the meanest vices of civilization, especially the wide-spread one of drunkenness, on his fire-water, more potent than any native liquor the savage could brew. They contrast with



Prospero and Gonzalo, the types of the noble white man ; the one an active, persevering teacher of the savage in what is best in civilization, the other a dreamer of what a savage might be raised to, in virtue and happiness, *above* a height that civilization has yet to succeed in raising mankind."

### **Stephano, Trinculo and Caliban**

"Stephano and Trinculo are Shakespeare's last study of the drunkard. It is the habit to speak of them together, but Shakespeare took pains to differentiate them. They have quite distinct characters, though they belong to the same type. They are set into contrast with Caliban ; the savages of civilization with the natural savage ; and Caliban is the better man. They are quite useless on the island ; the sweet sounds of it are nothing to them ; they do not understand Caliban when he is poetical. Caliban becomes an idealiser when he is drunk, they lower everything, when they are drunk, to their own level. Caliban's mind develops under liquor ; theirs is quite brutalised, save that they have not lost the gross, natural humour of their class. They are both amusing ; and curiously enough, but when one thinks of it, quite a piece of natural truth. Trinculo, the jester, when he is sober, is not so entertaining as Stephano, the butler. Each, in drink, loses his conventional habit. Caliban, drunk, loses his fear of Prospero, and plans his master's murder with audacity, even with ability. Trinculo's fears redouble. Stephano is not afraid of anything, but his vulgarity of mind, when he is drunk, rises into its perfect consummation. It is almost ideal. His last speech in which—having been pinched and cramped and hunted with dogs—his courage which endears him to us is still high and is heightened by the liquor in him, is inimitably invented by Shakespeare. He comes, in the stolen apparel, all bedraggled, before the fine company, and is not a bit ashamed or depressed. In his drunkenness he is even for the first time intelligent.

Everyman shifts for all the rest and let no man take care for himself ; for all is but fortune—Coragio ! bully-monster, Coragio !."—*Stopford Brooke*.

### Function of Minor Characters

In every romantic drama there must of necessity be a large number of *mechanical personages*, introduced not for their own sake but to assist the presentation of others : yet in proportion to the space they cover in the field of view, Shakespeare will endow them with some dramatic interest. Their function is not unlike that of the chorus in Ancient Tragedy, except that they are distributed among the scenes of the drama instead of being kept as a body of external commentators. Such personages are in *The Tempest* to be found in the crowd of courtiers led by Gonzalo, and the crowd of sailors led by the boatswain. Their part is mainly to illuminate and reflect the various situations that arise : outside the movement of the play themselves they furnish a *point d'appui* on which that movement rests. Thus the busy opening scene has spice given to it by the clashing between the wit of Gonzalo and the rough tongue of the boatswain. In the island it is the forced talk of Gonzalo that brings out the marvel of the deliverance from the sea, and the character of enchanted island, then his passages of irritable wit with Antonio and Sebastian help to point the character of the two by suggestion of the antipathy between them and honesty. Gonzalo takes the lead in helping us to realise the incident of the supernatural banquet, and the condition of the guilty after the blow has fallen ; while, during the long-drawn finale, Gonzalo follows exactly the function of chorus-leader, and reads into meaning every stage of the universal restoration ; when its last note is complete the boatswain and he resume their passage of arms. Yet these mechanical personages are not entirely outside the central idea ; the sailors have their loss and recovery of the ship, and Gonzalo has connection enough with the original crime to feel his heart stirred by the final issue. Moreover his personal character is one well fitted to be a stationary point in a moving drama of Providence. He is pre-eminently a man of an even temperament ; good, but easy ; like an ancient chorus, little elevated or distressed by the storms of circumstance.....He has elected to

be a spectator of life, so much as may be, and not an actor ; and he is valuable in the spectacle of Providence from the eye he has to its fine dramatic effects, while as to the action his place is that of one who stands at an equal distance from the prizes of life and from its crimes.”

—Moulton.

### Interpretations of the play

“In power of pervading local realization, *The Tempest* is equal to any of Shakespeare’s dramas—*Midsummer Night’s Dream*, *As You Like It*, that are most admirable for this poetic achievement. The storm, in the first scene on ship-board, and the news from the ship tight and yare in the harbour, and the glimpse of the becalmed fleet, in the last, make the intermediate scenes to be rounded by circled waves ; and throughout we seem, as we read, from time to time to hear them beating on the shingly beach, and to catch glimpses of the tranquil sea line in the offing. The air takes its character from the visitants and their doings—it lulls or excites with floating airs ; it is drowsy or breathes balm and refreshment ; and marky with lightning and heavy with dropping storm, around the ways of monster and fuddled mariner ; while constant sunshine is round the path of Miranda and over the cell of Prospero. The masque of Ceres and Juno, with scenery and airy population of tilth and harvest, most beautifully relieve the scene of the bare and desert isle...

*The Tempest* may be studied with advantage, in comparison with two plays, united by extensively involving a fantastic mythology, but otherwise of most absolute antitheses, *Midsummer Night’s Dream* and *Macbeth*. *The Tempest*, despite the greater proximity of Ariel to Oberon than to Hecate, is quite as widely separated from the *Midsummer Night’s Dream* by the gravity of tone with which it is so largely pervaded, as it is from *Macbeth* by the specific distinctions of Tragedy and Comedy : while as the story of a throne lost and regained of traitorous kindred, abused confidence, requited usurpation. *The Tempest* is so replete with arguments of state, and leads thought so deep and wide

into the theory and responsibilities of government, and conditions of civil society, that it seems in this aspect more cognate to *Macbeth* than to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The supernatural scheme, with its lyrical expression, in each of the three plays, has an individuality and consistency that are themes of critical exposition inexhaustible—but, in truth, no less unnecessary, when to read the plays is to feel the spirit of their characteristics with a vividness no criticism within present reach is likely to enhance.

*The Tempest* takes its place among the finished plays of the poet, and, therefore, like its peers, is characterized by complete and harmonious proportion of parts, by every scene and every character being organically complete; animated with appropriate and sustained spirit and wrought to the same degree of correctness, and that the highest; and by the general result of realizing the perception, that the original germ, vigorous and healthy in its nature and excellent in power, has expanded without let or distortion and by all favourable tending and under all consenting influences to the utmost and most admirable perfection.” —Lloyd

“There is little in Homer that is not true to nature, but there is no phase of nature that is not in Shakespeare. Analyze the components of a Shakespearian play, and you will see that I make no overstatement. *The Tempest*, a romantic play, is as notable as any for poetic quality and varied conception. It takes elemental nature for its scenes and background, the unbarred sky, the sea in storm and calm, the enchanted flowery isle, so

‘full of noises,

Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and

hurt not’ (III ii. 132-3).

The personages comprise many types—king, noble, sage, low-born sailor, boisterous vagabond, youth and maiden in the heyday of their innocent love. To them are superadded beings of the earth and air. Caliban and Ariel, creations of the purest imagination. All these reveal their natures by speech and action, with a realism impossible to the tamer method of a narrative poem.

Consider the poetic thought and diction : what can excel Prospero's vision of the world's dissolution that shall leave 'not a rack behind' or his stately adjuration of the magic art? Listen, here and there, to the songs of his ticksy spirit, his brave chick, Ariel : 'Come unto these yellow sands,' 'Full fathom five thy father lies,' 'Where the bee sucks, there suck I.' Then we have a play within a play, lightening and decorating it, the masque of Iris, Ceres and Juno. I recapitulate these details to give a perfectly familiar illustration of the scope of the drama. True, this was Shakespeare, but the ideal should be studied in a masterpiece, and such a play as *The Tempest* shows the possibilities of invention and imagination in the most synthetic poetic form over which genius has extended its domain" —Stedman.

"The quality of *The Tempest* which impresses first and most forcibly is its wonderful imagination. It has no basis in history or in contemporary manners. A wholly ideal world is called into being by the poet with such ease, grace, and decision, that his power seems boundless, and we feel that he could have created twenty *Tempests* as easily as one. Two of the characters lie outside the bounds of humanity, and are nevertheless so absolutely organic, so perfectly consistent in conception and faithful to the laws of their being, that it never occurs to us to doubt their existence any more than it of the human personages. Two of these latter are as ideal as the laws of humanity permit, one a supreme enchanter, who holds the rest in the hollow of his hand ; the other the most subtle essence of innocent maidenhood. The other characters, though often ordinary people enough, gain poetry from their environment. Scene, plot, incidents, personages—all are out of the common ; on enchanted world summoned into existence by the magician's wand, and ready to disappear at his bidding.

The world of *The Tempest* being thus in so peculiar a degree the creation of Shakespeare's own mind, it is of especial interest to inquire what kind of a world it is. And this is the more important, as the play, coming at or near the close of his dramatic career, represents, as

no other can, the ultimate conclusions of that mighty intellect, and the frame of mind in which he was prepared to take leave of the things of earth. The result of the investigation is exactly where we should have wished. *The Tempest* is one of the most cheerful of his dramas. Its cheerfulness is, moreover, temperate and matured, a cheerfulness all the more serious for having been acquainted with grief. Unlike many writers, Shakespeare had not commenced his career under the influence of morbid feelings. There is nothing dismal even in *Romeo and Juliet* or the *Merchant of Venice* : *As You Like It* is the climax of innocent gaiety, and *Henry IV* of humour. It is in middle life that melancholy and moodiness and obstinate questionings come upon him, and he produces his analogues of *Werther* and the *Robbers*. In *Hamlet* he propounds life's enigma only to give it up ; in *Troilus and Cressida* he paints its deceptions, and in *Measure for Measure* its deformities ? In *Timon* he brings the whole human race in guilty, and prescribes it. Then the cloud lifts and in *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* we find him returning to his old sunny creed, though the sunshine may be that of even rather than of morn. Especially is *The Tempest* a drama of reconciliation and peace, authoritatively confirmed by the verdict of the highest reason impersonated in Prospero :

“Though with their high wrongs I am struck to  
the quick,

Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury

Do I take part : the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

Not a frown further.” (V. i. 25-30.)—Garnett.

### Synopsis of the Play

#### ACT I

SCENE I. A ship in which Alonso, King of Naples, Sebastian his brother, Ferdinand his son, Antonio, the usurping duke of Milan, Gonzalo and other Neapolitan courtiers are returning from Tunis, is caught in a storm, and is in immediate danger of being dashed to pieces on the rocky shore. The boatswain summons the sailors to

duty, and they all busy themselves, trying to save the ship. The most serious danger which strain their power and skill is that the ship drifts too fast towards the shore. The passengers rush on the deck twice, and get in the way of the boatswain. The boatswain orders them back to their cabins, and attends to his business.

Now to save the ship first the topsail is taken in, but the storm continuing to blow harder the topmast is lowered to prevent the ship getting leeward. Then the mainsail and foresail are set to push the ship off to the sea. But all proves in vain, and the ship is dashed upon the rocky shore. Now follows a scene of confusion—and the sailors appear dripping wet ; the passengers shout farewells ; the King and his son seem to kneel to prayer.

SCENE II. The scene presents Prospero's cell. Miranda has witnessed the shipwreck, and her heart is full of pity for those who seem to have perished. She has learnt that her father has raised the storm by his magic. She turns to her father in her distress. Prospero assures her that he has done nothing but for her good, and that none of them whom she had seen perish have received any hurt.

Then Prospero tells Miranda the story of the past, with which the shipwreck is connected. Miranda learns that her father is the ex-duke of Milan, that devoted to study, he committed the administration to his brother (Antonio), that his brother, taking advantage of the position, corrupted the officers of state, and then conspired with Alonso, king of Naples, to get rid of Prospero, that one midnight Antonio had Prospero and his infant daughter, Miranda, conveyed out of Naples and set adrift in a frail boat. In this connection Prospero describes the kindness of one Gonzalo who provisioned the boat, and gave them a supply of linen and other necessary stuff. Now returning to the incident of the shipwreck he informs Miranda that his enemies have been brought to his shore by a strange accident, of which he takes advantage. Miranda, as she listens to the story, falls asleep under the influence of his magic.

Prospero summons Ariel, his attendant spirit. Ariel narrates all the details of the shipwreck—how he created terror and confusion among the passengers and sailors by burning as a flame now here and now there, and sometimes parted into two columns flame until in sheer desperation the sailors leapt into the sea. Ariel tells Prospero that none of them have been hurt, that he (Ariel) has landed Ferdinand (Alonso's son) all by himself while he has dispersed the rest about the island.

After thus reporting Ariel reminds Prospero of his promise to release him. We learn now the past story of Ariel—and incidentally of the half human creature, Caliban, whom we are to meet later. Ariel at first served a foul witch, Sycorax, who had been banished to the island from Algiers, and who gave birth to Caliban after her arrival in the island. Ariel was imprisoned by Sycorax in the hollow of a pine for having been disobedient to her. When Prospero came to the island, he released Ariel. All this we learn incidentally from Prospero. At Ariel's grumbling Prospero takes care to remind Ariel of his past, and warns him that the same fate may befall him again. Ariel promises to behave.

Miranda is now waked up. They both go to see Caliban. Caliban too is grumbling. We learn that Prospero at first treated Caliban kindly and lodged him in his cell until he made an attempt upon Miranda's honour. At any rate Prospero has taught him human speech and now the best use he can make of it is to curse Prospero. We find Caliban in a sulky mood. Caliban is used for menial service. It is only fear of stripes that can make him work. Not until Prospero threatens to inflict cramp upon him, is he prepared to work again.

Ariel brings Ferdinand on the scene. He has been following Ariel's song which refers to his drowned father, and so comes within view of Prospero and Miranda. Prospero points him out to Miranda, and Miranda expresses her unfeigned admiration. Prospero is glad to see that they exchange glances. Ferdinand offers to make Miranda queen of Naples. Prospero however wants to make sure that Ferdinand loves his



daughter truly and sincerely. Prospero challenges Ferdinand's claim that he is King of Naples, and calls him a traitor and spy and bids him follow. Ferdinand, burning with the insult, draws his sword, but finds himself unable to lift it. Miranda begs her father not to be hard upon him. Prospero sternly bids her keep her mouth shut, and discourages her admiration for Ferdinand. But Miranda declares that she has "no ambition to see a goodlier man." Ferdinand at length submits to Prospero, begging that he might but behold the maiden once a day.

## ACT II

SCENE I. Alonso and his company re-assemble on the island after they have (mysteriously) escaped from the wrecked ship, but Ferdinand is missing from them. The King is disconsolate over the loss of his son. Gonzalo's attempt to comfort him is treated with ridicule by Antonio and Sebastian, who seem to have no feeling for Alonso's bereavement. Now we learn that Alonso had married his daughter, Claribel, against her will to the king of Tunis, that the shipwreck had occurred when the party was coming back from Tunis. Sebastian, having little sympathy for his brother, holds him responsible for the loss of his son, Ferdinand, who, as Sebastian implies, would have been alive but for this marriage business.

Gonzalo again seeks to divert the king's thought by propounding his scheme of an ideal common wealth, and provokes a fresh volley of sarcasm from Antonio and Sebastian. The king himself expresses his impatience of Gonzalo's interminable talk, and begs to be left alone.

At this moment Ariel enters invisible, playing solemn music, as the result of which the King, Gonzalo and others except Antonio and Sebastian fall asleep, Antonio plies Sebastian with covert hints and arguments, suggesting the murder of the King. Sebastian, after some hesitation, lets himself be persuaded. When they draw their swords to murder the King and Gonzalo (for they are afraid that Gonzalo will make trouble), Ariel wakes up Gonzalo, soon followed by the King. They are both astonished to see Antonio and Sebastian stand with

drawn swords. Sebastian invents a story to explain the state in which they two are found.

SCENE II. It is a comic scene, serving to relieve the tension of the scene of conspiracy. Caliban is here again. He sees Trinculo, the fool of the play and a survivor of the shipwreck, coming along and supposes that he must be a spirit, sent by Prospero, to torment him. He falls flat on the ground that he may remain unobserved by the spirit. At this moment a storm is brewing Trinculo sees no place of shelter. At last he comes up to Caliban lying flat on the ground. Supposing that he must be a savage of the island, who might have been stunned by thunder, Trinculo at length creeps under his gaberdine for shelter.

Stephano, a drunken butler, and another survivor of the shipwreck, appears on the scene. He discovers a strange figure lying prostrate, with two mouths and two pairs of legs. He pours wine into the two mouths, and is surprised to hear his own name called. At last Stephano and Trinculo recognize each other. Stephano drags him out by the legs.

Caliban who tastes wine for the first time, is delighted beyond measure, offers to worship Stephano as a god and swears to be his loyal subject. Trinculo feels but supreme contempt for Caliban. Caliban is made to drink again and again, and promises to do all sorts of service for Stephano. He is determined to throw off Prospero. Caliban sings in joy and cries hurrah for freedom.

### ACT III

SCENE I. The scene is again before Prospero's cell. We find Ferdinand employed in carrying logs of wood. He hates the task ; yet for the sake of Miranda he seems to make light of it. He enjoys Miranda's own sympathy. Supposing her father is hard at study, Miranda pays a stealthy visit. But we see Prospero watching them from a distance. Miranda offers to carry the logs for him. Miranda's lively sympathy and companionship revive Ferdinand. In this scene Ferdinand breathes his love to Miranda. He confesses that she has known several

women, some of whom had captivated him by sweetness of their tongue, but none of whom can approach Miranda in excellence. Miranda is "indeed the top of admiration." He also tells her that he is a prince in rank, and swears his love and devotion to her. Miranda rejoices to hear his solemn vow of love, and, responding as she does to his love, she cannot help shedding tears of joy. Prospero watches the scene invisible from a distance, and it cannot but gladden his heart. Miranda too openly declares that she will be his wife, if he will marry her? or his servant if he will not love her as wife. Ferdinand kneels to her and offers his hand as a pledge of his love.

SCENE II. We return to Stephano, Trinculo and Caliban. Caliban broaches to them the plan of murdering Prospero. All the three are drunk, but Caliban nevertheless keeps his head—and deliberately arranges all the details of the murder. Ariel, remaining invisible, teases them. Ariel contradicts Caliban, and both Stephano and Caliban suppose that it is Trinculo—and so Stephano turns upon Trinculo. Then Ariel plays a tune, and Stephano and Trinculo are both frightened by this aerial music. Caliban tells them that he is accustomed to hear such music in the island, that it has often waked him from his sleep, and sent him to sleep again with happy dreams. They begin to follow the invisible singer.

SCENE III. It is another part of the island where we meet again the King and his party. Alonso now gives up all his hope of finding his son again. Antonio and Sabastian talk apart, resolving to attempt again the life of Alonso. They expect that the King and Gonzalo must be tired, and would sleep soundly—and so it would be easy, in the absence of strict watch being kept, to carry out their plan.

Suddenly there is strange and solemn music in the air. Then there appear strange shapes, who bring in a banquet. They seem to dance about and invite the King to the banquet, and then depart. Partly in fear they sit down to the banquet. Suddenly there is a noise of thunder, and Ariel enters as a harpy, and whips away the

banquet. Then remaining invisible Ariel denounces Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian. He recalls their crime against Prospero, and warns them of the doom, ready to fall now, which they can avert only by their repentance. Then he vanishes in thunder. The shapes re-enter and dance with various mocking gestures.

Alonso imagines that the waves of the sea, the winds and the thunder cried the name of Prospero, and denounced his crime. He believes now that for his crime against Prospero his son is drowned. Alonso is in a state of desperation as well as Antonio and Sebastian. They rush forward madly. Gonzalo, who keeps a cool head, sends Adrian, Francisco and others to keep them out of harm.

#### ACT IV

SCENE I. Prospero, being satisfied with Ferdinand who has well stood the test, formally betroths his daughter to him. Prospero, however, warns him to be careful to preserve the sanctity of love until they are married. Ferdinand solemnly promises to behave honourably. Prospero now commissions Ariel to bring his fellow-spirits, and with their help to give a show and entertainment which he had promised to the couple.

They present a masque—and it is meant in honour of the betrothal of Ferdinand and Miranda. Iris (the messenger of Juno) first appears and summons Ceres (Mother-Earth) to celebrate “a contract of true love.” Ceres is glad to know that Venus and her son will not be there, for she has avoided their company since her daughter’s abduction.

Juno immediately appears. She blesses the lovers with honour, riches, happiness of married life and long continuance and increase of these blessings. Ceres, blesses the lovers with the plentiful produce of the earth, barns and granaries always full, vines laden with grapes, spring immediately following autumn, etc.

Ferdinand admires the show. Next Iris summons nymphs and reapers to dance. Suddenly Prospero starts,

when Caliban's conspiracy to murder him occurs to his mind. The spirits are dismissed. He appears to be very much upset, and begs to be excused. He comments on the show remarking that just as the show is a mere illusion, so "the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples," the earth itself are illusions, and will pass away and leave no trace behind, and that life itself is a dream, and "is rounded off with a sleep."

Ariel next relates the trick he has played upon Caliban and his two associates : they followed his music regardless of prickly shrubs and bushes which scratched their skin, till at last they plunged into "the filthy-mantled pool" beyond Prospero's cell. At Prospero's suggestions Ariel then hangs out some showy apparel on a lime-tree. Trinculo first sees the robes and points them out to Stephano. Both waste their time over these robes, while Caliban is anxious to get on and "do the murder first." Suddenly they are hunted up and down by spirits, in the shape of dogs and hounds.

#### ACT V

SCENE I. The scene is again before Prospero's cell. Ariel is sent to bring in Alonso and his party, after Ariel describes the fit of distraction into which the three men of sin are plunged by the supernatural warning. On the eve of abjuring magic, Prospero addresses the spirits of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves, and various other spirits, with whose help he has so long been able to control the operations of nature. He solemnly promises to break his staff, "bury it certain fathoms in the earth," and drown his book "deeper than did ever plummet sound."

His last use of magic is to produce some solemn music to restore the sanity of Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian, as they are brought in by Ariel. Prospero first addresses Gonzalo, and commends his loyalty. Then he reminds Alonso of his cruel treatment of himself and his daughter. To Antonio and Sebastian he mentions their plot to murder the King, but he readily forgives them. They are as yet unable to recognize him.

He exchanges his magic robes for his old dress as the Duke of Milan. Alonso now asks Prospero's forgiveness and promises to restore his dukedom—Prospero lets off Antonio and Sebastian with a simple warning. He demands his dukedom back from Antonio.

Then he leads Alonso to his cell, where he sees Ferdinand playing chess with a lovely maiden. Ferdinand introduces his bride, Miranda, to his father, and kneels to him and asks his blessing. Alonso's astonishment is growing wilder every moment. Prospero promises to satisfy his curiosity at some later time.

Ariel next brings in the Master and the Boatswain. Their experiences have been no less strange. They found themselves lying asleep in the hold of the ship until they were waked by strange, varied noises; their ship seems to have suffered no injury. They cannot, however, tell how they have come there.

Last Ariel brings in Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo, Alonso at once recognizes his drunken butler, Stephano, and his jester, Trinculo. Caliban is looked upon with wonder and surprise. Prospero tells them briefly the history of Caliban and of his plot with his two associates to murder him. Caliban realizes his error, and asks Prospero's forgiveness.

Next Prospero invites Alonso to his cell, which he bids Caliban prepare for his reception. He promises Ariel his release after he (Ariel) has provided for the safe and quick voyage of the party back to Naples. Prospero prepares to leave the island with them.

### Epilogue

In the Epilogue Shakespeare offers his personal apologies to the audience in the person of Prospero. Prospero begs their applause with hands and voices, which will break the spell of magic under which he is held. He begs them also to pray for him, as a magician needs the prayer of others to save his soul from despair.

### The Story of the Play

"There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabi-

tants of which were an old man whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock ; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study ; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic ; a study at that time much affected by all learned men ; and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him ; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival. Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape ; he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak ; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful ; therefore he was employed like a slave to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices ; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to do these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come sily and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire ; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared that the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such like

vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father", said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See ! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls, they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed with all the precious souls within her." "Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda", said Prospero ; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell ? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir" replied Miranda.

"By what ?" asked Prospero "by any other house or person ? Tell me what you can remember, my child." Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me ?"

Prospero answered, "You had and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind ? Do you remember how you came here ?"

"No, sir" said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda" continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything ; and as I was



fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom : this he soon effected with the aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore" said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast : there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom.

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then."

"No, love" said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm."

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the King of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep ; for the

spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company ; and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task ?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of terror of the mariners ; and how the king's son Ferdinand was the first who leaped into the sea, and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost "But he is safe" said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded sadly, lamenting the loss of the king, his father whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and princely garments, though drenched in the sea waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel" said Prospero. "Bring him hither ; my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the King, and my brother ?"

"I left them" answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing ; though each one thinks himself the only one saved ; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbour."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed ; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work ?" said Ariel, "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now," said Prospero, "you do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgotten the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double ? Where was she born ? Speak, tell me ?"

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"Oh, was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do, and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture."

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda, to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing:

"Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange,  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell  
Hark, now I hear them, Ding-dong-bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda who were seated under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda" said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder?"

"O father" said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father : "It eats, and sleeps, and has sense such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince ; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in the desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard expected nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give an account of herself when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight ; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way : therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie your neck and feet together. You shall drink sea water ; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns, shall be your food." "No" said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword : but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle ? Have pity, sir ; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence" said her father, "one word more will make me chide you, girl ! what ! an advocate for an impostor ! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to

test his daughter's constancy : and she replied, "My affections are most humble, I have no wish to see a good man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the Prince, "You have no power to disobey me."

"I have not, indeed," answered Ferdinand : not knowing it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find he was so strangely compelled to follow Prospero ; looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream : but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell ; he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labour he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas !" said she, "do not work so hard ? my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours ; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not, I must finish my task before I take my rest." "If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while. But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help, Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to over-hear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told him,

saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry, that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened, well-pleased, to a long speech of Ferdinand in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's prospects I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be Queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife, if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, If I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but my trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then,

telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned ; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the King of Naples. Ariel said, he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea ; saying, that for this cause these terrors have suffered to afflict them.

The King of Naples, and Antonio the false brother repented the injustice they had done to Prospero : and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero : "If you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them ? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the King, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in the train, who had followed him wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered him-

self to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life ; and then his brother and the King knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness ; and the King expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother. Prospero forgave them ; and upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too," and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand, playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder !" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are ! it must surely be a brave world that has such people in it "

The King of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent grace of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid ? asked he "She seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us together." "No sir," answered Ferdinand smiling, to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "She is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine ; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous Duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now ; of him I have received new life ; he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the King ; "but oh ! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero, "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness ; and said that a wise, over-ruling Providence had permitted that he should be



driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

Those kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak ; and the King and old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbour and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," said he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords ; for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order ; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit, who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you ; you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel ; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit ; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live !"

Here Ariel sung this pretty song :

Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;  
There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the King of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter Miranda and Prince Ferdinand, which the King said should be instantly celebrated with great splendour on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived."

—*Lamb.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

SEVASTIAN, *his brother.*

PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Milan.*

ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

FERDINAND, *son to the King of Naples.*

GONZALO, *an honest old counsellor.*

ADRIAN, }  
FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed slave.*

TRINCULO, *a jester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken butler.*

Master of a Ship.

Boatswain.

Mariners.

MIRANDA, *Daughter to PROSPERO.*

ARIEL, *an airy spirit.*

IRIS, }  
CERES, }  
JUNO, } *presented by spirits.*  
Nymphs, }  
Reapers, }

Other Spirits attending on PROSPERO.

SCENE—*A ship at sea : afterwards an island.*

# THE TEMPEST

## THE TEMPEST

### ACT I

SCENE I. *On a ship at sea : a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

*Enter a SHIP-MASTER and A BOATSWAIN.*

*Master.* Boatswain !

*Boats.* Here, master : what cheer ?

*Master.* Good, speak to the mariners : fall to 't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground : bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*]

*Enter MARINERS.*

*Boats.* High, my hearts ! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts ! yare, yare ! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough !

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.*

*Alon.* Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master ? Play the men.

*Boats.* I pray now keep below. 10

*Ant.* Where is the master, boatswain ?

*Boats.* Do you not hear him ? You mar our labour : keep your cabins : you do assist the storm.

*Gon.* Nay, good, be patient,

*Boat.* When the sea is Hence ! What cares these roarers for the name of king ? To cabin : silence ! trouble us not. 17

*Gon.* Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Boats.* None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor ; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more : use your authority : if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts ! Out of our way, I say.

[*Exit.*]

## PARAPHRASE

## ACT I

SCENE I. *On a ship at sea : a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

*Enter A SHIP-MASTER and A BOATSWAIN.*

*Master.* Boatswain !

*Boats.* Here I am, sir. How goes it with you ?

*Master.* My good fellow, summon the sailors. Start work at once, or we strike the rocky coast. Be quick.

[ *Exit.*

*Enter MARINERS.*

*Boats.* Ho, there my friends ! Put your heart into the work, my good fellows ! Quick ! quick ! Lower the topsail. Attend to the master's whistle. Let the wind blow its worst ; if we have sea-room enough, we can clean the land.

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO and others.*

*Alon.* My good boatswain, be cautious. Where is the master ? Act like men.

*Boats.* Will you please stay in your cabins.

*Ant.* Where is the master, boatswain ?

*Boats.* Don't you hear him. You get in our way and hinder our efforts to save the ship. Stay in your cabins. You are assisting the storm by appearing on deck.

*Gon.* My good fellow, do not be impatient.

*Boats.* I shall be patient when the sea is. Get away from here. What do these roaring waves care for the name of a king ? Get back to your cabins. Do not shout, and leave us alone.

*Gon.* Yet do please remember whom you are carrying.

*Boats.* The ship is carrying none whom I love more than myself. You are an expert in giving advice. If you can command the wind and wave to hush and establish peace for the present I will have nothing to do with a ship. Make use of your power ; if you cannot do any thing of the kind, be grateful that you have lived so long, and prepare yourself in your cabin for any accident that may happen at the moment. My good fellows, on with your work briskly. Get out of our way, I say. [ *Exit.*

*Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow : methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him ; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging : make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [ *Exeunt.*

*Re-enter BOATSWAIN.*

*Boats.* Down with the topmast ! yare ! lower, lower ! Bring her to try with main course. [ *A cry within.* ] A plague upon this howling ! they are louder than the weather or our office. 35

*Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO and GONZALO.*

Yet again ! what do you here ? Shall we give o'er and drown ? Have you a mind to sink ?

*Seb.* A plague o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog !

*Boats.* Work you then. 40

*Ant.* Hang, cur ! hang, you insolent noisemaker ! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

*Gon.* I'll warrant him for drowning ; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell.

*Boats.* Lay her a-hold, a-hold ! set her two courses ; off to sea again ! lay her off.

*Enter MARINERS wet.*

*Mariners.* All lost ! to prayers, to prayers ! all lost !

*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold ?

*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers ! let's assist them For our case is as theirs.

*Seb.* I'm out of patience. 50

*Ant.* We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards : This wide-chopp'd rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning The washing of ten tides !

*Gon.* He'll be hang'd yet,  
Though every drop of water swear against it,  
And gape at widest to glut him.

*Gon.* The look of this fellow gives me great comfort. It seems to me that he bears no sign of being drowned. He rather has the air of a gallows-bird—he seems to be destined to be hanged. May kind fate never alter the decision to get him hanged, for then the halter by which he will be hanged will serve as our cable and save us from drowning ; we can little depend upon the strength of our own cable. If he is not destined to be hanged, we stand no dog's chance. [ *Exeunt.*

*Re-enter BOATSWAIN.*

*Boats* Take down the topmast. Quick ! quick ! Try to keep the ship close to the wind by means of the mainsail. [ *A cry within.* ] To hell with this uproar ! They are shouting down the storm, or the orders that we issue to the sailors !

*Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO and GONZALO.*

Yet you come on deck again ! What are you doing here ? Shall we give up all attempt to save the ship and helplessly drown ? Have you a mind to get drowned ?

*Seb.* Confound your shouting voice ! You are an evil-tongued, heartless wretch !

*Boats.* You better work then.

*Ant.* Blast you, rude shouter ! We are less afraid to be drowned than you are.

*Gon.* I can certify against his drowning, though the ship may be frailest.

*Boats.* Keep her close to the wind. Set the foresail and the mainsail ! Push off to sea again !

*Enter MARINERS wet.*

*Mariners.* All our efforts wasted ! Let us Pray !

*Boats.* What, must be perish ?

*Gon.* The king and the prince are praying. Let us join them. We are in the same condition as they are.

*Seb.* It is so annoying.

*Ant.* We are simply robbed of our lives by a set of drunkards. This open-mouthed rascal—I wish you might get drowned, and lie on the shore till ten tides wash you.

*Gon.* I am certain he will yet be hanged, though every drop of water swears to have 'him, and opens its mouth widest to swallow him up.



[ *A confused noise within :—*Mercy on us !—  
 'We split, we split !'—'Farewell my wife and children !'—  
 'Farewell, brother !'—'We split, we split, we split !' ]

Ant. Let's all sink with the King. 58

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [ *Exeunt ANT. and SEB.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea  
 for an acre of barren ground—long heath, brown furze,  
 any thing. The wills above be done ! but I would fain  
 die a dry death. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The island. Before PROSPERO's cell*

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
 Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
 The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,  
 But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,  
 Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered  
 With those that I saw suffer : a brave vessel,  
 Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,  
 Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
 Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.  
 Had I been any god of power, I would 10  
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere  
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd and  
 The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected :  
 No more amazement : tell your piteous heart  
 There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day

Pros. No harm.  
 I have done nothing but in care of thee,  
 Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who  
 Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing  
 Of whence I am, nor that I am more better  
 Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell. 20  
 And thy no greater father.

SCENE II ]

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[ A confused noise wit in Heavens have mercy on us  
'We are wrecked!' + Farewell my wife and children  
'Farewell, brother'—[We are going to pieces.] ]

Ant. Let us all go down with the King.

Seb. Let us take leave of him.

[ Exeunt ANT. and SEB.

Gon. Now I would gladly exchange a vast area of the sea for a small space of waste land—let it be anything, a space of wild shrubs. God's will be done! But I would have preferred a death on dry land.

[ Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The island. Before PROSPERO's cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

Mir. If by your magic art, dearest father, you have stirred up the sea into violence, do please still it. The sky, it seems, would pour down hot and boiling pitch, were it not that the sea, rising to the height of the sky, puts out the fire. O, my heart has been with those whom I saw perish. A fine ship, which, no doubt, carried some noble creatures, all broken to pieces. Their shrieks appealed to my heart, and made it beat in against of sympathy. Poor creatures, they perished. If I had been a powerful god, I would have pushed the sea down into the earth, before it could have swallowed up the ship and the human cargo within it.

Pros. Compose yourself. You need not be distracted with terror. Be you assured that no harm has been done to the human cargo.

Mir. O, alas the day.

Pros. No harm has been done, I tell you. I have done nothing but in regard to your interest, you, my dear daughter, who are ignorant of your own position, knowing neither whence I came, nor that I am any better than Prospero, owner of a wretched cell, and your father as down and out as I appear.

Mir. More to know  
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time  
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magic garment from me. So :

[ *Lays down his mantle.*

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes ; have comfort  
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd  
The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
I have with such provision in mine art  
So safely ordered that there is no soul—  
No, not so much perdition as an hair 30  
Betid to any creature in the vessel  
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down :  
For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often  
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd  
And left me to a bootless inquisition,  
Concluding 'Stay : not yet.'

Pros. The hour's now come ;  
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;  
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember  
A time before we came unto this cell ?  
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not 40  
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what ? by any other house or person ?  
Of any thing the image, tell me, that  
Hath kept with the remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off.  
And rather like a dream than an assurance  
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not  
Four or five women once that tended me ?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it  
That this lives in thy mind ? What seest thou else  
In the dark backward and abysm of time ? 50  
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,  
How thou camest here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not,

*Mir.* I never bothered to know more.

*Pros.* It is time that I should give you a little more information. Assist me in taking off my magic robe, Thank you.

[ *Lays down his mantle.*

Let my robe, symbolical of my magic art, lie there. Dry your tears. Be comforted. The dreadful sight of the shipwreck has melted your heart to pity. May you know that I have brought it about, by my magic art, with such foresight, and with such care for the safety of all concerned that not so much as the loss of a single hair has occurred to anybody in the ship, though you have heard these creatures cry and the very ship sink. Sit down ; I will tell you more of this.

*Mir.* You have often started telling me what I am, but changed your mind, and left my curiosity unsatisfied, saying that the time is not yet come.

*Pros.* The moment has arrived now. Now keep your ear open and listen attentively to what I am going to tell you. Can you remember a time before we came to this island ? I do not think that you can, for then you were not fully three years old.

*Mir.* Certainly, father, I can.

*Pros.* By any association ? By the memory of any other house or person ? Tell me your impression of anything that you can remember.

*Mir.* It is so far back in the past. It seems to be rather a dream than anything that my memory can clearly recall Had I not four or five women who waited upon me ?

*Pros.* You had and even more, Miranda How is it that you can remember it ? What else do you see in the dim recess of the past ? If you remember anything that happened before you had come to this island, you may also remember how you came here.

*Mir.* But I do not remember that.

*Pros.* Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,  
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and  
A prince of power.

*Mir.* Sir, are not you my father ?

*Pros.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and  
She said thou wast my daughter ; and thy father  
Was Duke of Milan ; and his only heir  
A princess, no worse issued.

*Mir.* O, the heavens !  
What foul play had we that we came from thence ? 60  
Or blessed was't we did ?

*Pros.* Both, both, my girl :  
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,  
But blessedly holp hither.

*Mir.* O, my heart bleeds  
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to  
Which is from my remembrance ! Please you, farther.

*Pros.* My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—  
I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should  
Be so perfidious !—he whom next thyself  
Of all the world I loved and to him put  
The manage of my state ; as at that time 70  
Through all the signories it was the first,  
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed  
In dignity, and for the liberal arts  
Without a parallel ; those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies Thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me ?

*Mir.* Sir, most heedfully.

*Pros.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them, who to advance and who 80  
To trash for over-topping, new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,  
Or else new form'd 'em ; having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state  
To what tune pleased his ear ; that now he was  
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk.  
And suck'd my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st not.

*Pros.* Twelve years ago, Miranda, your father was the Duke of Milan and a powerful prince.

*Mir.* Sir, are you not my father then ?

*Pros.* Your mother who was the very model of virtue, said that you were my daughter. And your father was Duke of Milan ; and his only heir a daughter, nobly born.

*Mir.* O, God ! What treachery was it that brought us here ? Or was it good that we came here.

*Pros.* Yes, my daughter, it was treachery that brought us here, and it was good too that we came here. We were removed from Naples by treachery, and assisted to this island for our own good.

*Mir.* My heart grieves to think of all the trouble that I have given you, which I do not remember now. Please go on with the story, my father.

*Pros.* My brother and your uncle, called Antonio—I beg you to listen carefully—that a brother should be so faithless—he whom I loved next yourself, and to whom I entrusted the management of my state. At that time the dukedom of Milan was recognized as the first of all principalities, and Prospero was regarded as the first duke, being so esteemed for his position and for his unparalleled culture. Being devoted to the pursuit of culture, I handed over the government to my brother, and my secret studies (including magic) which engaged all my time, cut me off from my state affairs. Your treacherous uncle—are you listening to me ?

*Mir.* Yes father, most attentively.

*Pros.* Having once mastered the statecraft—how to grant suits, how to refuse them, whom to advance and whom to hold back, he got a hold upon the men who were mine, nay, he totally changed them, and made them his own. Having in his power office and patronage, he got all people to obey and serve his interest, so that like the ivy that hides the trunk of the oak and withers it up, he put me into the background and drew away all my power. You do not seem to be listening to me.

*Mir.* O, good sir, I do.

*Pros.* I pray thee, mark me.  
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind 90  
With that which, but by being so retir'd,  
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awaked an evil nature ; and my trust,  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood, in its contrary as great  
As my trust was ; which had indeed no limit,  
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,  
Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
But what my power might else exact, like one 100  
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,  
Made such a sinner of his memory  
To credit his own lie he did believe  
He was indeed the duke ; out o' the substitution,  
And executing the outward face of royalty,  
With all prerogative : hence his ambition growing—  
Dost thou hear ?

*Mir.* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

*Pros.* To have no screen between this part he play'd  
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be  
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library  
Was dukedom large enough : of temporal royalties 110  
He thinks me now incapable ; confederates —  
So dry he was for sway—wi' the King of Naples  
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,  
Subject his coronet to his crown and bend  
The dukedom, yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan !—  
To most ignoble stooping.

*Mir.* O the heavens !

*Pros.* Mark his condition and the event ; then tell me  
If this might be a brother.

*Mir.* I should sin  
To think but nobly of my grandmother :  
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

*Mir.* Yes, my father, I am listening to you.

*Pros.* Do please attend to me. I, thus paying no attention to worldly affairs, but devoted all to study and improvement of my mind which, but for the fact that it withdrew me from the world, exceeded in value all that is held in popular esteem, gave the occasion to my brother to obey his evil instinct. Like good parents begetting bad children, my trust in him called forth his faithlessness which was as boundless as my trust in him was boundless. Being thus vested with control over the revenue of the state and what else goes with the ducal power, he began to believe that he was actually the duke like one who makes his memory a party to the lie against the truth by repeatedly telling it the lie. Though a mere substitute of the duke and exercising all the formal authority and privilege of the duke, he felt that he was the actual duke. From this cause his ambition growing—do you listen to me?

*Mir.* Your story is so interesting that it will make the deaf hear.

*Pros.* He wanted to be the actual duke that there might be nothing to separate the role that he played and the reality of being the duke. As for myself, poor creature, my library was a good enough substitute for my dukedom. He thought me incapable of exercising any earthly power. He was so eager for the rulership that he allied himself with the King of Naples, promising to pay him an annual tribute, acknowledge him as his overlord, and hold the dukedom of Milan as a vassal state—Milan so long independent, and never before so humiliated.

*Mir.* O, God!

*Pros.* Observe the terms of his agreement with the King of Naples and the result. Then tell me if he behaved like a brother.

*Mir.* To think otherwise than honourably of my grandmother would be a grievous wrong. Good mothers have sometimes borne bad sons.



*Pros.* Now the condition : 120  
This King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit,  
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,  
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,  
Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan  
With all the honours on my brother ; whereon,  
A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open  
The gates of Milan ; and, i' the dead of darkness, 130  
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence  
Me and thy crying self.

*Mir.* Alack, for pity !  
I, not remembering how I cried out then,  
Will cry it o'er again : it is a hint  
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

*Pros.* Hear a little further,  
And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now's upon 's ; without the which this story  
Were most impertinent.

*Mir.* Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us ?

*Pros.* Well demanded, wench !  
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not, 140  
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business, but  
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
Bore us some leagues to sea : where they prepared  
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats  
Instinctively have quit it : there they hoist us,  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh  
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again, 150  
Did us but loving wrong.

*Mir.* Alack, what trouble  
Was I then to you !

*Pros.* Now let me narrate the terms of the agreement. This King of Naples, being a deadly enemy of mine, listens to my brother's petition. It was that the King of Naples, in exchange for the oath of allegiance and I know not how much tribute, should immediately expel me and my child from the Dukedom, and confer it with all the honours appertaining to it on my brother. So an army was raised for this treacherous purpose, and one midnight when the plot was fixed to be accomplished, Antonio opened the gates of Milan; and in the silence of midnight the hirelings removed me and your crying self from Milan.

*Mir.* Alas that it were so ! I, not remembering how I cried then, would have a good cry over it again. It is a subject that draws tears from my eyes.

*Pros.* Heap a little more, and then I shall explain to you the matter that engages our attention at the present moment. Unless you see the connection between the two, the story I am telling you will be meaningless.

*Mir.* Why did they not kill us then ?

*Pros.* That is a question well put, my girl. My story naturally starts that question. Dear, they did not dare to kill us because the people loved me so much; nor did they like to mark their action with bloodshed, but rather they sought to disguise their evil purposes in fair pretences. In short, they hurriedly put us into a ship, carried us a little way out to sea, where they launched for us a boat, the worst that can be imagined—without tackle, sail or mast, which had been abandoned by the very rats following their instinct. They put us into this boat, and sent us adrift; and we cried to the sea which roared to us in return, and we sighed to the winds and the winds sighed back in sympathy, which only increased our peril.

*Mir.* I must have given you lot of trouble then.

*Pros.* O, a cherubin  
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,  
Under my burthen groan'd ; which raised in me  
An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

*Mir.* How came we ashore ?

*Pros.* By Providence divine.  
Some food we had and some fresh water that 160  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, who being then appointed  
Master of this design, did give us, with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessities,  
Which since have steaded much ; so, of his gentleness,  
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me  
From mine own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

*Mir.* Would I might  
But ever see that man !

*Pros.* Now I arise. [ *Resumes his mantle.*  
Sit still, and bear the last of our sea-sorrow. 170  
Here in this island we arrived ; and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princesses can, that have more time  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

*Mir.* Heavens thank you for't ! And now, I pray  
you, sir,  
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason  
For raising this sea-storm ?

*Pros.* Know thus far forth.  
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,  
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore ; and by my prescience 180  
I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions ;  
Thou art inclined to sleep ; 'tis a good dullness,  
And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.

[ *Miranda sleeps.*

*Pros.* O, you were an angel that kept up my spirits. You smiled, inspired with a power of endurance that God gave you, when I, under the crushing weight of my grief, should have covered the sea with bitter tears. Your smile put into me courage, which enabled me to endure all that followed afterwards.

*Mir.* How did we manage to come ashore ?

*Pros.* By the mercy of God. We had some food and some fresh water which a native of Naples, Gonzalo, provided out of love, he being appointed to carry out the design. He also gave us a supply of rich garments, linens and other necessary stuff, which had been of much help to us since then. Also out of his kindness, knowing that I loved my books, he supplied from my library books that I value more than my dukedom.

*Mir.* I wish I might see again that man.

*Pros.* Now I get up : [ *Resumes his mantle.*  
Sit still and hear the last of the trouble that we suffered at sea. We arrived here in this island. And here I have been your schoolmaster and given you a better training than many princesses can have, who have more time to waste on vanities and who have less careful tutors.

*Mir.* May God recompense you for it ! Now I beg to tell—for it is still working in my mind—why you have raised this storm.

*Pros.* Let me tell you this much. By the strangest accident, gracious Fortune who now seems to be favouring me, has brought my enemies to this shore. By my foreknowledge I find that my fortunes depend on a very favourable star ; If I do not take advantage of this auspicious moment, my fortunes will start ebbing. Ask me no more questions now. You seem to be drowsy. The sleep is well-timed, and better yield to it. I know that you cannot help it.

[ *Miranda sleeps.*

Come away, servant, come, I am ready now.  
Approach, my Ariel, come.

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly, 190  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task  
Ariel and all his quality.

*Pros.* Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee ?

*Ari.* To every article.  
I boarded the King's ship ; now on the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flamed amazement : sometime I 'ld divide,  
And burn in many places ; on the topmast,  
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly, 200  
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors  
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
And sight-outrunning were not ; the fire and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune  
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake.

*Pros.* My brave spirit !  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil  
Would not infect his reason ?

*Ari.* Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners 210  
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
Then all afire with me : the King's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring, — then like reeds, not hair, —  
Was the first man that leap'd ; cried, "Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here.'

*Pros.* Why, that's my spirit !  
But was not this nigh shore ?

*Ari.* Close by, my master.

*Pros.* But are they, Ariel, safe ?

*Ari.* Not a hair perish'd ;  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before : and, as thou badest me,

Appear, my servant. I am ready now. Come, my Ariel.

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* My greeting to you, great master ! reverend sir, I greet you ! I am here to carry out whatever you are pleased to command, whether it is to fly, to swim, to plunge into the fire, to sail on the curling clouds. Employ Ariel and all his fellow spirits in any task you please.

*Pros.* Have you, spirit, obeyed my command to the minutest detail in raising the tempest ?

*Ari.* To the minutest detail. I entered the King's ship. Now on the bow, now in midship, on deck and in every cabin I appeared in the shape of a flame and caused terror among them. Sometimes I would part, and burn in many places. There would be columns of flame at once on the topmast, the yards and bowsprit, and then these flames would meet and unite. Jove's lightnings, which precede the crash of thunder, could not have been quicker and more dazzling. The flames and the crashes of thunder seemed to girt round the mighty sea, and caused the waves to quiver, nay, the very sceptre of the sea-god to shake.

*Pros.* You are a fine spirit ! Who was so strong of nerve that this confusion did not taint his reason ?

*Ari.* There was nobody who did not have a fit of madness, and did not act like maiden. All persons except the sailors plunged into the stormy sea, abandoning the vessel, then wrapt in flames raised by myself. The King's son Ferdinand, his hair bristling up in terror, and looking like reeds in that state, was the first to jump into the sea. He cried : "Hell has discharged all the devils, and they are here."

*Pros.* You have done like a good spirit. But did all this happen near the shore ?

*Ari.* Yes, my master close to the shore.

*Pros.* But are they, Ariel, safe ?

*Ari.* Not a hair injured. Not a stain was on their garments which held them up in the water, but they looked fresher than ever. As you commanded me,

In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle. 220  
 The King's son have I landed by himself ;  
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs  
 In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
 His arms in this sad knot.

*Pros.* Of the King's ship  
 The mariners, say how thou hast disposed  
 And all the rest o' the fleet ?

*Ari.* Safely in harbour  
 Is the King's ship ; in the deep nook, where once  
 Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
 From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid ;  
 The mariners all under hatches stow'd ; 230  
 Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,  
 I have left asleep ; and for the rest o' the fleet,  
 Which I dispersed, they all have met again  
 And are upon the Mediterranean flote,  
 Bound sadly home for Naples.  
 Supposing that they saw the King's ship wreck'd,  
 And his great person perish.

*Pros.* Ariel, thy charge  
 Exactly is perform'd ; but there's more work.  
 What is the time o' the day ?

*Ari.* Past the mid season. 239

*Pros.* At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now  
 Must by us both be spent most precious.

*Ari.* Is there more toil ? Since thou dost give me pains,  
 Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,  
 Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pros.* How now ? moody ?  
 What is't thou canst demand ?

*Ari.* My liberty.

*Pros.* Before the time be out ? no more !

*Ari.* I prithee,  
 Remember I have done thee worthy service ;  
 Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served  
 Without or grudge or grumblings : thou didst promise  
 To bate me a full year.

*Pros.* Dost thou forget 250  
 From what a torment I did free thee ?

I have separated them into several groups and they are wandering about on the island. I have brought the King's son ashore all by himself. I have left him sighing to the wind in an out-of-the-way corner of the island, where he sat with his arms in token of grief.

*Pros.* What have you done to the crew of the ship, and the rest of the fleet ?

*Ari.* The King's ship has been safely harboured in that deep bay, where once you called me up at midnight to fetch dew from the Bermudas, which is always agitated by storms. She has been safely put in there. The sailors have been lodged in the lower deck with the hatches ore gratings fastened down. I have left them all asleep by a magic spell, added to their own exhaustion. As for the rest of the fleet which I separated, they have all united again and are sadly proceeding to Naples supposing that they saw the King's ship wreck and the King himself perish.

*Pros.* Ariel, you have performed the task accurately. But there is some more work to do. What is the time now ?

*Ari.* It is past the midday.

*Pros.* At least two hours past midday. I suppose. The time between now and six must be spent by us both to our best advantage.

*Ari.* Is there more work to do still ? Since you give me toilsome tasks, let me remind you of your promise which is not yet fulfilled.

*Pros.* What do you mean ? Sulky again. What is it you can ask for ?

*Ari.* My freedom.

*Pros.* Before the term of service is ended ? Speak no more of that ?

*Ari.* I beseech you ; do please remember that I have served you with all my heart. I have told you no lies, made no mistakes and served you without complaining. You promised to cut out a year of my service.

*Pros.* Do you forget from what torture I released you ?



*Ari.*

No.

*Pros.* Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze  
Of the salt deep,  
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,  
To do me business in the veins o' the earth  
When it is baked with frost.

*Ari.*

I do not, sir.

*Pros.* Thou liest, malignant thing ! Hast thou forgot  
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy  
Was grown into a hoop ? hast thou forgot her ?

*Ari.* No, sir,

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*Pros.* Thou hast. Where was she born ? speak ; tell me.

*Ari.* Sir, in Argier.

*Pros.* O, was she so ? I must

Once in a month recount what thou hast been,  
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,  
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible  
To enter human hearing, from Argier.  
Thou know'st, was banish'd : for one thing she did  
They would not take her life. Is not this true ?

*Ari.* Ay, sir.

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*Pros.* This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child  
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,  
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant ;  
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent ministers,  
And in her most unmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven pine ; within which rift  
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years : within which space she died, 280  
And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy groans  
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—  
Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp, hag-born—not honour'd with  
A human shape.

*Ari.*

Yes, Caliban her son.

*Pros.* Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban  
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st

*Ari.* No.

*Pros.* You do, and think that it is much hardship to walk the bottom of the sea, to sail on the cold wind of the north, to work in the interiors of the earth when it is crusted over with frost.

*Ari.* I do not, sir,

*Pros.* You lie, malicious creature ! Have you forgotten the evil-minded witch, Sycorax, who was doubled over with old age and malice ? Have you forgotten her ?

*Ari.* No, sir.

*Pros.* You have. Where was she born ? Tell me.

*Ari.* She was born in Algiers, sir.

*Pros.* O, is that so ? Once a month I must repeat to you what you have been, which you manage to forget. This accursed witch, Sycorax, was, as you know, banished from Algiers for her crimes and practices of magic which are too numerous and terrible to relate to any man. They spared her life for one act of hers. Is that not true ?

*Ari.* Yes sir.

*Pros.* This blue-eyed witch, soon to be a mother, was brought to this island and left here by the sailors. You my servant, as you have told it yourself, was then her servant. And as you were a spirit too fine to be able to do all her gross and hated tasks, she, with the help of her more powerful spirits and in her implacable wrath, put you into a pine, ripped open, for refusing to carry out her commands. You remained a prisoner a dozen years in the hollow of the pine. During this time she died and left you there, and you emitted your groans as fast as mill-wheels strike the water as they revolve. Then was this island—except for the son that she bore here, a striped creature born of a witch—not favoured with a human shape.

*Ari.* Yes, Caliban, her son.

*Pros.* I say, a stupid creature ; he, that Caliban whom now I employ as a servant. You best know

What torment I did find thee in ; thy groans  
 Did make wolves howl ; and penetrate the breasts  
 Of ever-angry bears ; it was a torment 290  
 To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax  
 Could not again undo : it was mine art,  
 When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape  
 The pine and let thee out.

*Ari.* I thank thee, master.

*Pros.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak  
 And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

*Ari.* Pardon, master ;  
 I will be correspondent to command,  
 And do my spiriting gently.

*Pros.* Do so and after two days  
 I will discharge thee.

*Ari.* That's my noble master ! 300  
 What shall I do ? Say what ; what shall I do ?

*Pros.* Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea : be subject  
 To no sight but thine and mine, invisible  
 To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,  
 And hither come in 't : go, hence with diligence !

[ *Exit* ARIEL.

Awake, dear heart, awake ; thou hast slept well ;  
 Awake !

*Mir.* The strangeness of your story put  
 Heaviness in me

*Pros.* Shake it off. Come on ;  
 We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never  
 Yields us kind answer.

*Mir.* 'Tis a villain, sir, 310  
 I do not love to look on.

*Pros.* But, as 'tis,  
 We cannot miss him ; he does make our fire,  
 Fetch in our wood and serves in offices  
 That profit us. What, ho ! slave ! Caliban  
 Thou earth, thou ! Speak.

*Cal.* [ *Within* ] There's wood enough within.

*Pros.* Come forth, I say ; there's other business for thee :  
 Come, thou tortoise ! when ?

what agony of physical pain I found you suffering. Your groans made the wolves howl in sympathy, and touched the hearts of even angry bears. It was an agony that the cursed should have borne, which Sycorax could not reverse. When I arrived in the island and heard your groans, it was my magic art that made the pine open, and released you.

*Ari.* I am grateful to you, master.

*Pros.* If you grumble again, I shall split open an oak and pen you up in its interior until you groan out twelve years.

*Ari.* Forgive me, master. I will obey your commands, and do the work of a spirit without a murmur.

*Pros.* Behave, and in two days I will release you.

*Ari.* That is like my good master. Tell me what I shall do now ; I am eager to do it.

*Pros.* Go and turn yourself into a nymph of the sea. Do not make yourself visible to any eye but yours and mine. Go and assume this shape, and come back to me. Go, quick ! [ *Exit ARIEL.*  
Awake, my darling, awake ! You have slept long ; awake !

*Mir.* Your marvellous story put me to sleep.

*Pros.* Cast it off Follow me ; we shall go to see Caliban, my servant, who never returns a civil answer.

*Mir.* He is a rascal, sir, whom I do not like to look upon.

*Pros.* But in the circumstances we cannot do without him. He makes our fire, fetches in our wood, and does other services that are needed by us. What, ho ! slave ! Caliban, you earthy creature ! answer.

*Cal.* [ *Within.* ] There is wood enough within.

*Pros.* Come out, I say ! there is something else to do. Come, you lazy creature. When are you coming ?

*Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition ! My quaint Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear.

*Ari.* My lord, it shall be done. [ *Exit.*

*Pros.* Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself  
Upon the wicked dam, come forth ! 321

*Enter CALIBAN.*

*Cal.* As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen  
Drop on you both ! A south-west blow on ye  
And blister you all o'er !

*Pros.* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up ; urchins  
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee ; thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging 330  
Than bees that made 'em.

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,  
Thou strok'st me and made much of me, wouldst give me  
Water with berries in't, and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night ; and then I loved thee,  
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile :  
Cursed be I that did so ! All the charms 340  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !  
For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Which first was mine own king : and here you sty me  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest o' the island.

*Pros.* Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness ! I have used thee,  
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honour of my child.

*Cal.* O ho, O ho ! would't had been done ! 350

*Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.*

Lovely vision ! My delicate Ariel, I have a word for your ear.

*Ari.* My master, it shall be carried out. [ *Exit.*

*Pros.* You hated slave, begotten by the devil himself upon your evil-minded mother, come out !

*Enter CALIBAN.*

*Cal.* May as poisonous dew as ever my mother collected with t'he raven's feather from the unhealthy bog, fall on you both ! May the south-west wind blow upon you and blast your skin !

*Pros.* For cursing us thus, I will surely afflict you with acute pain in the joints, and choke you with pricking pain in the sides—I will see to it that spirits in the shape of hedgehogs, for all the hours of the night they are permitted to be abroad, play tricks upon you, and that you are pinched as closely as there are cells in a honeycomb, each pinch being sharper than the sting of the bees that make the cells of the honeycomb.

*Cal.* You cannot deny me the right of eating my dinner. This island is mine by the right of Sycorax, my mother, and you have taken it from me. When you came here first, you pelted me, would give me coffee to drink and teach me to distinguish the bigger light that shines by day from the smaller light that shines by night by their names ; and then I loved you, and showed you all the wealth of the island—the springs of fresh water, salt-pits, barren and fertile places. Let me be cursed for having helped you thus. May all the spells that Sycorax employed—and associated with toads, beetles and bats—descend on you ! I was at first lord of myself, and now I am your subject—and my single self makes up the total of your subjects. And here you confine me to this rocky coast, while you have the rest of the island to yourself.

*Pros.* You most lying slave, who respond only to stripes, and not to kindness ! I have treated you, a mean and dirty fellow as you are, with kindness, and put you up in my own cell, till you tried to dishonour my child.

*Cal.* Ha, ha, I wish it had been done.

Thou didst prevent me ; I had peopled else  
This isle with Calibans.

*Pros.* Abhorred slave,  
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,  
Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
One thing or other : when thou didst not, savage,  
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,  
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures  
Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou 361  
Deservedly confined into this rock,  
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

*Cal.* You taught me language ; and my profit on 't  
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you  
For learning me your language !

*Pros.* Hag-seed, hence !  
Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou'rt best,  
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice ?  
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps, 370  
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*Cal.* No, pray thee.  
[*Aside*] I must obey : his art is of such power,  
It would control my dam's god, Sctebos,  
And make a vassal of him.

*Pros.* So, slave ; hence ! [ *Exit CALIBAN.*

*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing ;*

*FERDINAND following.*

*ARIEL'S song.*

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands :  
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd,  
The wild waves whist,  
Foot it featly here and there, 380  
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.  
Hark, hark !

You prevented it. Otherwise I would have filled the island with Calibans.

*Pros.* Hated slave, who can only do evil and cannot receive any goodness ! I took pity on you, taught you to speak and taught you lots of things ; when, brutish as you are, you did not know what you meant to say, and would chatter like a monkey, I taught you how to express your meaning in words. But your evil origin, though you learnt things, was so perverse that no good people could ever dwell with you. Therefore, you were restricted to this rock as you deserved—nay, you deserved more than imprisonment.

*Cal.* You taught me language. The best use that I can put it to is to curse you. May the red plague remove you for teaching me your language.

*Pros.* Hag-offspring, get away ! Fetch in wood, and off atonce ! It would be better for you to attend to other duties. Do you shrug your shoulders, malicious creature ? If you do either carelessly or unwillingly what I bid you to, I will torment you with cramps such as the aged suffer from, make all your bones ache and make you roar in agony till beasts tremble to hear your howling.

*Cal.* Pray, do not torment me. [*Aside*] I must obey. His magic is so powerful that it would subject my mother's god, Setebos, and make him an obedient slave.

*Pros.* So, servant, off with you ! [*Exit CALIBAN.*]

*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible playing and singing :*

*FERDINAND following.*

*ARIEL's Song.*

Come to the beach, strewn with yellow sands and then take hands ; when you have greeted and kissed each other, the wild waves being hushed into silence, trip it lightly round about. Sweet spirits, take up the refrain. Hark, hark !



*Burthen* [*dispersedly*.] Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark :

*Burthen* [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.

Hark ! hark ! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer

Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

*Fer.* Where should this music be ? I' the air or the earth ?

It sounds no more : and, sure, it waits upon  
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the King my father's wreck, 390  
This music crept by me upon the waters.  
Allaying both their fury and my passion  
With its sweet air : thence I have follow'd it,  
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.  
No, it begins again.

*ARIEL sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies ;  
Of his bones are coral made ;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes :  
Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea-change 400  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :

*Burthen.* Ding-dong.

Hark ! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

*Fer.* The ditty does remember my drown'd father.  
This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

*Pros.* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,  
And say what thou seest yond.

*Mir.* What is 't ? a spirit ?  
Lord, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir, 410  
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

*Pros.* No, wench ; it eats and sleeps and hath such  
senses

As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest  
Was in the wreck ; and, but he's something stain'd  
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him  
A goodly person : he hath lost his fellows,  
And strays about to find 'em.

*Burden* [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark :

*Burden* [*dispersedly* ]. Bow-wow.

Listen ! I hear the song of the conceited cock.  
Cry, cock-a-diddle-dow.

*Fer.* Whence comes this music ? Is it in the air ? or does it come from the earth ? It has stopped. Surely it attends some god of the island. As I sat on a bank, lamenting again the loss of my father, this music greeted my ears right across the waters, hushing the waves and my grief with its sweetness. Since then I have followed it, or rather it has lured me on. But it has stopped. No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

Your father lies very deep at the bottom of the sea. His bones turn into coral ; his eyes become pearls. Anything of him that changes, changes into some substance, connected with the sea—something exquisite and marvellous. Sea-nymphs ring his death-bell every hour.

*Burden.* Ding-dong.

Hark ! now I hear them.—Ding-dong, bell.

*Fer.* The song reminds me of my drowned father. It cannot proceed from a man, nor can it have any earthly cause. I hear it now above my head.

*Pros.* Lift your eyes, so delicately shaded with lashes, and say what you see there.

*Mir.* What is it ? Is it a spirit ? O, God ! how it casts its eyes about ! Believe me, father, it has a beautiful form. But it is a spirit.

*Pros.* No, my girl ; it eats and sleeps and has senses as we have ourselves. This handsome fellow whom you see was in the ship that was wrecked. But if he were not somewhat the worse for grief, which is always fatal to beauty, you might have called him a good-looking fellow. He has lost his comrades, and wanders to find them.

*Mir.* I might call him  
A thing divine, for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

*Pros.* [ *Aside* ] It goes on, I see, 419  
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit ! I'll free thee  
Within two days for this.

*Fer.* Most sure, the goddess  
On whom these airs attend ! Vouchsafe my prayer  
May know if you remain upon this island ;  
And that you will some good instruction give  
How I may bear me hear. My prime request,  
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder !  
If you be maid or no ?

*Mir.* No wonder, sir :  
But certainly a maid.

*Fer.* My language ! Heavens !  
I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

*Pros.* How ? the best ? 430  
What were thou, if the King of Naples heard thee ?

*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that wanders  
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me ;  
And that he does I weep : myself am Naples,  
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld  
The King my father wreck'd.

*Mir.* Alack, for mercy !

*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords, the Duke of Milan  
And his brave son being twain.

*Pros.* [ *Aside* ] The Duke of Milan  
And his more braver daughter could control thee,  
If now 'twere fit to do 't. At the first sight 440  
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this. [ *To Fer.* ] A word, good sir ;  
I fear you have done yourself some wrong : a word.

*Mir.* Why speaks my father so ungently ? This  
Is the third man that e'er I saw ; the first  
That e'er I sigh'd for : pity move my father  
To be inclined my way !

*Fer.* O, if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you 448  
The Queen of Naples.

*Mir.* I might call him a divine creature. In nature I never saw anything so noble.

*Pros.* [*Aside.*] I see my spell works as my heart desires. Spirit, excellent spirit (*Addressing ARIEL*); I shall set you free in the space of two days for this act of yours.

*Fer.* Surely this must be the goddess on whom the song attends. Grant my prayer : may I know if you are an inhabitant of this island, and whether you will instruct me how I should conduct myself here. My first request which I put last is, O, you wondrous creature, if you be a maid or not.

*Mir.* I am no wondrous creature, sir, but certainly I am a maid.

*Fer.* O, God ! You speak my language ! I am in the most exalted position among those who speak this language, if I were in the country where it is spoken.

*Pros.* How ? You say you are in the most exalted position ! Where would you be, if the King of Naples heard you ?

*Fer.* I would be the same poor, lovely self, as I am now. I wonder to hear you speak of Naples. The King of Naples does hear me, and I weep because he hears me. I am myself King of Naples. With my own eyes, since never day, I saw the King, my father, perish.

*Mir.* O, it is a pity !

*Fer.* Yes, indeed, I saw him and all his lords perish, the Duke of Milan and his beautiful son being among them.

*Pros.* [*Aside.*] The Duke of Milan and his still more beautiful daughter could have contradicted you, if now it were proper to do so. At first sight they have exchanged glances of love. Nice Ariel, I shall set you free for this. [*To FER.*] A word with you, sir. I think you have described yourself wrongly.

*Mir.* Why does my father speak so unkindly ? This is the third man that ever I saw : the first whom my heart longed for. May pity enter my father's soul, and make him feel as I do.

*Fer.* O, if you are a maid, and your affection is not pledged, I shall make you the Queen of Naples.

*Pros.* Soft, sir, ! one word more.

[*Aside.*] They are both in either's powers ; but this swift  
business 450

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light [*To FER.*] One word more ; I charge  
thee

That thou attend me : thou dost here usurp  
The name thou owest not : and hast put thyself  
Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on 't.

*Fer.* No, as I am a man.

*Mir.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

*Pros.* Follow me.

Speak not you for him ; he's a traitor. Come ; 460  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together :  
Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

*Fer.* No ;

I will resist such entertainment till  
Mine enemy has more power.

[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*]

*Mir.* O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He 's gentle and not fearful.

*Pros.* What ? I say,  
My foot my tutor ? Put thy sword up traitor ;  
Who makest a show but darest not strike, thy conscience  
Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward ; 471  
For I can here disarm thee with this stick  
And make thy weapon drop.

*Mir.* Beseech you, father.

*Pros.* Hence ! Hang not on my garments.

*Mir.* Sir, have pity ;  
I'll be his surety

*Pros.* Silence ! one word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What !

*Pros.* Patience, sir ! I want to have one more word with you. [ *Aside* ] They seem each to be fascinated by the other. But I shall make some trouble for them, when they are carrying it on so fast. If he wins her easily, he will begin to neglect her. [ *To FER.* ] I want to have one word more with you. I bid you that you carefully listen to me : you claim for yourself the title that you do not possess, and you have come to this island as a spy to dispossess me of it.

*Fer.* No, I swear by my honour.

*Mir.* I am sure that nothing evil can ever dwell in such a lovely form. If an evil spirit possess such a fair house (*i. e.*, body), all that is good would contest its possession.

*Pros.* Follow me. Do not speak for him. He is a traitor. Come ; I shall enchain your neck and feet together. You shall drink salt-water and you shall feed upon common shell-fish, dried roots and husks from which the acorn has been extracted. Follow me.

*Fer.* No, I will not yield to such treatment as you propose until you can overpower me.

[ *Draws, and is charmed from moving.* ]

*Mir.* O dear father, do not try him too severely, for he is gentle and is not to be afraid of.

*Pros.* What ? You presume to teach, you my daughter ! Sheathe your sword, traitor. You put on a brave air, but have not the courage to strike. Your conscience is burdened with guilt. Abandon your position of defence, for, with this wand, I can deprive you of your arms, and make your sword drop to the ground.

*Mir.* I pray you, father.

*Pros.* Get away ! do not cling to my robe.

*Mir.* Do please have pity. I give my word for his innocence.

*Pros.* Silence ! if you say one word more, I shall have to reprove you, if not actually to hate you. What !

An advocate for an impostor ! hush !  
 Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,  
 Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench !  
 To the most of men this is a Caliban, 480  
 And they to him are angels.

*Mir.* My affections  
 Are then most humble ; I have no ambition  
 To see a goodlier man.

*Pros.* Come on ; obey :  
 Thy nerves are in their infancy again  
 And have no vigour in them.

*Fer.* So they are ;  
 My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
 My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
 The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,  
 To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,  
 Might I but through my prison once a day, 490  
 Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth  
 Let liberty make use of ; space enough  
 Have I in such a prison.

*Pros.* [ *Aside.* ] It works. [ *To FER.* ] Come on.—  
 Thou hast done well, fine Ariel ! [ *To FER.* ] Follow me.  
 [ *To ARIEL* ] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

*Mir.* Be of comfort ;  
 My father's of a better nature, sir,  
 Then he appears by speech : this is unwonted  
 Which now come from.

*Pros.* Thou shalt be as free  
 As mountain winds : but then exactly do  
 All points of my command.

*Ari.* To the syllable. 500

*Pros.* [ *To FER.* ] Come, follow. [ *To MIR.* ] Speak not  
 for him. [ *Exeunt.*

## ACT II

### SCENE I. Another part of the island.

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,  
 FRANCISCO, and others.

*Gon.* Beseech you, sir, be merry ; you have cause,  
 So have we all, of joy ; for our escape  
 Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe

you plead for an impostor. Silence ! You think there is no more handsome person than he, having seen only him and Caliban. Foolish girl ! Compared with most men he will appear to be no better than a Caliban, and they will appear to be angels, compared with him.

*Mir.* My love is then very humble. I am not ambitious to see a more handsome person.

*Pros.* Come on ; obey. Your nerves seem to have lost all power, as if they were the nerves of an infant.

*Fer.* So they seem to be. My spirits seem to be in a strange confusion. The loss of my father, the exhaustion which I feel, the shipwreck of all my friends—all these, and the threats of this man, who has overpowered me would not trouble me much, if I could but see this maid once a day through my prison ; let all the rest of the earth be reserved for the use of free men, such a prison would be all the earth to me.

*Pros.* [*Aside.*] My spell works. [*To FER.*] Follow me. You have done well, fine Ariel ! [*To FER.*] Follow me. [*To ARIEL*] Listen to what else you shall have to do.

*Mir.* Be comforted. My father has a kinder nature than he shows in his speech. His treatment of you is something uncommon.

*Pros.* You shall be as free as the mountain winds. But then you must accurately carry out all the details of my command.

*Ari.* I promise, to the minutest particular.

*Pros.* [*To FER.*] Come, follow. [*To MIR.*] Do not speak for him. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II

SCENE I. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

*Gon.* I pray you, sir, cast off your sadness. You have good reason, as we have all, to rejoice. The fact of our being saved is far greater than all that we have lost. Our subject of grief is quite general. Every day



Is common ; every day some sailor's wife,  
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,  
Have just our theme of woe ; but for the miracle,  
I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us. Then wisely, good sir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alon.* Prithee, peace.

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge. 10

*Ant.* The visitor will not give him o'er so.

*Seb.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit by  
and by it will strike.

*Gon.* Sir.

*Seb.* One—tell.

*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,  
Comes to the entertainer—

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed ; you have  
spoken truer than you purposed. 20

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you  
should.

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord—

*Ant.* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue !

*Alon.* I prithee, spare.

*Gon.* Well, I have done ; but yet—

*Seb.* He will be talking.

*Ant.* Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first  
begins to crow ?

*Seb.* The old cock.

*Ant.* The cockerel. 30

*Seb.* Done. The wager ?

*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* A match !

*Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert—

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Ant.* So, you're paid.

*Adr.* Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible—

*Seb.* Yet—

*Adr.* Yet—

some sailor's wife the owners of some merchant vessel, and the merchant to whom the cargo is consigned have just the same cause of grief. But for the wonderful thing, I mean the fact of our being saved, few in million can boast of the same. Then, good, sir, set our cause of grief against our cause of rejoicing.

*Alon.* I pray you, stop.

*Seb.* Consolation is as distasteful to him as cold porridge.

*Ant.* Yet the preacher (Gonzalo) will not let him alone.

*Seb.* Look, he is collecting his thoughts, and he will be at it again.

*Gon.* Sir—

*Seb.* There he is again ! Let us watch.

*Gon.* When every grief that comes is welcomed, then comes to such a welcomer—

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Really, dolour (grief) comes to him. You have spoken more truly than you intended.

*Seb.* You have taken it in a more profound sense than I intended.

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord—

*Ant.* Shame on him ! How he lets his tongue run away with him !

*Alon.* I pray you, stop.

*Gon.* Well, I have finished : but yet—

*Seb.* He will be still talking.

*Ant.* Which of them, Gonzalo or Adrian, for a good bet, first begins to chatter ?

*Seb.* The old fellow.

*Ant.* The youngster.

*Seb.* All right. What will be the bet ?

*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* Agreed !

*Adr.* Though this island seems to be lonely—

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Ant.* So you are rewarded (*ironically*).

*Adr.* Not to be inhabited and almost out of reach.

*Seb.* Yet—

*Adr.* Yet—

Ant. He could not miss't. 40

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle : as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True : save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little. 50

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks ! how green !

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No ; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water. 61

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies ?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen. 71

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow ! a plague o' that ! How came that 'widow' in ? Widow Dido !

Seb. What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too ? Good Lord, how you take it !

Ant. He must put in 'yet' after 'though'.

Adr. It must have a subtle, mild and delicate temperance (i. e., temperature).

Ant. Yes, *Temperance* was a delicate girl.

Seb. And also a *subtle* (girl), as he most wisely remarked.

Adr. The air seems to have a sweet breath.

Seb. As if the air had diseased lungs.

Ant. Or, as it were, reeking of the marsh land.

Gon. Here is everything favourable to life.

Ant. True, except the means of living.

Seb. Of that there is precious little.

Gon. How luxuriant and vigorous the grass looks !  
how green !

Ant. The surface indeed looks brown.

Seb. With a shade of green in it.

Ant. He is not far wrong (*ironically*).

Seb. No ; he is rather nearer the truth (*ironically*).

Gon. But the most rare thing—and that seems to be rather incredible.

Seb. As many sworn rare things are.

Gon. That our clothes, though wetted in the sea, keep, all the same, their freshness and lustre, as if they had been newly dyed, and not discoloured by salt-water.

Ant. If only one of his pockets (*which are filled with mud*) could give evidence, would it not say that he tells a lie ?

Seb. Or else suppress his statement altogether.

Gon. It seems to me that our clothes are as fresh as when we first put them on in Africa at the marriage of the King's lovely daughter, Claribel, to the King of Tunis.

Seb. It was indeed a lucky marriage, and happiness attends our return (*ironically*).

Adr. Tunis had never been honoured before with such a lovely and accomplished woman as their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Why do you say a "widow" in this connection ? What has she got to do with it ? Widow Dido !

Seb. Would it have made much difference if he had said 'widower Æneas' ? Good gracious ! how you snap at the remark ?

*Adr.* 'Widow Dido' said you ? you make me study of that : she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

*Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

*Adr.* Carthage ? 80

*Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.

*Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.

*Seb.* He hath raised the wall and house too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next ?

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple.

*Ant.* And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

*Gon.* Ay.

*Ant.* Why, in good time. 90

*Gon.* Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

*Ant.* O, widow Dido ! ay, widow Dido.

*Gon.* Is not sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it ? I mean, in a sort.

*Ant.* That sort was well fished for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage ? 100

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears against  
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never  
Married my daughter there ! for, coming thence,  
My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,  
Who is so far from Italy removed  
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir  
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish  
Hath made his meal on thee ?

*Fran.* Sir, he may live :  
I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs : he trod the water, 110  
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
The surge most swoln that met him : his bold head  
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,

*Adr.* Did you say 'widow Dido' ? You make me think of that. Dido was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

*Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was identical with Carthage.

*Adr.* Carthage ?

*Gon.* Yes, Tunis was Carthage.

*Ant.* His word has accomplished more than the miraculous harp (*i. e.*, harp of Amphion or Apollo.)

*Seb.* The 'miraculous harp' raised only the walls, but he has erected the whole city.

*Ant.* There is nothing impossible that he will not achieve.

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island in his pocket and give it to his son as an apple.

*Ant.* And he may sow the seeds of it in the sea, and call more islands into being.

*Gon.* Yes.

*Ant.* Why, he will accomplish the impossible in course of time.

*Gon.* Sir, we were saying that our clothes seem now as fresh as when we first put them on at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen of Tunis.

*Ant.* And the rarest queen that Tunis ever had.

*Seb.* Except, I pray you, widow Dido.

*Ant.* O, yes, widow Dido.

*Gon.* Is not, sir, my doubt as fresh as the first day I wore it ? I mean, in a way.

*Ant.* That qualifying phrase was happily put in.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage ?

*Alon.* You stuff these words into my ears against my will. I wish I never married my daughter there, for coming thence I have lost my son, and in my opinion my daughter who is so far away from Italy is lost too, for I shall never see her again. O you, my heir of Naples and Milan, you must have been devoured by some strange fish.

*Fran.* Sir, he may be alive. I saw him repel the waves and hold himself above them. He struggled manfully with the rolling waves that assailed him. He kept his head above the battling waves and propelled himself with bold strokes of his arms to the shore which

As stooping to relieve him : I not doubt  
He came alive to land.

*Alon.* No, no, he's gone.

*Seb.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,  
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,  
But rather lose her to an African ; 120  
Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,  
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

*Alon.*

*Prithee, peace.*

*Seb.* You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise  
By all of us, and the fair soul herself  
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience at  
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,  
I fear, for ever : Milan and Naples have  
Mo widows in them of this business' making  
Than we bring men to comfort them :  
The fault's your own.

*Alon.* So is the dear'st o' the loss. 130

*Gon.* My lord Sebastian,  
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness  
And time to speak it in ; you rub the sore,  
When you should bring the plaster.

*Seb.* Very well.

*Ant.* And most chirurgeonly.

*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
When you are cloudy.

*Seb.* Foul weather ?

*Ant.* Very foul.

*Gon.* Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

*Ant.* He 'ld sow 't with nettle-seed.

*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.

*Gon.* And were the king on't, what would I do ? 140

*Seb.* 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

*Gon.* I' the commonwealth I would by contraries  
Execute all things : for no kind of traffic  
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate :  
Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty,  
And use of service none ; contract, succession,

seemed to stoop down over the eaten-out basis to receive him before he was too exhausted. I do not doubt that he reached the shore alive.

*Alon.* No, no, he has perished.

*Seb.* Sir, you alone are to blame for the loss of your son—you who would not marry your daughter to a prince of Europe, but rather to an African. Being married to an African she is removed from your sight, and you have good reason to regret it.

*Alon.* Please stop.

*Seb.* All of us knelt to you and begged you incessantly not to marry her to the African. And your daughter herself wavered long between her unwillingness to marry him and her duty of obedience to you. We have lost your son, I am afraid for ever. This African marriage has made many widows in Milan and Naples, and we have no consolation to offer them for the loss of their husbands. You are responsible for all this.

*Alon.* So am I responsible for the most grievous of losses.

*Gon.* My lord Sebastian, the truth you speak is rather rude, and it is not the proper time to rub it in. When you should administer comfort, you make it more painful for him to bear.

*Seb.* I should (administer comfort).

*Ant.* And that like a most considerate physician.

*Gon.* Sir, when you are gloomy, we are all overcast with gloom too.

*Seb.* That means foul weather ?

*Ant.* Yes, very foul.

*Gon.* If I had to plant a colony in this island, my lord—

*Ant.* He would plant nettle-seed in it.

*Seb.* Or common wayside weeds.

*Gon.* And if I were the king of it, what would I do ?

*Seb.* As there is no wine to be had, he would keep sober.

*Gon.* I would run the state-republic in a manner, country to the usual custom. I would permit no trade, no magistrates, no learning. Wealth, poverty and labour would be abolished. There would be no bother of legal agreement, right of inheritance, limits of land or boun-



Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none ;  
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil ;  
No occupation : all men idle, all ;  
And women too, but innocent and pure ; 150  
No sovereignty—

Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets  
the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce  
Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony,  
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,  
Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth  
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects ? 160

Ant. None, man ; all idle.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
To excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his majesty !

Ant. Long live Gonzalo !

Gon. And—do you mark me, sir ?

Alon. Prithee, no more : thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness ; and did it to  
minister occasion to these gentleman, who are of such  
sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh  
at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at. 170

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing  
to you : so you may continue and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given !

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle ; you would  
lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in  
it five weeks without changing.

*Enter ARIEL invisible, playing solemn music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

dary, cultivation, growing of grapes, etc. The use of metal, corn, wine, or oil would be abolished. There would be no industry. All men would be idle, as well as women, who must be chaste and innocent. There would be no sovereignty.

*Seb.* Yet he would be the king of it.

*Ant.* What he says about the state-republic in the end is inconsistent with what he says about it in the beginning.

*Gon.* Nature should supply all the needs of mankind. There would be no necessity of human labour. Breach of faith, crime, sword, pike, dagger, gun, or any implement of war would be banned. Nature should produce spontaneously all food and enough to spare to maintain my innocent people.

*Seb.* Will there be no marrying among his subject ?

*Ant.* None, my friend. All will be idle.

*Gon.* I would rule with such perfect skill, sir, that it would be a new era better than the golden age.

*Seb.* May God save his majesty !

*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo !

*Gon.* And,—do you listen to me, sir ?

*Alon.* Do please stop. You talk nonsense to me.

*Gon.* Yes, you are right, sir. I talked nonsense to provide mirth to these gentlemen who have such sensitive lungs that they readily laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* It was you whom we laughed at.

*Gon.* In the matter of foolery I am indeed nothing compared to you. So you may go on laughing, and always laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* He was cleverly hit out !

*Seb.* If the blow had not fallen flat, and so missed.

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of high spirits. You may as well presume to lift the moon out of its orbit, if she would not change in due time.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.*

*Seb.* We would certainly do so, and then go out hunting birds (by striking them down with poles on a dark night in the blaze of a brilliant light).

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you ; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy ? 182

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[ *All sleep except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep ! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts ; I find They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,  
Do not omit the heavy offer of it :  
It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth,  
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,  
Will guard your person while you take your rest, 190  
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy !  
[ *ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them !

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why  
Doth it not then our eyelids sink ? I find not  
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I ; my spirits are nimble,  
They fell together all, as by consent ;  
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,  
Worthy Sebastian ?—O, what might !—No more !  
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,  
What thou shouldst be : the occasion speaks thee ; and  
My strong imagination sees a crown 201  
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking !

Ant. Do you not hear me speak ?

Seb. I do ; and surely  
It is a sleepy language and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say ?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open ; standing, speaking, moving,  
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian.

*Ant.* My good lord, do not lose your temper.

*Gon.* Certainly not. I shall not imperial my sanity by showing any such weakness. Will you go on laughing till I fall asleep, for I am drowsy ?

*Ant.* Fall asleep and then hear us laughing.

[ *All sleep except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO.*

*Alon.* I wonder they are all so soon asleep ! I wish my eyes too would close, and so would give a respite to the thoughts that torment me. I find that I am sleepy.

*Seb.* Please, sir, do not resist the invitation of sleep. It seldom comes to an afflicted person ; when it comes it is a great comfort to be welcomed.

*Ant.* We two, my lord, shall keep watch over you while you sleep, and see that no harm comes to you.

*Alon.* Thank you. I am feeling very drowsy.

[ *ALON O sleeps. Exit ARIEL.*

*Seb.* What a strange fit of sleepiness seizes them !

*Ant.* It is due to the effect of the climate.

*Seb.* Why do not our eyes then close in sleep ? I am not drowsy.

*Ant.* Nor I. My senses are quite alert. They fell together all of them as if by common argument. They dropped, as if struck by thunder, What might not be, good Sebastian ? O, what might it not come to ? I should better say no more. Yet I seem to see what you should be mirrored on your face. The opportunity invites you. In my mind's eye I see a crown coming down on your head.

*Seb.* What, are you awake ?

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak ?

*Seb.* I do. But surely you seem to be talking in your sleep. What is it that you said ? It must be a strange sleep, when you are asleep, and yet your eyes are wide open. You are standing, speaking and moving about, and yet you are fast asleep, as I must think from what you are talking.

*Ant.* Noble Sebastian, you let the great chance of

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather ; wink'st  
Whiles thou art waking.

*Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly ; 210  
There's meaning in thy snores,

*Ant.* I am more serious than my custom : you  
Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do  
Trebles thee o'er.

*Seb.* Well, I am standing water.

*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so ; to ebb,  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

*Ant.* O,  
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish  
Whiles thus you mock it ! how, in stripping it,  
You more invest it ! Ebbing men indeed,  
Most often do so near the bottom run 220  
By their own fear or sloth.

*Seb.* Prithee, say on :  
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim  
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed  
Which throes thee much to yield.

*Ant.* Thus, sir :  
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this  
Who shall be of as little memory  
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded—  
For he's a spirit of persuasion only  
Professes to persuade—the King his son's alive,  
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd 230  
As he that sleeps here swims.

*Seb.* I have no hope  
That he's undrown'd.

*Ant.* O, out of that 'no hope'  
What great hope have you ! no hope that way is  
Another way so high a hope that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me  
That Ferdinand is drown'd ?

*Seb.* He's gone.

*Ant.* Then, tell me,  
Who's the next heir of Naples ?

*Seb.* Claribel.

your life slip by—rather perish altogether. You close your eyes to it while you are awake.

*Seb.* O, you are asleep, and you are snoring, but your snores seem to be quite articulate—and full of meaning.

*Ant.* I am really more serious than I usually am. You must be serious too, if you pay attention to me—which, if you do, will make you thrice as great as you are.

*Seb.* Well, I am like water that stands still and does not ebb or flow.

*Ant.* I shall teach you to flow.

*Seb.* You are welcome to it. My constitutional indolence teaches me rather to ebb.

*Ant.* If you only knew how fondly you entertain the purpose in your mind, while you seem to make light of it, how in putting it off, you fondle it to your bosom ! Men who are apt to neglect their chances, do often almost wreck their career by their hesitation or indolence.

*Seb.* Please go on. Your fixed look and tense expression of the face show that you are going to be delivered of an important matter, which seems to be struggling within you.

*Ant.* It is like this, sir. Although this lord of feeble memory—who remembers little now, and will be as little remembered after he is dead, has now very nearly persuaded—for he is good at nothing but persuasion which seems to be his very business—the King that his son is alive. You may as well say that he is undrowned as he that sleeps here swims.

*Seb.* I have no hope that he is not gone.

*Ant.* When you say that there is no hope about his being not drowned, it means that there is a great hope for you. It is so high a hope that ambition cannot see anything beyond it, or make out anything (on that dim and dizzy height). Will you assume as I do that Ferdinand is drowned ?

*Seb.* Yes, he is gone.

*Ant.* Then tell me, who is the next heir of Naples ?

*Seb.* Claribel.

~~Date~~ She that is Queen of Tunis ; she that dwells  
Ten leagues beyond man's life ; she that from Naples 240  
Can have no note, unless the sun were post—  
The man i' the Moon's too slow—till new-born chins  
Be rough and razorable ; she that from whom  
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,  
And by that destiny to perform an act  
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come  
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this ! how say you ?  
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis ;  
So is she heir of Naples ; 'twixt which regions  
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit 250  
Seems to cry out 'How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples ? Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake.' Say this were death  
That now hath seized them ; why, they were no worse  
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples  
As well as he that sleeps ; lords that can prate  
As amply and unnecessarily  
As this Gonzalo ; I myself could make  
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore  
The mind that I do ! what a sleep were this 260  
For your advancement ! Do you understand me ?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content  
Tender you own good fortune ?

Seb. I remember  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True :  
And look how well my garments sit upon me ;  
Much feater than before. My brother's servants  
Were then my fellows : now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir ; where lies that ? if 'twere a kibe,  
'T would put me to my slipper : but I feel not 270  
This deity in my bosom : twenty consciences,  
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they  
And melt, ere they molest ! Here lies your brother,

*Ant.* She who is Queen of Tunis—She who dwells out of humanity's reach—she who can have no message from Naples unless the sun would carry the message—the man in the moon being too slow for the purpose—till the cheeks of new-born infants have grown beards. It is on coming back from her that we were drowned in the sea, though some of us have been thrown ashore. Destiny, therefore, intends us to perform a deed to which what happened in the past is but a preliminary, and what is to follow, depends on your and my execution.

*Seb.* What nonsense are you talking? What do you mean? It is true that my brother's daughter is the Queen of Tunis, and therefore, she is the heir of Naples. Of course there is a pretty good distance between Naples and Tunis.

*Ant.* A distance whose every bit of space seems to cry aloud, 'How shall that Claribel ever make her way back to Naples? Stay in Tunis, and let Sebastian avail himself of the opportunity.' Suppose, their sleep were as good as death. If dead, they could not be any worse than they are now. There is one who can rule Naples no worse than he that sleeps. There are lords who can talk as volubly and needlessly as this Gonzalo. I could make as good a chatterer as he. O, I wish you felt the same way as I do. How you could make use of this sleep for your own promotion. Do you see my point?

*Seb.* I think I do.

*Ant.* How it pleases you to regard your good fortune?

*Seb.* I remember you displaced your brother Prospero.

*Ant.* That's true And see how well the ducal robe fits me even much more gracefully than when I acted in the place of the Duke. My brother's officers were then my comrades. Now they are my servants.

*Seb.* But, what about your conscience?

*Ant.* Well, sir, where lies my conscience? If it were a sore on my heel, I would put on a slipper for my comfort. But I am not aware of the presence of conscience in my heart. If there were twenty consciences to keep me from the dukedom of Milan, though they should be turned into sugar, they would melt before they troubled me. Here lies your brother, and he seems to be as



No better than the earth he lies upon,  
 If he were that which now he's like, that's dead ;  
 Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
 Can lay to bed for ever ; whiles you, doing thus,  
 To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
 This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
 Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest, 280  
 They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk ;  
 They'll tell the clock to any business that  
 We say befits the hour.

*Seb.* Thy case, dear friend,  
 Shall be my precedent ; as thou got'st Milan,  
 I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword ; one stroke  
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest ;  
 And I the King shall love thee.

*Ant.* Draw together ;  
 And when I rear my hand do you the like,  
 To fall it on Gonzalo.

*Seb.* O, but one word. [*They talk apart.*  
*Re-enter ARIEL invisible.*

*Ari.* My master through his art foresees the danger  
 That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me forth—  
 For else his project dies—to keep them living. 292  
 [*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,  
 Open-eyed conspiracy  
 His time doth take.  
 If of life you keep a care,  
 Shake off slumber, and beware :  
 Awake, awake !

*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.

*Gon.* Now, good angels  
 Preserve the King ! [*They wake.*

*Alon.* Why, how now ? ho, awake ! Why are you  
 drawn ?

Wherefore this ghastly looking ? 301

*Gon.* What's the matter ?

*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
 Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
 Like bulls, or rather lions : did't not wake you ?  
 It struck mine ear most terribly.

lifeless as the earth upon which he lies. He might be as well like the lifeless earth ; with this sword of mine, which is ready to obey any impulse of mine, I can for ever put him to sleep, while you, following my example, close for ever the eyes of this old fellow, who assumes an air of wisdom and discretion, and thus prevent him from condemning our action. As for the rest, they do not matter much, for they will act as we desire, to serve our interests.

*Seb.* Dear friend, what you did to Prospero, will be an example for me to follow. As you got Milan, so I shall secure Naples. Draw your sword. One blow shall release you from your annual tribute, and I, the King of Naples, shall ever love you.

*Ant.* Let us draw our swords together. When I lift my arm, do the same to let it fall on Gonzalo.

*Seb.* O, let us have a word before that.

[ *They talk apart.*

*Re-enter ARIEL invisible.*

*Ari.* My master by his magic anticipates the danger, which you, his friend, are in, and sends me—for otherwise his plan fails—to save them from sudden death. [ *Sings in GONZALO'S ear.* ] While you lie sleeping and snoring, ever-watchful conspiracy bides its time. If you care for your life, shake off your sleep and be on your guard. Awake, awake !

*Ant.* Then let us act at once.

*Gon.* Now, my good angels protect the King.

*Enter*

[ *They wake.*

*Alon.* Why, what's up ? Ho, wake up ! Why have you drawn your swords ? Why do you stare in wild terror ?

*Gon.* What's the matter ?

*Seb.* While we stood here, watching you while you slept, even a little while ago we heard a most terrific roar like that of bulls, or rather lions. Did it not wake you ? It assailed my ear most forcibly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,  
To make an earthquake ! Sure it was the roar  
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo ?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming, 310  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me ;  
I shaked you, sir, and cried ; as mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn—their was a noise,  
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,  
Or that we quit this place : let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground ; and let's make further  
search  
For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts !  
For he is, sure, i' the island,

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done ;  
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of  
thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease ! His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,  
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em ; but  
For every trifle are they set upon me ;  
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me  
And after bite me ; then like hedgehogs, which 10  
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount  
Their pricks at my footfall ; sometime am I  
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness,

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, it was an awful noise to startle even a monster, to make an earthquake. Surely, it was the roar of several lions together.

Alon. Did you hear this, Gonzalo ?

Gon. I swear, sir, I heard a gentle murmur ; and it was a strange murmur too, which woke me up. I shook you, sir, and shouted. As my eyes opened, I saw them with their drawn swords. There was a noise—that's true. It is most proper that we should be on the defensive, or that we leave the place. Let us draw our swords.

Alon. Let us withdraw from here, and search further my lost son.

Gon. May God preserve him from these beasts, for he must be here on this island.

Alon. Go ahead.

Ari. My master, prospero, must know what I have done. So, King, go safely forward to seek your son.

[ *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

Cal. May all the pestilence that the sun absorbs from marshes and shallows fall on Prospero and afflict every inch of him with disease. The spirits, serving him, overhear me ; yet I cannot help cursing. But they will not pinch me, nor frighten me by assuming the shape of a hedgehog, nor throw me into the mud, nor mislead me by burning like a flame in darkness, unless he orders them to do so. For the most trivial offence they are put on me. Sometimes like monkeys they make faces and gibber at me, and afterwards bite me ; then like hedgehogs they lie across my path as I walk bare-footed, and raise their bristles as soon as I step forward ; sometimes I am entwined with snakes, which begin to hiss with their forked tongues till I am driven mad.

*Enter TRINCULO.*

Lo, now, lo !

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat ;  
Perchance he will not mind me.

17

*Trin.* Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing, I hear it sing i' the wind. Yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head. Yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here ? man or a fish ? dead or alive ? A fish : he smells like a fish ; a very ancient and fish-like smell ; a kind of, not-of-the-newest, poor-John. A strange fish ! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man ; any strange beast there makes a man ; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay but ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man, and his fins like arms ! Warm, o' my troth ! I do now let loose my opinion ; hold it no longer : this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again ! My best way is to creep under his gaberdine ; there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing ; a bottle in his hand.*

*Steph.* I shall no more to sea, to sea, 40  
Here shall I die ashore—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral ;  
well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

[*Sings*]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,  
The gunner, and his mate,  
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,  
But none of us cared for Kate ;  
For she had a tongue with a tang,

*Enter TRINCULO.*

Behold, now, here comes one of his spirits. He will persecute me for bringing in wood slowly. I shall fall flat. Perhaps he will not notice me.

*Trin.* Here is neither underwood nor shrub to give me shelter from the weather, and another storm ready to burst. I hear it sigh and whistle. Yonder black cloud looks like a huge stinking leather bag that would soon discharge its contents. If it should thunder as it did before, I do not know where to shelter myself; that very cloud will soon pour into rain in heavy torrents. What do I see here? Is it a man or fish? Dead or living? Obviously a fish: he smells like a fish—it has the smell like that of a fish salted long ago, rather a hake salted and dried. A strange fish! If I were in England now, as I once was, and had but this fish advertised, there is not a fool out on a holiday but would pay to see it. In England this monster would make the fortune of a man. Any strange beast exhibited there would make the fortune of a man. When they will not give a single farthing to help a lame beggar, they will spend a lot to see an Indian (*i.e.*, Red Indian), though dead. He has the legs of a man, and his fins are like arms. He is warm indeed. I should express my opinion now; no good withholding it any more. It is no fish, but a native of the island, who seems to have been struck by thunder. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is burst. For shelter I must crawl under his gaberdine. There is no other shelter here. Misery throws a man into contact with the rum sort of fellows. I shall shelter myself till the last remains of the storm are over.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand.*

*Steph.* 'I shall no more go to sea. Here I shall die on shore.' It is a wretched tune that may be sung at a man's funeral. But this bottle will give me comfort.

[*Drinks.*

[*Sings.*] The captain, the swabber (one who washes and scurbs the deck), the boatswain and I, the gunner and his assistant loved Mall, Meg, Marian and Margery; but none of us cared for Kate. She had a shrill tongue

Would cry to sailor 'Go hang !'

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.

Then to see, boys, and let her go hang !

This is a scurvy tune too : but here's my comfort. [ *Drinks.*

*Cal.* Do not torment me : O !

*Steph.* What's the matter ? Have we devils here ?  
Do you put tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind ?  
Ha ! I have not 'scaped drowning to be afeard now of  
your four legs ; for it hath been said : As proper a man as  
ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground ;  
and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at  
nostrils.

*Cal.* The spirit torments me : O ! 60

*Steph.* This is some monster of the isle with four  
legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the  
devil should he learn our language ? I will give him,  
some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him  
and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a  
present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me, prithee ; I'll bring my wood  
home faster.

*Steph.* He's in his fit now and does not talk after  
the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle ; if he have never  
drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I  
can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too  
much for him ; he shall pay for him that hath him, and  
that soundly. 73

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt  
anon, I know it by thy trembling ; now Prosper works  
upon thee.

*Steph.* Come on your ways ; open your mouth ;  
here is that which will give language to you, cat : open  
your mouth ; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you,  
and that soundly ; you cannot tell who's your friend.  
Open your chaps again.

*Trin.* I should know that voice : It should be—but he  
is drowned ; and these are devils. O, defend me ! 81

*Steph.* Four legs and two voices : a most delicate  
monster ! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his

and would turn off a sailor. She did not like the smell of tar or pitch, yet a tailor might scratch the place where she did itch. Let us go to sea, boys, and let her be cursed. This is a wretched tune too, but I can comfort myself with my bottle. [ *Drinks.*

*Cal.* Do not persecute me, Oh !

*Steph.* What's up ? Are there evil spirits here ? Do you fool us with such tricks as the apparitions of savages and Indians ? Since I did not get drowned, I am not going to be frightened by your four legs. It has been said, as good a man as walked on four legs could not ever make him yield. Yet it shall be repeated so long Stephano is alive.

*Cal.* The spirit afflicts me.

*Steph.* This must be some monster of the island with four legs, and is taken ill with a shivering fit of fever, I suppose. How could he have learnt our language ? Because he happens to know our language, I shall seek to relieve his fit. If I can cure him and adopt him and get back to Naples with him, he will be a gift to any decent emperor.

*Cal.* Do not afflict me, please. I shall bring in wood quicker.

*Steph.* He is in his fit now, and raving. He shall have a taste of my bottle. If he has not drunk wine before, it may help in curing his fit. If I can cure him and adopt him, I shall not charge too much for him. He, who will have him, must of course pay a decent price.

*Cal.* You do not hurt me much now, but you will soon begin to. I know it by your trembling. Now Prospero has his spell upon you.

*Steph.* Be good enough to open your mouth. Here is that which will teach you to speak, you cat. Open your mouth. This will cure your fit, I can tell you and that thoroughly. You do not know who is your friend. Open your mouth again.

*Trin.* I think I recognize that voice : it should be—but he is drowned. These are devils. May God protect me.

*Steph.* Four legs and two voices. It must be a fine sort of monster ! His voice which is in front is meant



friend ; his backward voice now is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come—Amen ! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano !

*Steph.* Doth thy other mouth call me ? Mercy, mercy ! This is a devil, and no monster ; I will leave him ; I have no long spoon. 90

*Trin.* Stephano ! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me ; for I am Trinculo—be not afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.

*Steph.* If thou beest Trinculo, come forth : I'll pull thee by the lesser legs : if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo ! How camest thou here ?

*Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano ? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm over-blown ? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living Stephano ? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped. 102

*Steph.* Prithee, do not turn me about ; my stomach is not constant.

*Cal.* [*Aside.*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor.  
I will kneel to him.

*Steph.* How didst thou 'scape ? How camest thou hither ? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither—I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard—by this bottle, which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore. 112

*Cal.* I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

*Steph.* Here ; swear then how thou escap'dst.

*Trin.* Swum ashore, man, like a duck ; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Steph.* Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

for speaking well of his friend, and his voice which is at the back is meant for abusing and slandering. If all the wine in my bottle will be needed to cure him, I must still cure him. Come. That's right, I shall put some wine in your other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano ?

*Steph.* Does your other mouth call me ? May God have mercy on me ! This is a devil, and no monster. I shall leave him. I have no long spoon to keep the devil off.

*Trin.* Stephano ! If you are Stephano, touch me and speak to me, for I am Trinculo—be not afraid—I am your good friend, Trinculo.

*Steph.* If you be Trinculo, come out, I shall pull you out by the smaller leg. If they are Trinculo's legs, they must be these ones. You are Trinculo indeed. How did you come to, here ?

*Trin.* I supposed him to have been killed by thunder. But were you not drowned, Stephano ? I hope now that you are not drowned. Has the storm blown over ? I hid myself under the dead monster's gaberdine for fear of the storm. Are you living Stephano ? O Stephano, two inhabitants of Naples are saved.

*Steph.* Do not please turn me round and about. My stomach is squeamish.

*Cal.* [ *Aside.* ] These are fine creatures, if they are spirits. He is a fine god, and carries heavenly drink. I shall kneel to him.

*Steph.* How did you escape ? How did you come here ? Swear by this bottle how you came here. I escaped by means of a cask of wine which the sailors threw overboard—I swear by this bottle, which I made from the bark of a tree since I landed.

*Cal.* I shall swear by that bottle to be your loyal subject, for the drink is heavenly.

*Steph.* Here [ *holding out the bottle* ] ; swear how you escaped.

*Trin.* I swam ashore, fellow, like a duck : I say, I can swim like a duck.

*Steph.* Here, kiss the bottle. Though you can swim like a duck, you have the stupid looks of a goose.

*Trin.* O Stephano, hast any more of this ? 120

*Steph.* The whole butt, man : my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now moon-calf ! how does thine ague ?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven ?

*Steph.* Out o' the moon, I do assure thee : I was the man i' the moon when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee : My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

*Steph.* Come, swear to that : kiss the book : I will furnish it anon with new contents : swear. 130

*Trin.* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster ! I afeard of him ! A very weak monster ! The man i' the moon ! A most poor credulous monster ! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth !

*Cal.* I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island ; And I will kiss thy foot : I prithee, be my god.

*Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster ! when 's god's asleep he'll rob his bottle.

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot : I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Steph.* Come on, then ; down, and swear. 140

*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster ! I could find in my heart to beat him.

*Steph.* Come, kiss.

*Trin.* But that the poor monster's in drink : an abominable monster !

*Cal.* I'll show thee the best springs ; I'll pluck thee berries ;

I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, 150  
Thou wondrous man.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard !

*Cal.* I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow :  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;  
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmoset ; I'll bring thee—  
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me ?

*Trin.* O Stephano, have you any more of this wine ?

*Steph.* The whole case of it, my friend. My store is in a rock by the sea-coast where I have hidden my wine, How now, monster ? How is your ague ?

*Cal.* Have you descended from the skies ?

*Steph.* I tell you, I have descended out of the moon. Once I was the man in the moon.

*Cal.* I have seen you in the moon, and I worship you. My mistress showed me you, your dog and your bush.

*Steph.* Come ; swear that it is true. Kiss the bottle. I shall replenish it soon. Swear.

*Trin.* On my faith, this is a very silly monster. I wonder that I was afraid of him ! A very dull-headed monster. He talks of the man in the moon ! A monster that believes silly stuff ! You have drained a good quantity, monster !

*Cal.* I shall show you every fertile tract of the island and I shall fall at your feet I pray you, be my god.

*Trin.* Graciousness ! A most faithless and drunken monster ! When his god is asleep, he will steal his bottle.

*Cal.* I shall fall at your feet and worship you. I swear myself to be your subject.

*Steph.* Well, then ; kneel and swear.

*Trin.* I shall be tickled to death by this fawning puppy of a monster. A most confounded monster ! I would have felt inclined to beat him.

*Steph.* Come, on your knees and swear.

*Trin.* Except that the poor monster is drunk. A loathsome monster !

*Cal.* I shall show you the best springs of fresh water. I shall pluck for you berries, catch fish for you and get enough fire-wood for you. Confound the tyrant whom I serve. I shall carry for him no more wood, but follow you, you wonderful man.

*Trin.* He must be a very silly monster, when he idolizes a wretched drunkard (i.e., Stephano).

*Cal.* If it may please you, I shall take you where crab-apples grow, and I shall dig the ground-nuts for you with my nails ; show the jay's nest and teach you how to ensnare the agile monkey, called marmoset ; I shall bring where the bazel-nuts grow in bunches ; and now and then I shall get for you sea-mews from the rock. Will you come with me ?

*Steph.* I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the King and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle : Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again 163

*Cal.* [ *Sings drunkenly.* ]

Farewell, master ; farewell, farewell !

*Trin.* A howling monster ; a drunken monster !

*Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish ;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish :

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban 170

Has a new master : get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day, freedom ! freedom, hey-day, freedom !

*Steph.* O brave monster ! Lead the way. [ *Exeunt.*

### ACT III

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO's cell.*

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*

*Fer.* There be some sports are painful, and their labour  
Delight in them sets off : some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but  
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead  
And makes my labours pleasures : O, she is  
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed ;  
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove  
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up, 10  
Upon a sore injunction : my sweet mistress  
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness  
Had never like executor. I forget :  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,  
Most busy, least, when I do it.

*Enter MIRANDA ; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen,*

*Mir.*

Alas, now ; pray you,

*Steph.* If you don't mind, do not talk any more, but lead the way. Trinculo, the King and all others having perished in the shipwreck, we shall take possession of the island. Look here, take my bottle. My Trinculo, we shall fill the bottle soon again.

*Cal.* [*Sings drunkenly.*]

Farewell, master ; farewell, master !

*Trin.* A howling monster ; a drunken monster !

*Cal.* I will construct no more entrenchments for catching fish, nor fetch firewood when I am bidden to ; nor clean plates and wash dishes. Hurrah for Caliban ! Caliban has a new master. Let Prospero look about for another to serve him. I am to be free, and to bother about nothing. How nice it is !

*Steph.* O fine monster ! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III

#### SCENE I *Before PROSPERO'S cell.*

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*

*Fer* There are some diversions which are tedious, and if we can take pleasure in them, the toil demanded by them is much lightened. Some kinds of mean occupations are gone through with a noble end in view, and often when an occupation is low, the object aimed at is high. The mean task which I am doing would be as tedious to me as it is hateful, were it not that the lady whom I want to please enlivened what is dull and lifeless, and made pleasurable to me what would otherwise be toilsome. O, she is ten times gentler than her father is rough. Her father is all harshness. I must remove some thousands of these and stack them on pain of severe chastisement. My gentle and kind lady weeps when she sees me work, and says that such a mean task has never been gone through by one so noble. I often pause in my labour in sheer absent-mindedness. The thoughts of my gentle lady often cheer me in my task. I am most busy when I think of her ; I am least busy when I work.

*Enter MIRANDA ; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen.*

*Mir.* It is a pity. I beg you, do not work so hard.

Work not so hard : I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile !  
Pray, set it down and rest you : when this burns,  
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father  
Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself ; 20  
He's safe for these three hours.

*Fer.* O most dear Mistress,  
The sun will set before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do.

*Mir.* If you'll sit down  
I'll bear your logs the while : pray, give me that ;  
I'll carry it to the pile.

*Fer.* No, precious creature ;  
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.

*Mir.* It would become me  
As well as it does you : and I should do it  
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it, 30  
And yours it is against.

*Pros.* [ *Aside* ] Poor worm, thou art infected !  
This visitation shows it.

*Mir.* You look wearily.

*Fer.* No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with me  
When you are by at night. I do beseech you—  
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—  
What is your name.

*Mir.* Miranda,—O my father.  
I have broke your hest to say so !

*Fer.* Admired Miranda !  
Indeed the top of admiration ; worth  
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady  
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time 40  
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues  
Have I liked several women ; never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,  
And put it to the foil : but you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best !

I wish the lightning had burnt up these logs that you are bidden to stack ! Do please leave the logs alone, and exudation for having fatigued you. My father is busy with his books. Do please rest. He will not trouble us for these three hours.

*Fer.* O sweetest lady, the sun will go down before my task is completed.

*Mir.* If you will sit down, I shall carry the logs for you meanwhile. Let me please carry that log. I shall carry it to the stack.

*Fer.* I cannot let you do that, sweet lady. I should rather burst my muscles and break my neck than let you demean yourself by such drudgery, while I sit idle.

*Mir.* If it does not humiliate you, it cannot humiliate me. I could do it more easily, because I have the will to do it while yours is averse to it.

*Pros.* [ *Aside.* ] My duck, you are smitten with love. This stolen visit proves it.

*Mir.* You look tired.

*Fer.* No good lady. Even if it is night when you are with me, it is bright morning with me. I pray you—mainly because I want to put it down in my prayers—what is your name ?

*Mir.* Miranda. O my father, I have broken your command not to tell my name.

*Fer.* Miranda that is to be admired. Indeed you are the object of highest admiration. You are worth all that is most valuable to the world. I have observed many ladies with closest attention, and often the sweetness of their speech has captivated my too willing ear. For different attributes I have liked different women. If I ever liked any with all my heart, I found some defect in her that contradicted and defeated her highest attribute. But you, O you, have been created so perfect and so unequalled that you seem to be best of all created women.



*Mir.* I do not know  
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,  
'Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen 50  
More that I may call men than you, good friend,  
And my dear father : how features are abroad,  
I am skillless of ; but my modesty.  
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you,  
Nor can imagination form a shape.  
'Besides yourself, to like of But I prattle  
'Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
I therein do forget.

*Fer.* I am in my condition  
A prince, Miranda ; I do think ; a king ; 60  
I would not so !—and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery than to suffer  
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak :  
The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service ; there resides  
'To make me slave to it ; and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man.

*Mir.* Do you love me ?

*Fer.* O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,  
And crown what I profess with kind event  
If I speak true ! if hollowly, invert 70  
What best is boded me to mischief ! I,  
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,  
Do love, prize, honour you.

*Mir.* I am a fool  
To weep at what I am glad of.

*Pros.* [ *Aside.* ] Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain grace  
'On that which breeds between 'em !

*Fer.* Wherefore weep you ?

*Mir.* At mine unworthiness that dare not offer  
What I desire to give, and much less take  
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling ;  
And all the more it seeks to hide itself, 80  
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning !  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !  
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;

*Mir.* I do not know any member of my own sex ; nor do I remember any woman's face except my own, reflected on the mirror ; nor have I seen more of the opposite sex than you, my good friend, and my dear father. I am ignorant how human shapes are outside this island. I swear by my modesty which is the best treasure I possess, I would not desire for any other companion than you in this world ; nor can I picture to my mind any other shapes than yours, that I may take a fancy to. But I am rattling away rather irrelevantly, and in this matter I am forgetting my father's counsel.

*Fer.* I am a prince by rank, Miranda ; I might say, a king. I wish it was otherwise ! I would no more submit to this drudgery of carrying wood than allow the flesh-fly to defile my mouth. Listen, I am declaring the inmost desire of my heart. The moment I saw you, my heart was at your feet, and so I am your slave. For your sake I am patiently performing this hateful task of carrying wood.

*Mir.* Do you love me ?

*Fer.* O heaven, O earth, stand surety for my speech and yield favourable result of my profession if I speak truth ; if I speak insincerely, turn the best promise or fortune to misfortune. I love, esteem and respect you beyond the measure of anything else in the world.

*Mir.* I must be silly when I weep at what I rejoice to hear.

*Pros.* [ *Aside.* ] A lovely sight of two who love each other most devotedly ! May heavens bless their love !

*Fer.* Why do you weep ?

*Mir.* I weep, thinking of my own unworthy self, and I dare not give you what my heart most desires to make an offering of, and I dare much less take what I am dying to have. But it matters not. The more I try to hide, the more it reveals itself. Away with this false, affected modesty ! Let simple and sacred innocence be my help ! I am your wife, if you will marry me,

If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow  
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no.

*Fer.* My mistress, dearest ;  
And I thus humble ever.

*Mir.* My husband, then ?

*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing •  
As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.

*Mir.* And mine, with my heart in't : and now farewell  
Till half an hour hence.

*Fer.* A thousand thousand ! 91

[ *Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA severally.*

*Pros.* So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
Who are surprised withal ; but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,  
For yet ere supper-time must I perform  
Much business appertaining. [ *Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO.*

*Steph.* Tell not me ; when the butt is out, we will  
drink water ; not a drop before : therefore bear up, and  
board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

*Trin.* Servant-monster ! the folly of this island !  
They say there's but five upon this isle : we are three  
of them ; if th' other two be brained like us the state  
tottors.

*Steph.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee :  
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

*Trin.* Where should they be set else ? He were a  
brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail. 10

*Steph.* My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in  
sack : for my part, the sea cannot drown me ; I swam,  
ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off  
and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant  
monster, or my standard.

If not, I will die unmarried, and be ever devoted to you. You may refuse to make me your companion, but I will ever be yours, whether you will have me or not

*Fer.* My sweet lady, I will ever be your humble servant.

*Mir.* You will be my husband then ?

*Fer.* Yes, and as gladly and willingly as a prisoner will welcome freedom. Here is my hand in confirmation of the pledge

*Mir.* Here is my hand, and my heart goes with it. Now farewell ! For half an hour we shall not see each other.

*Fer.* A thousand farewells !

[ *Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA severally.*

*Pros.* It must have rejoiced their hearts more than mine. They are surprised too. Yet I could not have more delighted in anything else. I will have recourse to my book of magic. Before supper-time I must do many necessary things.

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.*

*Steph.* Do not talk to me. When the cask is empty and the supply of wine is gone, we shall drink water ; not a drop of water before that. Therefore let us attack the cask of wine. Servant-monster, drink my health.

*Trin.* A servant-monster indeed. What foolery there must be on this island ! It is said that there are but five on this island ; we are three of them ; if the other two have no more brains as we two, then the state will collapse.

*Steph.* Drink, servant-monster, when I command you. Your eyes are fixed in your head and are staring out of their sockets.

*Trin.* His eyes could not have been fixed elsewhere. He would be a fine monster, if his eyes were set in his tail.

*Steph.* My servant-monster is dumb though being overwhelmed by sack (wine). As for myself the sea (also a sea of sack) cannot drown me. I swam, before I reached the shore, thirty-five leagues more or less. I swear that you shall be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard-bearer.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list ; he's no standard.

*Steph.* We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither ; but you 'll lie like dogs and yet say nothing neither.

*Steph.* Moon calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf. 21

*Cal.* How does thy honour ? Let me lick thy shoe ; I'll not serve him ; he is not valiant.

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster : I am in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack : s I to-day ? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster ?

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me ! wilt thou let him, my lord ? 30

*Trin.* 'Lord' quoth he ! That a monster should be such a natural !

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again ! bite him to death, I prithee.

*Steph.* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head ; if you prove a mutineer—the next tree ! The poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee ?

*Steph.* Marry, will I : kneel and repeat it ; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo. 40

*Enter ARIEL invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou : I would my valiant master would destroy thee ! I do not lie.

*Steph.* Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing. 50

*Steph.* Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

*Trin.* He may be the lieutenant, if it may please you ; but he is no good as standard-bearer.

*Steph.* Monster, don't you suppose that we shall run away from the enemy.

*Trin.* Going or running makes little difference to you. You would better lie on the ground like a dog and keep quiet.

*Steph.* Say something, good monster, for once at least.

*Cal.* How is your lordship ? Let me lick the dust of your feet. I will not serve him ; he is not courageous.

*Trin.* You lie, deluded monster. I am strong enough to knock down a constable. Why, you, drunken fish, was ever a man coward who had drunk so much wine as I to-day ? You are half a fish and half a monster—will you tell a lie that would rather befit a monster ?

*Cal.* Look, he jeers at me. Will you let him do so, my lord ?

*Trin.* He says, "Lord !" I wonder that a monster should be such a fool !

*Cal.* See, he starts at it again. Kill him for me.

*Steph.* Trinculo, speak civilly. If you turn a rebel, I will hang you on the next tree. The wretched monster is my subject, and he must not be insulted.

*Cal.* I am greteful to you my lord. Will you be pleased to listen once more to the petition that I made to you

*Steph.* Yes, surely. Kneel and repeat your petition.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told you before, tyrant rules me. He is a magician and by his skill in magic, he has robbed me of this island.

*Ari.* You lie.

*Cal.* You lie, you insulting monkey (*Caliban supposes that Trinculo interrupts him*). I wish my master would finish you. I am telling the truth.

*Steph.* Trinculo, if you interrupt him again in his narrative, I will knock out some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Steph.* I say, hush, and I want to hear you speak no more. Go on.

*Cal.* I say, by sorcery he got this isle ;  
From me he got it. If thy greatness will  
Revenge it on him,— for I know thou darest,  
But this thing dare not—

*Steph.* That's most certain.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

*Steph.* How now shall this be compassed ?

Canst thou bring me to the party

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord : I'll yield him thee asleep. 60  
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

*Ari.* Thou liest ; thou canst not.

*Cal.* What a pied ninny's this ! Thou scurvy patch !  
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows  
And take his bottle from him : when that's gone  
He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not show him  
Where the quick freshes are.

*Steph.* Trinculo, run into no further danger : inter-  
rupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand,  
I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish  
of thee. 70

*Trin.* Why, what did I ? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

*Steph.* Didst thou not say he lied ?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Steph.* Do I so ? take thou that. [ *Beats TRINCULO.* ]  
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and  
hearing too ? A plague o' your bottle ! This can sack and  
drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil  
take your fingers.

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha ! 80

*Steph.* Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand  
farther off.

*Cal.* Beat him enough : after a little time,  
I'll beat him too.

*Steph.* Stand farther. Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,  
I' th' afternoon to sleep : there thou mayst brain him,  
Having first seized his books, or with a log  
Batter his skull. or paunch him with a stake,  
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember

*Cal.* I say, by magic he possessed himself of this island. He robbed me of it. If your lordship will be pleased to avenge it on him—for I know that you have the courage to do it, but this creature (*Pointing to TRINCULO*) is no good—

*Steph.* That is very true.

*Cal.* Then you will be master of this island, and I will serve you.

*Steph.* How can this be accomplished ? Can you bring us to meet ?

*Cal.* Yes, my lord, I shall hand him over to you when he is asleep, and then you can drive a nail into his head.

*Ar.* You lie, it is not so easy.

*Cal.* What a fool is this creature ? You stinking wretch ! I pray you, my lord, give him a good thrashing, and snatch away the bottle of wine from him. When he is deprived of the bottle, he shall drink nothing but salt water ; for I will not show him where fresh-water springs are.

*Steph.* Trinculo, I warn you again. If you interrupt the monster again, I will show no mercy, and beat you as a dried cod is beaten before it is boiled.

*Trin.* Why, I did nothing. Well, I will remove myself from your company.

*Steph.* Did you not say that he lied ?

*Ar.* You lie.

*Steph.* Do I lie ? Here, this is for you. [*Beats TRINCULO.*] If you savour it well, contradict me again.

*Trin.* I did not contradict you. You seem to be out of your senses. Curse your bottle ? This is the result of your drinking. I curse you and your monster.

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Steph.* Now, go on with your story. Please, move a little off.

*Cal.* Give him a good beating. I shall also take part in beating him.

*Steph.* Stand off (*to TRINCULO.*) Well, now go on.

*Cal.* As I told you, it is his (*Prospero's*) practice to sleep in the afternoon. Then you can knock out his brains, having first secured his books, or with a log break his skull, or run him through the belly with a pointed piece of wood, or cut his throat with your knife. But



First to possess his books ; for without them 90.  
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not  
One spirit to command ; they all do hate him  
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.  
He has brave utensils,— for so he calls them,—  
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.  
And that most deeply to consider is  
The beauty of his daughter ; he himself  
Calls her a nonpareil : I never saw a woman,  
But only Sycorax my dam and she ;  
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax  
As great'st does least

Steph. Is it so brave a lass ?

Cal. Ay, lord ; she will become they bed, I warrant.  
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Steph. Monster, I will kill this man : his daughter  
and I will be king and queen,—save our graces !—and  
Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like  
the plot, Trinculo ?

Trin. Excellent.

Steph. Give me thy hand : I am sorry I beat thee ;  
but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep ; 110  
Wilt thou destroy him then ?

Steph. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry ; I am full of pleasure :  
Let us be jocund : will you troll the catch  
You taught me but while-ere ?

Steph. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any  
reason.

Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[ Sings ] Flout 'em and scout 'em ;  
And scout 'em and flout 'em ;  
Thought is free.

120

Cal. That's not the tune.

[ ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.

Steph. What is this same ?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the pic-  
ture of Nobody.

Steph. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy like-  
ness ; if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

mind that you seize his books first ; for without his books he is as helpless a fool as I am, and cannot command a single spirit. Al! the spirits (that serve him) hate him with as deadly a hatred as I. Burn his books for safety. He has a lot of fine stuff—'utensils' as he calls them—with which he will decorate his house, when he will have once. The point you must seriously consider is the beauty of his daughter. He calls her a paragon of beauty—I never saw a woman but my mother Sycorax and her (Miranda)—and she is far superior to Sycorax.

*Steph.* Is it a lovely girl ?

*Col.* Yes, my lord ; she will best grace your bed and bear you fine children.

*Steph.* Monster, I will kill this man. I will be king and his daughter will be my queen. May God help us. Trinculo and yourself shall be my deputies. Do you approve of the plot, Trinculo ?

*Trin.* Yes, it is excellent.

*Steph.* Let me grasp your hand. I am sorry that I beat you. But all your life you must behave.

*Cal.* In less than half an hour he will be asleep. Will you kill him then ?

*Steph.* Yes, I swear (to kill him)

*Ari.* I will communicate this to my master

*Cal.* You make me feel so jubilant. I am in a mood to be gay. Let us be merry. Will you sing the tune that you taught me a little while ago.

*Steph.* Anything that is reasonable to please you, monster. Well, Trinculo, let us sing.

[ *Sings.* ] Flout 'em and scout 'em  
And scout 'em and flout 'em ;  
Thought is free.

*Cal.* It is not the same tune.

[ *ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

*Steph.* What do I hear ?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our song, played by an invisible being.

*Steph.* If you be a man, reveal yourself in your true shape ; if you be a devil, please yourself.

*Trin.* O, forgive me my sins !

*Steph.* He that dies pays all debts : I defy thee, Mercy upon us !

*Cal.* Art thou afeard ? 130

*Steph.* No, monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afeard ; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears ; and sometimes voices,  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again : and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,  
I cried to dream again. 140

*Steph.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where  
I shall have my music for nothing.

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroyed.

*Steph.* That shall be by and by : I remember the story.

*Trin.* The sound is going away ; let's follow it, and  
after do our work

*Steph.* Lead, monster ; we'll follow. I would I could  
see this taborer ; he lays it on.

*Trin.* Wilt come ? I'll follow, Stephano. [ *Exeunt.*

### SCENE III. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,  
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

*Gon.* By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir ;  
My old bones ache : here's a maze trod, indeed,  
Through forth-rights and meanders ! By your patience,  
I needs must rest me.

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,  
To the dulling of my spirits ; sit down, and rest.  
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer ; he is drown'd  
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go. 10

*Trin.* O forgive me my sins !

*Steph.* He that dies has nothing to fear. I defy you.  
May God have mercy upon us !

*Cal.* Are you frightened ?

*Steph.* Certainly not I, monster.

*Cal.* Do not get frightened. This island is full of unknown sounds and melodies, which delight us, and which are harmless. Sometimes a good many stringed instruments will assail my ears with music. Sometimes I hear voices which will make me sleep again if I have waked from sleep. Then in dreams the sky seemed to open and to be ready to shower pearls upon me, so that when I waked from sleep, I wished to sleep and dream again.

*Steph.* This will prove a fine kingdom for me, and I shall have free music for my entertainment.

*Cal.* Yes, when Prospero is put out of the way.

*Steph.* It shall be done soon. I remember every thing that you have told me.

*Trin.* The sound is retreating. Let us follow it and afterwards carry out our plan.

*Steph.* Go ahead, monster. We shall follow you. I wish I could see this fellow who played on a tabor. He does it with skill.

*Trin.* Will you go ( to CALIBAN ). I will follow, Stephano.

SCENE III. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

*Gon.* By the Virgin Mary, I can proceed no further. My old limbs are full of pain. We have indeed gone through a labyrinth—through straight paths and winding passages. With your leave I must rest.

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot reproach you. I am myself tired and my spirits are depressed. Sit down and rest. Even at this place I will abandon my hope. What's the good of keeping it to deceive myself ? He is drowned. We are seeking him in vain. The sea seems to be smiling at our fruitless search on land. Well, he is gone.

Ant. [ *Aside to SEB.* ] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

Do not, for repulse, forgo the purpose  
That you resolved to effect.

Seb. [ *Aside to ANT.* ]                   The next advantage  
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. [ *Aside to SEB.* ]           Let it be to-night :  
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they  
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance  
As when they are fresh.

Seb. [ *Aside to ANT.* ]           I say, to-night : no more.  
[ *Solemn and strange music.*

Alon. What harmony is this ? My good friends, hark !

Gon. Marvellous sweet music !

*Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange  
Shapes bringing in a banquet ; they dance about it with  
gentle actions of salutation ; and, inviting the King,  
etc., to eat, they depart.*

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens ! What were these ?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe                   21  
That there are unicorns ; that in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix  
At this hour reigning there.

Ant   I'll believe both ;  
And what does else want credit, come to me,  
And I'll be sworn 'tis true ; travellers ne'er did lie,  
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon.   If in Naples  
I should report this now, would they believe me ?  
If I should say, I saw such islanders—  
For certes these are people of the island—                   30  
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note.  
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of  
Our human generation you shall find  
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. [ *Aside.* ]                   Honest lord,  
Thou has said well ; for some of you there present  
Are worse than devils.

Alon.                                   I cannot too much muse  
Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, expressing,  
Although they want the use of tongue, a kind  
Of excellent dumb discourse.

*Ant.* [ *Aside to SEB.* ] I am so glad that he has abandoned all hope. Do not, because you have met with defeat once, renounce the purpose you resolved to carry out.

*Seb.* [ *Aside to ANT.* ] We must make proper use of the next opportunity.

*Ant.* [ *Aside to SEB.* ] Let us do it to-night. Now they are quite exhausted, and will not, and cannot keep as strict a guard as when they are fresh.

*Seb.* [ *Aside to ANT.* ] So, we will do it to-night. No more of this at present. [ *Solemn and strange music.*

*Alon.* What music is this ? My good friends, listen !

*Gon.* Exquisitely sweet music !

*Enter PROSPERO above, invisible, Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet ; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation ; and inviting the King, etc , to eat, they depart.*

*Alon.* May God give us angels to protect us ! What these mysterious Shapes are likely to be.

*Seb.* A dumb-show by living persons Now I shall believe that there are unicorns, that in Arabia there is a single tree, the seat of the phoenix, and that there is only one phoenix who is alive now.

*Ant.* I shall believe both and what else seems to be incredible, I shall say, is true, whenever I hear it. Travellers did not lie, though we are fools who try to discredit them.

*Gon.* If in Naples I repeat the story, will they believe me ? If I were to say that I saw such islanders—for certainly, they are people of the island—who, though they look like monsters, yet, observe, have more gentle and courteous manners than you find many, nay, most men to possess.

*Pros.* [ *Aside.* ] Honest lord, what you say is true ; for some of the men present here are worse than devils.

*Alon.* I cannot help wondering much at these strange beings, their movements and their music. Though they seem to be wanting in speech, they make their meaning understandable by signs.

Pros. [ *Aside.* ] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since 40  
They have left their viands behind ; for we have stomachs  
Will't please you taste of what is here ?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys  
Who would believe that there were mountaineers  
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em  
Wallets of flesh ? or that there were such men  
Whose heads stood in their breasts ? which now we find  
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us  
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,  
Although my last ; 'no matter, since I feel 50  
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,  
Stand to and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy ;  
claps his wings upon the table ; and, with a quaint  
device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in 't, the never-surfeited sea  
Hath caused to belch up you ; and on this island  
Where man doth not inhabit ; you 'mongst men  
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad ;  
And even with such like valour men hang and drown  
Their proper selves. [ ALON., SEB. etc., draw their swords.

You fools ! I and my fellows 60  
Are ministers of Fate : the elements,  
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowle that's in my plume ; my fellow-ministers  
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths  
And will not be uplifted. But remember—  
For that's my business to you—that you three  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero ;  
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it, 70

*Pros.* [*Aside*]. Do not praise too early—until the feast is ended.

*Fran.* They disappeared mysteriously.

*Seb.* It does not matter, since they have left the banquet behind. We are hungry. Will you please taste the feast ?

*Alon.* Not I.

*Gon.* You need not have any fear, sir. In our boyhood no one would believe that there were mountaineers, with a fold of loose skin hanging from the throat like a bull's, that there were men whose heads were placed in their breasts. These facts are now attested by every traveller who goes abroad after investing at the rate of five (pounds) for one in return.

*Alon.* I will not shrink, but partake the feast, though it may be my last meal. It does not matter, since the best part of my life is gone. Brother, my lord the duke, let us partake the feast.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a harpy ; claps his wings upon the table ; and with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

*Ari.* You are three sinners. Destiny which uses all earthly powers as instruments, has made the ever-greedy sea throw you up, on this island which is uninhabited because you are most unfit to live among men. I have driven you mad. In the fit of desperation that you are in, men hang and drown themselves.

[ *ALON., SEB., etc* , draw their swords.

You fools ! I and my comrades are agents of Fate. With the material of which your swords are made, you may as well inflict wounds upon the invisible winds, as with stabs that are simply laughed at cut through the sheet of water that ever closes up the gap, as remove one single fibre from my feathers. My comrades are similarly incapable of being wounded. If you were able to inflict any wounds with your swords, now you will find that they are too heavy for you to lift up. But remember—for it is my errand to you—that you three replaced good Prospero from Milan, put him out to sea, and the sea now avenges the wrong done him and his



Him and his innocent child ; for which foul deed  
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
 Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
 Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
 They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me  
 Lingering perdition, worse than any death  
 Can be at once, shall step by step attend  
 You and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you from—  
 Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls 80  
 Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow  
 And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder ; then, to soft music, enter the  
 SHAPES again, and dance, with mocks and mows,  
 and carrying out the table.*

*Pros.* Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou  
 Perform'd, my Ariel ; a grace it had, devouring :  
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated  
 In what thou hast to say : so, with good life  
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers  
 Their several kinds have done. My high charms work  
 And these mine enemies are all knit up  
 In their distractions ; they now are in my power ; 90  
 And in these fits I leave them, while I visit  
 Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,  
 And his and mine loved darling. [ *Exit above.*

*Gon.* I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you  
 In this strange stare ?

*Alon.* O, it is monstrous, monstrous !  
 Methought the billows spoke and told me of it ;  
 The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,  
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced  
 The name of Prosper ; it did bass my trespass.  
 Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and 100  
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded  
 And with him there lie mudded. [ *Exit.*

*Seb.* But one fiend at a time,  
 I'll fight their legions o'er

*Ant.* I'll be thy second.  
 [ *Exeunt* SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

child. For this treacherous deed the unseen powers, which only put off, but did not forget, the punishment due to you, have stirred up the sea, land and all created things to give you no peace. They have robbed you, Alonso, of your son, and pronounce by me that a long drawn-out doom, more painful than death, will dog your steps. If you want to protect yourself from their doom—which otherwise falls upon you in this solitary and barren island—you can do nothing but to repent sincerely and lead a blameless life henceforth.

*He vanishes in thunder ; then, to soft music, enter the SHAPES again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.*

*Pros.* You have nicely played the part of the harpy, my Ariel. Most neatly it was done, the banquet being spirited away. You have omitted no particulars of my instructions. Similarly, the lower spirits who serve me have performed their respective parts in the most life-like manner and with utmost accuracy. My potent magic is acting successfully. These my enemies are all entangled in a strange confusion. Now they are absolutely under my control. In this fit of distraction I leave them, while I go to see Ferdinand, who, they suppose, is drowned and Miranda, who is beloved of him and me. [*Exit.*]

*Gon.* Graciousness ! Why are you, sir, standing thus in a bewildered stare ?

*Alon.* O, it is most staggering. It seemed to me that the waves spoke and warned me of it ; the winds sang it to me, and the thunder, with a voice as deep and solemn as that of an organ, mentioned the name of Prospero ; it proclaimed in a loud voice my offence. Now I understand that my son is lying at the bottom of the sea. I shall have to seek him deeper than ever a sounding-line reached, and lie with him in the sea-bed. [*Exit.*]

*Seb.* Let me meet but one devil at a time, and I shall fight the whole lot of them.

*Ant.* I shall assist you.

[*Exeunt* SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.]

*Gon.* All three of them are desperate : their great guilt,  
Like poison given to work a great time after,  
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you  
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly  
And hinder them from what this ecstasy  
May now provoke them to.

*Adr.* Follow, I pray you. [ *Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO's cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

*Pros.* If I have too austere punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends, for I  
Have given you here a third of mine own life,  
Or that for which I live ; who once again  
I tender to thy hand : all thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test : here, afore Heaven,  
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand !  
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise, 10  
And make it halt behind her.

*Fer.* I do believe it  
Against an oracle.

*Pros.* Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchased, take my daughter. But  
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy rite be minister'd,  
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow ; but barren hate,  
Sour-eyed, disdain, and discord shall bestrew 20  
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly  
That you shall hate it both : therefore take heed,  
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

*Fer.* As I hope  
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,  
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,

*Gon.* All three of them are in a violent mood. Their sin, like poison which has been allowed to work inside long, now begins to infect their spirits. I pray you, who have more active and quicker limbs, to follow them fast and prevent what they may be driven to do in their fit of madness.

*Adr.* Do follow them please.

[ *Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO's cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

*Pros.* If I have been too hard upon you, it is fully made up to you now, for I have given you now a third part of my existence, or rather all I live for. I offer it to you again. All the annoyances that you had suffered were meant to test your love and you have wonderfully endured the trials. Here with God to witness I confirm the treasured gift that I have made to you O Ferdinand, do not ridicule me that I commend her so highly, for you shall find that she is beyond all praise.

*Fer.* I do believe it even if an oracle were to say nay to it.

*Pros.* Then as a gift from me to you and as your own deserving, here is my daughter for you, and you have won her by your love. But if you loosen the girdle of her maidenhood before all the rites of holy matrimony have been performed, then Heavens will not shed any blessings on this love, but will sow between you hatred, bitterness and strife, and your married life will be a hell. So be careful and let the holy dictates of matrimony guide you

*Fer.* As I expect peaceful days, lawful children and long life, loving as I do now in all honour, I shall not let myself be tempted by the darkest cave—the place most favourable for the action—when the evil nature

The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion  
Our worser genius can, shall never melt  
Mine honour into lust, to take away  
The edge of that day's celebration,  
When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd 30  
Or Night kept chain'd below.

*Pros.* Fairly spoke.

Sit then and talk with her ; she is thine own.  
What, Ariel ! my industrious servant, Ariel !

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* What would my potent master ? Here I am.

*Pros.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service  
Did worthily perform ; and I must use you  
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,  
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place :  
Incite them to quick motion ; for I must  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple 40  
Some vanity of mine art ; it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

*Ari.* Presently ?

*Pros.* Ay, with a twink.

*Ari.* Before you can say 'come' and 'go',  
And breathe twice, and cry 'so, so,'  
Each one, tripping on his toe,  
Will be here with mop and mow.  
Do you love me, master ? No ?

*Pros.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach  
Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ari.* Well, I conceive. [ *Exit.*

*Pros.* Look thou be true ; do not give dalliance 51  
Too much the rein ; the strongest oaths are straw  
To the fire i' the blood : be more abstemious,  
Or else, good night your vow !

*Fer.* I warrant you, sir ;  
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart  
Abates the ardour of my liver.

*Pros.* Well !  
Now come, my Ariel ! bring a corollary,  
Rather than want a spirit ; appear, and pertly !  
No tongue ! all eyes ! be silent. [ *Soft music.*

prompts one to sacrifice honour to lust so as to rob myself of the intense enjoyment of the day the marriage is celebrated when I shall think that either the horses of the sun-god have broken down, or Night has been kept chained in her cave.

*Pros.* That is well spoken. Sit then and talk with Miranda. She is yours. Ho Ariel! my ever diligent servant!

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* What would my powerful master desire of me? I am here.

*Pros.* You and your fellow-spirits played your parts well last time. I am going to employ you in another such illusion. Go and bring the band of spirits, over whom I give you power, to this place. Hurry them up, for I must show to this young couple some illusion which my magic can produce. I have promised it, and they expect it.

*Ari.* Immediately?

*Pros.* Yes, in the twinkling of an eye.

*Ari.* In a minute before you can say 'come' and 'go', and draw your breath twice, each one of the spirits will be here, lightly skipping and making gesture. Do you love me, master? Don't you?

*Pros.* I love you dearly, my dainty Ariel. Do not come till you here me call.

*Ari.* I understand, sir.

[ *Exit.*

*Pros.* Be careful that you keep your vow. Do not too freely indulge in amorous sports. The strongest oaths like the merest straw are consumed in the fire of passion. Be more temperate, or your vow is no good.

*Fer.* I assure you, sire, that the purity of my sentiment cools the ardour of my passion.

*Pros.* Well, now come, Ariel. Bring a larger number of spirits than are actually needed. Appear and that quickly. Do not please talk, but keep your eyes open, and observe.

[ *Soft music.*

*Enter IRIS.*

*Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas 60  
 Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease ;  
 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
 And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep ;  
 Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,  
 Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,  
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy broom  
 groves,  
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
 Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard ;  
 And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,  
 Where thou thyself dost air ;—the Queen o' the sky, 70  
 Whose watery arch and messenger am I,  
 Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,  
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,  
 To come and sport : her peacocks fly amain :  
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

*Enter CERES.*

*Cer.* Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er  
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;  
 Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers  
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,  
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown 80  
 My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,  
 Rich scarf to my proud earth ; why hath thy Queen  
 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green ?

*Iris.* A contract of true love to celebrate ;  
 And some donation freely to estate  
 On the blest lovers.

*Cer.* Tell me, heavenly bow,  
 If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,  
 Do now attend the Queen ? Since they did plot  
 The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,  
 Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company 90  
 I have forsworn.

*Iris.* Of her society  
 Be not afraid. I met her Deity  
 Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son  
 Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done  
 Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,

*Enter IRIS.*

*Iris.* Ceres, most generous lady, your rich (arable) fields of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and peas, the grass-covered mountain, where sheep graze, and plain meadows, covered with hay, that they may feed the sheep, your banks, overgrown with marsh marigolds and ridge, which showery April bedecks, that the chaste nymphs might make their crowns and your broom-groves, whose shadow is affected by the rejected lover, when he is forsaken by his lady-love, your vineyard with poles hard as rock, where you air yourself, the Queen of the sky (Juno), whose rainbow and messenger I am, bids you leave your favourite haunts, and come and sport with the majestic Juno here on this lawn, in this very place. Her peacocks are drawing near apace. Come bounteous Ceres, to give her a welcome.

*Enter CERES.*

*Cer.* Welcome, many-coloured messenger, who never disobey Jupiter's wife, who with your saffron wings scatters moisture as good as honey to the flowers bringing new life to them, and who spread her bow through the length of the sky, covering both my bush-covered fields and my bare tract of hill, a glorious kerchief to my proud earth. Why has your Queen summoned me to this trim lawn?

*Iris.* My Queen has summoned you to bless the betrothal of two lovers, and bestow some favour on them.

*Cer.* Tell me, heavenly bow, if Venus or her son, as you know, is waiting on the Queen. Since they plotted the means by which the dark Pluto got my daughter (Proserpine), I have renounced their scandalous company.

*Iris.* Do not worry about her. I met her and her son, proceeding through the clouds towards Paphos, in their chariot drawn by doves. Here they intended to stir up lustful desires in this man and the maid by their



Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid  
 Till Hymen's torch be lighted ; but in vain ;  
 Mars's hot minion is return'd again ;  
 Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,  
 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows  
 And be a boy right out.

*Cer.* High'st Queen of state, 101  
 Great Juno, comes ; I know her by her gait.

*Enter JUNO.*

*Juno.* How does my bounteous sister ? Go with me  
 To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,  
 And honour'd in their issue. [ *They sing.*

*Juno.* Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
 Long continuance, and increasing,  
 Hourly joys be still upon you !  
 Juno sings her blessings on you.

*Cer.* Earth's increase, foison plenty, 110  
 Barns and garners never empty ;  
 Vines with clustering bunches growing,  
 Plants with goodly burthen bowing ;  
 Spring come to you at the farthest,  
 In the very end of harvest !  
 Scarcity and want shall shun you,  
 Ceres' blessing so is on you.

*Fer.* This is a most majestic vision, and  
 Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold  
 To think these spirits ?

*Pros.* Spirits, which by mine art 120  
 I have from their confines call'd to enact  
 My present fancies.

*Fer.* Let me live here ever ;  
 So rare a wonder'd father and a wise  
 Makes this place Paradise.

[ *JUNO and CERES whispers, and send IRIS on employment.*

*Pros.* Sweet, now, silence ;  
 Juno and Ceres whisper seriously.  
 There's something else to do ; hush, and be mute,  
 Or else our spell is marr'd.

magic power, but they have taken the vow that they would not come together until the wedding rites had been celebrated. Venus and her son did not succeed. Mar's passionate darling has, therefore, returned. Her irritable son has broken his arrows, and swears that he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows, and be a boy atonce.

*Cer.* The majestic Queen of heaven, Juno, comes. I know her by her stately dignity.

*Enter JUNO.*

*Juno.* How is my bountiful sister ? Come with me to bless this couple, that they may be prosperous and glorified in their children. [ *They sing.*

*Juno.* Honour, riches, the blessings of married life, long duration and increase of the same, hourly joys may ever attend you ! Juno sings her blessings upon you.

*Cer.* May you ever have the plenty of earth's products, barns and garners ever filled, vines laden with clustering bunches, and trees laden with fruit, and let spring come at the end of the harvest, cutting out the winter. May scarcity and want avoid you. Thus Ceres blesses you !

*Fer.* This is a most splendid vision, attended by music, which has been called forth by your magic. May I venture to think that these are spirits ?

*Pros.* Yes, they are spirits. By my magic I have summoned them from the limits to which they are confined to execute my passing fancies.

*Fer.* I should like to live here for ever. A father-in-law who is able to perform such rare wonders, and is wise too, makes this place a veritable heaven.

[ *JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on employment.*

*Pros.* Keep quiet now, my darling, Juno and Ceres whisper solemnly. There is something else going to be done. Silence, or our spell will be annulled.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wind'ring brooks,  
 With your sedged crowns and ever harmless looks,  
 Leave your crisp channels and on this green land 130  
 Answer your summons ; Juno does command :  
 Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
 A contract of true love ; be not too late.

*Enter certain NYMPHS.*

You sun-burnt sicklemen, of August weary,  
 Come hither from the furrow, and be merry ;  
 Make holiday ; your rye-straw hats put on,  
 And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
 In country footing.

*Enter certain REAPERS properly habited : they join with  
 the NYMPHS in a graceful dance : towards the end whereof*

*PRO-PERO starts suddenly, and speaks ; after which,  
 to a strange, hollow, and confused noise they  
 heavily vanish.*

Pros. [ *Aside* ] I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
 Of the beast Caliban and his confederates 140  
 Against my life ; the minute of their plot  
 Is almost come. [ *To the Spirits* ] Well done ! avoid ; no  
 more !

Fer. This is strange ; your father's in some passion  
 That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day  
 Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,  
 As if you were dismay'd ; be cheerful, sir.  
 Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
 Are melted into air, into thin air ; 150  
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made on ; and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd ;  
 Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled ;

*Iris.* You nymphs, called Naiads, of the wandering rivers, with your crowns made of sedge, and gentle and innocent looks, leave your rivers, marked by gentle ripples, and appear on these corn-fields. It is Juno's command. Come, chaste nymphs, and help to celebrate the betrothal of true lovers. Be quick !

*Enter certain NYMPHS.*

You sunburnt reapers, weary of your labour in the month of August, come here from the field, and enjoy a merry holiday ; put on your rye-straw hats, and join these nymphs, lately summoned, in country dance.

*Enter certain REAPERS, properly habited : they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks : after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

*Pros.* [ *Aside.* ] I had forgotton the base plot of the beastly Caliban and his associates against my life. The time is come when they will execute their plot. [ *To the Spirits.* ] Well done ! depart ! no more !

*Fer.* This is strange. Your father is in a strong gust of emotion which agitates him powerfully.

*Mir.* Never till this day did I see him, wrought by such a violent passion.

*Pros.* You look, my son (son-in-law), much amazed, as if you were frightened. Cheer up, sir. Our diversions ara now finished. These our actors, as I told you before were all spirits, and have returned to the invisible air. Like this vision so immaterial and unsubstantial, the lofty towers, the stately palaces, the sacred temples, the universe itself, and all that it contains, shall melt away and like this illusion, when it is gone, leave not a trace behind. We are no more real than dreams, and our short life is terminated by a sleep. Sir, I am upset. Excuse my weakness. Something is troubling me.

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity : 160  
 If you be pleased, retire into my cell  
 And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,  
 To still my beating mind.

*Fer., Mir.* We wish your peace. [ *Exeunt.*

*Pros.* Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel ; come.

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure ?

*Pros.* Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban,

*Ari.* Ay, my commander. When I presented Ceres,  
 I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd  
 Lest I might anger thee. 169

*Pros.* Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets ?

*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking ;  
 So full of valour that they smote the air  
 For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground  
 For kissing of their feet : yet always bending  
 Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,  
 At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,  
 Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses  
 As they smelt music. So I charm'd their ears  
 That ear-filth they my lowing fellow'd through  
 Tooth'd biters, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,  
 Which enter'd their frail shines : at last I left them 181  
 In the filthily mantled pool beyond your cell,  
 There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake  
 O'erstunk their feet.

*Pros.* This was well done, my bird.  
 Thy shape invisible retain thou still.  
 The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither  
 For stale to catch these thieves.

*Ari.* I go, I go, [ *Exit.*

*Pros.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
 Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,  
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ; 190  
 And as with age his body uglier grows,  
 So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,  
 Even to roaring.

*Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistening apparel, etc.*  
 Come, hang them on this line.

Do not please notice my weakness. If you desire, you may withdraw to my cell and rest. I shall walk a little to compose my troubled mind.

*Fer., Mir.* We wish that you may soon recover your peace of mind. [ *Exeunt.*

*Pros.* Come as quick as thought. I thank you, Ariel ; come.

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* I obey your merest wish as soon as it is born in your mind. What do you want me to do ?

*Pros.* Spirit, we must prepare to counteract Caliban.

*Ari.* Yes, my lord. When I represented Ceres, I intended to have told you of it, but I feared that you might be displeased.

*Pros.* Tell me where you left these wretches.

*Ari.* I told you, sir, that they were flushed with drinking, so full of the dare-devil spirit that they struck at the air for blowing upon their faces ; beat the ground for being in contact with their feet ; yet they never forgot their plot. Then I played on my tabor, when, like unbroken horses, they reared their ears, lifted their eyes, sniffed as if they smelt music. I so enchanted them by the music that they followed me as calves follow the lowing of their dams. They followed me through prickly shrubs and plants, which tore their legs. At last I left them in the foul and dirty pool on the further side of your cell. They are splashing and struggling in that pool, which smelt awfully bad.

*Pros.* It was well done, my Ariel. Keep yourself still invisible. You know the gaudy apparel in my house, go and bring it here, and put it out as a decoy to catch these thieves.

*Ari.* Yes, I am off.

*Pros.* Caliban is a born devil. His nature can receive no culture. All my pains, taken for him from a kindly consideration, are utterly wasted. As with age his body grows uglier, his mind worsens too. I shall torment them all till they roar in pain and fear.

*Re-enter ARIEL, laden with glistening apparel, etc.*

Yes, hang them out on the line (or clothes-line).

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible. Enter CALIBAN,  
STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not  
Hear a foot fall : we now are near his cell.

*Steph.* Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harm-  
less fairy, has done little better than played the Jack  
with us. Do you hear, monster ? If I should take a  
displeasure against you, look you.—

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster. 200

*Cal.* Good my lord, give me thy favour still.  
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to  
Shall hoodwink this mischance : therefore speak softly,  
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool !

*Steph.* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in  
that, monster, but an infinite loss.

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting : yet this  
is your harmless fairy, monster.

*Steph.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er  
ears for my labour. 211

*Cal.* Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here.  
This is the mouth o' the cell : no noise, and enter.  
Do that good mischief which may make this island  
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,  
For aye thy foot-licker.

*Steph.* Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody  
thoughts.

*Trin.* O King Stephano ! O peer ! O worthy Stephano !  
look what a wardrobe here is for thee ! 220

*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool ; it is but trash.

*Trin.* O, ho, monster ! we know what belongs to a  
frippery. O King Stephano !

*Steph.* Put off that gown, Trinculo ; by this hand I'll  
have that gown.

*Trin.* Thy grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool ! What do you mean  
To dote thus on such luggage ? Let 't alone  
And do the murder first : if he awake,  
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches, 230  
Make us strange stuff.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible. Enter CALIBAN,  
STEPHANO and TRINCULO, all wet.

*Cal.* Do please walk noiselessly so that the old fellow may not hear a footfall. We are now near his cell.

*Steph.* Monster, the fairy of the island, who, you say, is harmless, has played a dirty trick upon us. Are you listening, monster? If I should be offended with you, look out for trouble.

*Trin.* Oh, yes, if he were offended, it would be all up with you!

*Cal.* My good lord, continue your favour to me still. Use your patience, for the conquest that you will make through me will more than make up for the misadventure. Therefore speak under breath. All is yet as quiet as midnight.

*Trin.* To lose our bottles in the pool—that cannot be made up.

*Steph.* That misadventure involves not only humiliation but an irreparable loss.

*Trin.* I mind the loss more than my drenching. And you say, monster, that the fairy is harmless.

*Steph.* I shall go back and recover the bottle, though it may be at the risk of my life.

*Cal.* I beg you, my king, have patience. Look here: this is the mouth of the cell. Make no noise, and enter. Do that act of murder which will give you the possession of this island, and of me, Caliban, your ever-devoted slave.

*Steph.* That's right. My blood is boiling up.

*Trin.* O King Stephano! O noble peer! O worthy Stephano! Behold, what splendid apparel is here for you!

*Cal.* You fool, leave it alone. It is no good stuff.

*Trin.* Oh, monster, you need not teach us what is not good stuff, O King Stephano!

*Steph.* Put off that gown. Trinculo. I swear I must have it.

*Trin.* Certainly your majesty shall have it.

*Cal.* May dropsy afflict and kill this fool! What do you mean by being enamoured of such trash? Let us proceed and leave it behind. First do the murder. If he awakes, he will torment us with pinches from top to toe, and turn us into queer creatures.



*Steph.* Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin ? Now is the jerkin under the line : now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

*Trin.* Do, do : we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

*Steph.* I thank thee for that jest ; here's a garment for't : wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate ; there's another garment for't. 240

*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on't : we shall lose our time,  
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes  
With foreheads villarous low.

*Steph.* Monster, lay-to your fingers : help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom : go to, carry this.

*Trin.* And this.

*Steph.* Ay, and this. 250

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about ;  
PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.*

*Pros.* Hey, Mountain, hey !

*Ari.* Silver ! there it goes, Silver !

*Pros.* Fury, Fury ! there, Tyrant, there ! hark ! hark !

[ CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, are driven out.

Go charge my goblin that they grind their joints  
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews  
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them  
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

*Ari.*

Hark, they roar !

*Pros.* Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour  
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies :  
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou 260  
Shalt have the air at freedom : for a little  
Follow, and do me service. [ *Exeunt.*

*Steph.* Shut up, monster. Mistress line (lime tree), is not this my jacket ? Now is the jacket under the line (a pun on the sense of equator) ; now jacket, you are likely to lose your hair and prove a hairless jacket.

*Trin.* That's right. We steal by line and level (i. e., systematically), if it may please your majesty.

*Steph.* I thank you for the jest. Take this garment as a reward. While I am king of this island, I shall always patronize wit and intelligence. 'Steal by line and level' is a nice sally of wit. Here is another garment for it.

*Trin.* Monster, put some bird-lime on your fingers and remove all the rest of the apparel.

*Cal.* I do not want any of the stuff. We shall but waste our time, and we shall all be turned to barnacles, or to apes with miserably low foreheads.

*Steph.* Monster, make use of your fingers. Help to carry away all the apparel where my barrel of wine is, or I shall turn you out of my kingdom. Start straightway. Take this.

*Trin.* Take this.

*Steph.* Yes, and this too.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about ;  
PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.*

*Pros.* Ho ; Mountain, ho !

*Ari.* Silver ! There it goes, Silver !

*Pros.* Fury, Fury ! there. Tyrant, there ! listen ! listen !

[ *CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO, are driven out.*

Go and bid my spirits that they fill their joints with racking pain so that they feel choked, contract their muscles with cramps such as the old suffer from, and make them more spotted with pinches than a leopard or a panther.

*Ari.* Listen, they roar.

*Pros.* Let them be hunted thoroughly. At this hour all my enemies lie absolutely under my power. Presently my labours will end, and you shall be free to roam through the air. For a little while follow me and do my bidding.

[ *Exeunt.*

## ACT V

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO's cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.*

*Pros.* Now does my project gather to a head :  
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey : and time  
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day ?

*Ari.* On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord,  
You said our work should cease.

*Pros.* I did say so,  
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,  
How fares the King and 's followers ?

*Ari.* Confined together  
In the same fashion as you give in charge,  
Just as you left them ; prisoners, sir,  
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell : 10  
They cannot budge till your release. The King,  
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,  
And the remainder mourning over them,  
Brimful of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly  
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gonzalo' ;  
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops  
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

*Pros.* Dost thou think so, spirit ?

*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

*Pros.* And mine shall. 20  
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself ;  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply ;  
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art ?  
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,  
Yet with my nobler reason 'against my fury  
Do I take port : the rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose both extend  
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel : 30.  
My charm I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves.

*Ari.* I'll fetch them, sir. [Exit.

## ACT V

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO'S cell.**Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.*

*Pros.* Now my plan is ripening to a successful issue. My magic is working : my spirits are obedient, and time seems to be quite in my favour. What is the time of the day ?

*Ari.* It is on the stroke of six, at which, my master you said, our work will come to an end.

*Pros.* I said so, when I first raised the tempest. Tell me, spirit, how the King and his followers are doing.

*Ari.* I have shut them up in the way you bade me do—they are just as you left them. They are all prisoners in the line-grove which protects your cell from the weather. They cannot move till you release them. The King, his brother and yours, stay all three in a state of bewilderment, and the rest of them lamenting for them. Overwhelmed with grief and terror ; but particularly he whom you called, sir, 'the good old lord, Gonzalo', lets tears flow down his beard, like the icicles of winter dripping from a thatched roof. Your magic acts so powerfully upon them that if you now see them, your heart will be moved

*Pros.* Do you think so, spirit ?

*Ari.* My heart would be moved, sir, if I were not a spirit.

*Pros.* Mine shall, when you, being a spirit are sensible of their distress, shall not myself one of them feeling joy and sorrow as acutely, being as affected by emotion as they are, be moved more deeply than you are ? Though the wrongs they have done me, go deep into my heart, yet I shall combat my desire of revenge with loftier reason. The more uncommon, and therefore the more excellent action is in showing forgiveness than in taking revenge. As they are repentant, all my wrath is forgotten. Go and set them free from the spell, Ariel. I shall dissolve the spell I have cast upon them, and restore them to sanity, and they shall be their old normal selves again.

*Ari.* I shall bring them, sir.

[ *Exit.*

*Pros.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves ;

And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him  
When he comes back : you demi-puppets that  
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid, 40  
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd  
The noontide sun call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault  
Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder  
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt ; the strong-based promontory  
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar . graves at my command  
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth  
By my so potent art. But this rough magic 50  
I here abjure, and, when I have required  
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,  
To work mine end upon their senses that  
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book. [ *Solemn music.*

*Re-enter ARIEL before : then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO : SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO : they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed ; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter  
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,  
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull ! There stand, 60  
For you are spell-stopp'd.  
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,  
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,  
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,  
And as the morning steals upon the night,  
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

*Pros.* You fairies of hills, streams, motionless lakes and groves, and you who on the sandy shore follow the receding waves of the sea and run away as they begin to rush towards the shore ; you, tiny beings, that draw the green circle by moonlight, on which sheep do not feed ; you who are delighted to hear the curfew, and cause the mushrooms to spring up at midnight. By your assistance, though you are but weak agents, when left to yourselves. I have darkened the midday sun ; raised the contending storms, set the blue sky and the sea fighting each other ; I have given execution to the thunder of Jove and riven open his ( Jove's ) oak with his thunderbolt , I have made the rocky coast shake and pulled up the pine and cedar by the roots ; graves have opened at my command, and let forth their inmates under my magical power. But the powerful magic I now renounce, and after I have requisitioned some heavenly music, which I need now to restore their senses, good as the spell wrought by spirits of the air must be for them, I shall break my magic wand, bury it deep down in the earth and sink my book of magic deeper in the sea than the sounding-line ever reached.

*| Solemn music.*

*Re enter ARIEL before : then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO ; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO : they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed ; which PROSPERO observing speaks.*

May a solemn tune which is the best soother to a troubled imagination, cure your madness which now possesses your brains. Stand there, for you are under enchantment. Virtuous Gonzalo, honourable man, my eyes weep tears of sympathy in response to yours. The spell is yielding, and as the light of dawn encroaches upon the night, dissolving the darkness, so their returning

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle  
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,  
My true preserver, and a loyal sir  
To him thou follow'st ! I will pay thy graces 70.  
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly  
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter :  
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.  
Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,  
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,  
Expell'd remorse and the nature : who, with Sebastian—  
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong—  
Would here have kill'd your King ; I do forgive thee,  
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding  
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide 80.  
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore  
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them  
That yet looks on me, or would know me. Ariel,  
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell ;  
I will disease me, and myself present  
As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit ;  
Thou shalt ere long be free.

*ARIEL sings and helps to attire him.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;  
There I couch when owls do cry. 90.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

*Pros.* Why, that's my dainty Ariel ! I shall miss thee ;  
But yet thou shalt have freedom : so, so, so.  
To the King's ship, invisible as thou art ;  
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep  
Under the hatches ; the master and the boatswain  
Being awake, enforce them to this place ; 100.  
And presently, I prithee.

*Ari.* I drink the air before me, and return  
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [ *Exit.*

*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement  
Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us,  
Out of this fearful country !

senses begin to dispel the mists of ignorance, which obscure their reason. O good Gonzalo, preserver of my life and devoted follower of your master, I shall repay your acts of kindness thoroughly both in word and in action. Most cruelly did you, Alonso, treat me and my daughter. Your brother was your accomplice in this matter. Sebastian, you now suffer the pangs of remorse for it. My own flesh and blood, you, my brother, who cherished ambition, drove away pity and natural feeling, who, with Sebastian who suffers, therefore, the worst pangs of remorse, would have here killed your king—I forgive you, though you had acted so unnaturally. Their understanding is coming back in full tide and will soon flood the shore of reason, which now lies covered with mud. There is not one of them who yet looks up to me, or would recognize me. Ariel, bring me the hat and sword that lie in my cell. I shall put off my magic robes, and present myself as the late Duke of Milan. Quick spirit. You shall be set at liberty soon.

*ARIEL sings and helps to attire him.*

“I suck honey from the flower where the bee sucks, I creep into the cup of a cowslip and there lie hidden when owls hoot. Riding on a bat I follow in pursuit of summer—and go wherever summer is. Henceforth I shall live joyously under the flower that hangs on the branch.”

*Pros.* Thank you, my good Ariel. I shall miss you ; but yet I shall set you free. That’s right. Invisible as you are, go to the King’s ship. There you will find the sailors asleep in the hold of the ship. When the master and the boatswain are awake, bring them here, and at once, I pray you.

*Ari.* I fly through the air, and return before your pulse beats twice. *[Exit.]*

*Gon.* This place seems to be possessed by all sorts of torment, trouble, wonder and bewilderment. May some angel guide us out of this dreadful country !



*Pros.* Behold, sir King,  
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.  
For more assurance that a living prince  
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;  
And to thee and thy company I bid  
A hearty welcome. 110

*Alon.* Whether thou be'st he or no,  
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,  
As late I have been, I not know. Thy pulse  
Beats, as of flesh and blood ; and since I saw thee,  
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,  
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave,  
An if this be at all, a most strange story.  
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat  
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero  
Be living and be here ?

*Pros.* First, noble friend, 120  
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot  
Be measured or confined

*Gon.* Whether this be  
Or be not, I'll not swear.

*Pro.* You do yet taste  
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you  
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all !

[ *Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.*  
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,  
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,  
And justify you traitors ; at this time  
I will tell no tales.

*Seb.* [ *Aside.* ] The devil speaks in him.  
*Pros.* No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother 130  
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive  
Thy rankest fault—all of them ; and require  
My dukedom of thee, which perforce I know  
Thou must restore.

*Alon.* If thou be'st Prospero,  
Give us particulars of thy preservation ;  
How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since,  
Were wreck'd upon this shore ; where I have lost—  
How sharp the point of this remembrance is !—  
My dear son Ferdinand.

*Pros.* See, your majesty, the Duke of Milan, Prospero, whom you wronged. For a more positive proof that a living prince speaks to you, I touch your body; and to you and to your company, I extend a cordial welcome.

*Alon.* I do not know whether you are Prospero or not, or some illusion to deceive me as lately I have been deceived. Your pulse beats like that of a human being. And, since I saw you, the distress of my mind is gone. In addition to it, I suppose I was possessed by madness. You have a most strange story to tell, if what I see and hear be a reality. I render back to you your dukedom and pray that you pardon me the wrongs I had done you. But I wonder how Prospero should be living now, and be on this island!

*Pros.* First, noble friend, let me embrace you, a venerable old man whose honour is beyond all measure.

*Gon.* I shall not swear whether this is a reality or an illusion.

*Pros.* You seem to be still under the subtle enchantment of the island, which prevents you from believing things that are real. Welcome to you, my friends.

[ *Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.*

But you, two lords, if I had the mind, I could have drawn his Majesty's displeasure upon you, and proved you to be traitors. Now, however, I shall keep your secret.

*Seb.* [ *Aside.* ] The devil must be prompting him from within.

*Pros.* No. As for you, the most depraved that you are, whom to call a brother, would even poison my mouth, I forgive your gravest offences. I demand my dukedom of you, which, I believe, you cannot but render back.

*Alon.* If you be Prospero, tell us in detail how you were preserved, how you have met us here, who were wrecked on this coast but three hours ago, where I have lost—how painful it is to recall it—my dear son, Ferdinand.

*Pros.* I am woe for 't, sir.

*Alon.* Irreparable is the loss, and patience 140  
Says it is past her cure

*Pros.* I rather think  
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace  
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,  
And rest myself content.

*Alon.* You the like loss !

*Pros.* As great to me as late ; and, supportable  
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker  
Than you may call to comfort you, for I  
Have lost my daughter.

*Alon.* A daughter !  
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,  
The King and Queen there ! That they were, I wish 150  
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed  
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter ?

*Pros.* In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords  
At this encounter do so much admire  
That they devour their reason, and scarce think  
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
Are natural breath : but, howsoe'er you have  
Been jostled from your senses, know for certain  
That I am Prospero and that very duke  
Which was thrust forth of Milan ; who most strangely 160  
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,  
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this ;  
For 't is a chronicle of day by day,  
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor  
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ;  
This cell's my court ; here have I few attendants  
And subjects none abroad ; pray you, look in.  
My dukedom since you have given me again,  
I will requite you with as good a thing ;  
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye 170  
As much as me my dukedom.

*Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA  
playing at chess.*

*Mir.* Sweet lord, you play me false.

*Fer.* No, my dear'st love,  
I would not for the world.

*Pros.* I am sorry for it, sir.

*Alon.* The loss can never be made up, and patience has no remedy for it.

*Pros.* I rather think you have not sought the help of patience. For a similar loss I have the best aid of patience out of its kind favour, and I am quite reconciled to my loss.

*Alon.* You have a similar loss !

*Pros.* As great a loss to me as to you, and it happened but lately. To enable myself to bear the grievous loss, I have much poorer comfort than yours, for I have lost my daughter.

*Alon.* A daughter ? I wish to God that they were both living in Naples as king and queen ! And I wish too I were myself buried in the mud 'at the bottom of the sea where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter ?

*Pros.* In this last tempest, I see that these lords do so much wonder at this unexpected meeting that they have bidden farewell to their reason and scarcely think that their eyes see truly and that their words are their own ; but howsoever you may have been dazed, know for certain that I am Prospero and that very duke who was expelled from Milan and that most strangely I was cast on this island where you were wrecked, that I might be the lord of it. No more of this at present, for it is a history that has to be told from day to day, and is not a short anecdote for the breakfast table, nor suitable to this our first meeting. You are welcome, sir, this cell is my court ; here I have but few attendants and no subjects on the island. Do please peep in. Since you have given me back my dukedom I shall reward you with a thing equally good—at least I shall produce a wonder to give you as much satisfaction as my dukedom gives me.

*Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA,  
playing at chess.*

*Mir.* My dear lord, you cheat me.

*Fer.* No, my darling, I would not cheat you for the world.

*Mir.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,  
And I would call it fair play.

*Alon.* If this prove  
A vision of the island, one dear son  
Shall I twice lose.

*Seb.* A most high miracle !

*Fer.* Though the seas threaten, they are merciful ;  
I have cursed them without cause. [ *Kneels.*

*Alon.* Now all the blessings  
Of a glad father compass thee about ! 180  
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

*Mir.* O, wonder !  
How many goodly creatures are there here !  
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world  
That has such people in't !

*Pros.* 'Tis new to thee.

*Alon.* What is this maid with whom thou wast at play ?  
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :  
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,  
And brought us thus together ?

*Fer.* Sir, she is mortal :  
But b. immortal Providence she's mine : 190  
I chose her when I could not ask my father  
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She  
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,  
Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
But never saw before ; of whom I have  
Received a second life ; and second father  
This lady makes him to me.

*Alon.* I am hers :  
But O, how oddly will it sound that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness !

*Pros.* There, sir, stop :  
Let us not burthen our remembrances with  
A heaviness that's gone.

*Gon.* I have inly wept, 200  
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessed crown !  
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way  
Which brought us hither.

*Alon.* I say, Amen, Gonzalo !

*Mir.* Not to speak of the whole world, even for a number of kingdoms if you should dispute, I would say that it was not cheating.

*Aln.* If this should prove an illusion of the island, it would be losing my dear son twice over again.

*Seb.* A most remarkable wonder !

*Fer.* Though the seas seem to be menacing, they are after all merciful ! I have blamed the seas for no reason. [ *Kneels.*

*Alon.* May all the blessings of a happy father surround you ! Get up, and say how you came here.

*Mir.* How wonderful ! How many lovely creatures do I behold here ! How beautiful mankind is ! What a lovely world it must be when it has such people in it !

*Pros.* It is a revelation to you.

*Alon.* Who is this maiden with whom you were playing ? You could not have been acquainted with her for more than three hours ! Is she the goddess who has separated us, and then brought us together again ?

*Fer.* Sir, she is not a goddess. But by the mercy of God she is mine. I chose her as my bride when I could not ask my father for his advice, nor thought that I had a father. She is daughter of this famous duke of Milan. I have heard so often of him, but never saw him till now. To him I owe my second life, and this lady makes him a second father to me.

*Alon.* I am her second father. But how incongruous it will be that I should beg forgiveness of my child.

*Pros.* Say no more of it, sir. Let us not afflict our memory with a sadness that is gone.

*Gon.* I have wept inwardly, or should have spoken before long. May, you gods, bless the couple with a happy and prosperous reign, for it is you who marked out the way across the sea that brought us together here.

*Alon.* I repeat your prayer, Gonzalo.

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become kings of Naples ? O, rejoice  
Beyond a common joy, and set it down  
With gold on lasting pillars : in one voyage  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,  
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife 210  
Where he himself was lost ; Prospero his dukedom  
In a poor isle ; and all of us ourselves  
When no man was his own

Alon. [ To Fer. and Mir. ] Give me your hands :  
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy !

Gon. Be it so ! Amen !

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain  
amazedly following.*

O look, sir ; look, sir ! Here is more of us !  
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,  
This fellow could not drown Now blasphemy,  
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore ?  
Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ? 220

Boats. The best news is that we have safely found  
Our King and company ; the next, our ship—  
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—  
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd, as when  
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [ *Aside to Pros.* ] Sir, all this service  
Have I done since I went

Pros. [ *Aside to ARIEL.* ] My tricky spirit !

Alon. These are not natural events ; they strengthen  
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither ?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,  
I'd strive to tell you We were dead of sleep, 230  
And—how, we know not—all clapp'd under hatches ;  
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises  
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,  
And moe diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
We were awaked ; straightway, at liberty !  
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good and gallant ship ; our master  
Capering to eye her. On a trice, so please you,  
Even in a dream, were we divided from them  
And were brought moping hither.

Gon. Was the Duke of Milan expelled from Milan that his grandchildren might be kings of Naples? O, rejoice beyond the measure of a common joy, and inscribe it in letters of gold on durable pillars. In one voyage Claribel found her husband at Tunis, and Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife when he seemed to have been lost, and Prospero, his lost dukedom in this wretched island, and all of us who were dazed, got back our sanity.

Alon [ *To Fer. and Mir.* ] Give me your hands. Let him who does not wish you joy be still cursed with grief!

Gon. May it beso!

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the MASTER and BOATSWAIN  
amazedly following.*

Look, sir! here are more of us. I predicted that if there were a gallows on land, the fellow could not drown. Now, evil-tongued fellow, don't you who swore away the very mercy of God from the ship, swear again on land? Are you dumb on land? What is the news?

Boats The best news is that we have found our King and his train all state; the next news is that our ship which three hours ago we declared as wrecked is all sound and tidy and as nicely fitted as when we first sailed.

Ari [ *Aside to PROS.* ] Sir I have done all this since I left you.

Pros. [ *Aside to ARIEL.* ] My dainty spirit full of devices!

Alon. These are not events that occur in the ordinary course of nature. They are growing stranger at every step. Say, how did you come here?

Boats. If I could think, sir, that I was fully awake, I might try to tell you. We were dead asleep, and—how, we know not—all confined within the hold of the ship, where a little while ago by a strange diversity of sounds, all terrible—roaring, yelling, shouting, clattering of chains, we were waked up. At once we found ourselves free; and we behold our lordly and fine ship in the best condition—our master dancing in delight when he saw her. In a moment, if it may please you, as in a dream, we were separated from them and brought here amazed.



Ari. [ *Aside to PROS.* ] Was't well done ? 240

Pros. [ *Aside to ARIEL.* ] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod ;  
And there is in this business more than nature  
Was ever conduct of. Some oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege,

Do not infest your mind with beating on  
The strangeness of this business ; at pick'd leisure  
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,  
Which to you shall seem probably, of every  
These happen'd accidents ; till when, be cheerful 250  
And think of each thing well. [ *Aside to ARIEL.* ] Come  
hither, spirit :

Set Caliban and his companions free ;  
Unite the spell. [ *Exit ARIEL.* ] How fares my gracious sir ?  
There are yet missing of your company  
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO,  
and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

Steph. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no  
man take care for himself ; for all is but fortune Coragio,  
bully-monster, coragio !

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head,  
here's goodly sight. 260

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed !  
How fine my master is ! I am afraid  
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha !

What things are these, my lord Antonio ?  
Will money buy 'em ?

Ant. Very like ; one of them  
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,  
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave—  
His mother was a witch, and one so strong  
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, 270  
And deal in her command without her power.  
These three have robb'd me ; and this demi-devil—

Ari. [ *Aside to PROS.* ] Do you appr

Pros. [ *Aside to ARIEL.* ] You have them to murder my dilligent spirit. You shall be free. gnize, and they

Alon. This is as strange a labyrinth own to be mine. traversed. At the bottom of all that h must be some force other than naturany drunken butler ? voice of the gods to enlighten us. did he get wine ?

Pros. My lord, do not worry drunk that he cannot strange happenings. At a chosen pre should they have to get soon, I shall explain to you rned their faces into nation of all the strange events soiled and smudged ?

then, be cheerful and think that ev ave had such he best. [ *Aside to ARIEL.* ] Come here, spmatism, anban and his companions free ; release them ever (sing the spell [ *Exit ARIEL.* ] How is it with your flieship ? Some few unnoticed fellows are still missing of your company.

*Re-enter ARIEL driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

Steph. Let every man look after all the rest, and no man attend to himself. All is a matter of chance. Buck up, fine monster !

Trin. If my eyes see truly, then here is a splendid spectacle.

Cal. O Setebos, these must be fine spirits certainly ! How splendid is my master. I am afraid he will punish me.

Seb. He, ha ! What creatures are these, my lord Antonio ? Are they for sale ?

Ant. Very likely. One of them seems to be a fish, pure and simple, and no doubt, he will have a price.

Pros. Observe but the marks (rather the robes) they are wearing, and then say whether they are honest men. Look at this grotesque creature ; his mother was a witch and one so powerful that she had power over the moon, could cause the sea to ebb and flow and exercise the power of the moon, independently of her. These three have robbed me. And this half devil—for he is an

Ari. [ *Aside* ] One—had plotted with them

Pros. [ *Aside* ] Two of these fellows you  
shalt be free. own ; this thing of darkness I

Alon. This ne.

And there is in th I shall be pinch'd to death.

Was ever conduct is Stephano, my drunken butler ?

Must rectify our kn<sup>e</sup> now ; where had he wine ?

Pros. o is reeling ripe : where should they

Do not infest your m that hath gilded 'em ? 280

The strangeness of th<sup>e</sup> pickle ?

Which shall be shortly such a pickle since I saw you  
last tha to you shall see ll never out of my bones. I shall  
not fear fly-t<sup>e</sup>n'd accide

Seb. Why, much thing Stepheno !

Steph. O, touch. ot ; I am not Stephano, but a  
cramp.

Pro. You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah ?

Steph. I should have been a sore one, then.

Alon. This is as strange as e'er I look'd on.

[ *Pointing to CALIBAN.*

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners 290

As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell ;

Take with you your companion ; as you look

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter,

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass

Was I to take this drunkard for a god

And worship this dull fool !

Pros. Go to ; away !

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you  
found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather. [ *Exeunt CAL, STE., and TRIN.*

Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your train 300

To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest

For this one night ; which, part of it, I'll waste

With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it

Go quick away—the story of my life,

And the particular accidents gone by

Since I came to this isle ; and in the morn

I'll bring to your ship, and so to Naples,

Where I have hope to see the nuptial

illegitimate issue—has conspired with them to murder me. Two of these fellows you will recognize, and they are yours. And this devilish creature I own to be mine.

*Cal.* I shall be pinched till I die.

*Alon.* Is not this fellow Stephano, my drunken butler ?

*Seb.* He is drunk now. Where did he get wine ?

*Alon.* And Trinculo is so dead drunk that he cannot keep himself on his legs. Where should they have found this great elixir that had turned their faces into red ? How did you come to be so soiled and smudged ?

*Trin.* Since I saw you last, I have had such a drenching that it has given me rheumatism, and that it will ever make my bones ache. However (since I am pickled) I need not fear being infected by flies.

*Seb.* How are you, Stephano ?

*Steph.* O, do not touch me. I am not Stephano, but a mass of cramps.

*Pros.* You would be king of the island, fellow ?

*Steph.* I should have been a sorry king indeed !

*Alon.* This is as strange a creature as I ever have seen. [ *Pointing to CALIBAN.*

*Pros.* His manners are as ugly as his appearance. Go to my cell, fellow. Take with you your companions. As you expect to be forgiven by me, tidy up the cell nicely.

*Cal.* I shall do that gladly. I shall be sensible in future and try to make good. What a confounded fool I was to take this drunkard as a god and worship him too, a silly ass as he is.

*Pros.* Hurry ; do not loiter !

*Alon.* Away, and replace the apparel where you found it.

*Seb.* Or stole it rather. [ *Exeunt CAL., STE., and TRIN.*

*Pros.* Sir, I invite your majesty and your company to my humble cell, where you will rest for this one night, part of which I shall spend on such a talk as, I do not doubt, will make the night pass quickly. In the morning I shall conduct you to the ship, and then we shall all proceed to Naples, where I expect to see the wedding

Of these our dear-beloved solemnized ;  
 And thence retire me to my Milan, where 310  
 Every third thought shall be my grave.

*Alon.* I long  
 To hear the story of your life, which must  
 Take the ear strangely.

*Pros.* I'll deliver all ;  
 And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales  
 And sail so expeditious that shall catch  
 Your royal fleet far off. [ *Aside to ARIEL.* ] My Ariel, chick,  
 That is thy charge. Then to the elements  
 Be free, and fare thou well !— Please you, draw near.  
[ *Exeunt.*

## EPILOGUE

### SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
 And what strength I have's mine own,  
 Which is most faint Now, 'tis true,  
 I must be here confined by you.  
 Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
 Since I have my dukedom got,  
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
 In this bare island by your spell ;  
 But release me from my bands 10  
 With the help of your good hands.  
 Gentle breath of yours my sails  
 Must fill, or else my project fails,  
 Which was to please Now I want  
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant ;  
 And my ending is despair.  
 Unless I be relieved by prayer,  
 Which pierces so that it assaults  
 Mercy itself, and frees all faults.  
 As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
 Let your indulgence set me free. 20

of our dear ones celebrated ; and then I shall retire to Milan where part of my thoughts will be devoted to life hereafter.

*Alon.* I wish to hear the story of your life, which, I believe, will fascinate me wonderfully.

*Pros* I shall relate it fully. I promise you calm seas, favourable winds and fast voyage so that you will overtake the rest of your fleet. [ *Aside to ARIEL.* ] My dainty Ariel, you must look to this matter, and then you shall be free and go back to the air.--Will you please draw nearer ? [ *Exeunt.*

## EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

Now I have discarded magic, and what power I possess is my own—and it is very little. Now indeed it all depends upon you whether I shall be confined here, or sent to Naples. Since I have got back my dukedom and pardoned the deceivers, let me not dwell in this lonely and barren island under your magic spell. By the noise of your clapping release me from enchantment. Your kind approval should be given me, or my object, which was to please you, fails. Now I have no more spirits in my service to carry out my commands, nor do I any more employ magic to enchant. I must end my days in despair unless you pray for my soul so that the Al'-Merciful may forgive my sins. As you would be forgiven your sins, let your kindness release me from my bonds.

## NOTES

[ *The figures refer to the lines.* ]

### ACT I : SCENE I

**Analysis.** A ship (which bears Alonso, King of Naples, his brother, Sebastian, his son Ferdinand and lords and counsellors) is in danger from a storm. The boatswain is busy and directs the operations of the sailors. But Alonso, and his party rush on deck and talk to the boatswain, thus making his work difficult. The boatswain orders them off to the cabin. Gonzalo (an honest old Counsellor) has much comfort from the appearance of the boatswain : Gonzalo believes that he is born to be hanged, and that his fate might be the saving of the ship.

The ship is rather near the shore, and the danger is that it may be driven on shore and wrecked. First the topsail is taken in. The wind increases in force, and the topmast is let down to make the ship lighter at the top, and the mainsail is depended on to keep the ship close to the wind.

Again Sebastian, Antonio and Gonzalo appear on deck. The boatswain swears at them for howling louder than the elements or the orders shouted to the sailors. He is impatient with them because they are getting in his way. They too abuse the boatswain. Gonzalo still builds his hope upon what he conceives to be the fate of the boatswain. The ship being driven near the shore, the mainsail and the foresail are both hoisted to push it off to sea again.

The sailors cry 'All lost !' From within comes a confused noise : 'Mercy on us !' 'We split, we split !' 'Farewell wife and children !' 'Farewell brother !' Till the worst happens Gonzalo repeats that the boatswain will be hanged. Antonio (the usurping duke of Milan) regrets that their lives were in the hands of drunkards (sailors)..

They hurry off to join the King (Alonso). Gonzalo wishes that he could die a dry death.

**Critical Note.** The opening scene of the play at once awakens the reader's interest and keeps it in suspense. The reader is told that the ship carries a king, but he knows nothing more.

It is a scene of bustle and excitement. To the Elizabethan audience, directly interested in naval matters, it must have immensely appealed. Apart from graphic and realistic details which result in vividness of impression, Shakespeare shows remarkable accuracy of knowledge in technical matters relating to the ship. All the orders that Shakespeare's boatswain gives are such as a fully-informed sailor might have given to keep the ship of the coast.

One may well wonder how Shakespeare could have mastered all these technical details. Not being a sailor, Shakespeare must have drawn his technical knowledge of seamanship from accurate personal observation, and he must have also a remarkable power of applying the information thus gained.

Some of the characters of the play are introduced in this scene. There is no hint as yet about the locality, about the relation of the characters to one another and about their future.

Coleridge has the following fine remark on the scene : "The romance opens with a busy scene admirably appropriate to the kind of drama, and giving, as it were, the keynote to the whole harmony .....It is the bustle of a tempest, from which the real horrors are abstracted ;—therefore it is poetical, though not in strictness natural (the distinction to which I have so often alluded) and is purposely restrained from concentrating the interest on itself, but is used merely as an induction or turning for what is to follow."

1. **Boatswain**—a ship's officer who has charge of the sails, boats, rigging, cables, etc., and who summons the seamen to their duty by means of a whistle.

2. **Master**—the captain of the ship is often called "the master." What cheer—how goes it with you? Verity



explains : 'What do you want ?' said in reply to the master's call.

3. **Good**—my good fellow. It has nothing to do with 'what cheer ?' **Speak to the mariners**—call the sailors to duty. **Fall to't**—set about it. **Yarely**—quickly. Or—otherwise.

4. **Run ourselves aground**—be wrecked on the rocks of the coast. **Bestir**—be quick about it.

5. **Heigh**—an exclamation calling attention. **My hearts**—my brave fellows. **Cheerly**—cheerily or heartily. A sailor cries to his mates to pull *cheerly*, that is, with a will. This is a word special to sailors.

6. **Yare**—quick ; ready. A. S. *gears*, ready, prepared. **Take in**—lower. **Topsail**—the sail next above the lowest sail, called the course. In large ships the topsail is divided horizontally into two sections called the upper and lower topsails. **Tend**—attend.

7. **Blow**—addressed to the wind. **Wind**—power of breathing in exertion without difficulty. **Blow.....wind**—let the wind blow its worst. **If room enough**—if there is sea-room enough for the ship to tackle about. **Blow.....enough**—if there were sea-room enough, there would be little danger in the tempest blowing very hard. Steevens reads (unnecessarily), "blow till thou burst thee, wind." Malone points out that winds are represented in ancient pictures with their cheeks puffed out.

8. **Good boatswain**—Alonso speaks in a pleading tone. **Have care**—act carefully.

9. **Play the men**—do not lose your head ; behave like men. **Compare** :

"When they shall hear how we have played the men."



!

—I *Henry VI*, I. vi. 16.

10. **Keep below**—stay in your cabins. **I.. .....below**—note the tone of annoyance. As a matter of fact these people by rushing on deck are getting in the way of sailors.

11. **Do you not hear him**—the master is of course giving orders. The boatswain has good reason to be annoyed. **Mar**—hinder. **You mar our labour**—you get in our way ; you interfere in our work.

13. **Keep**—stay in. **Assist the storm**—by getting in our way, you are helping the storm to wreck the ship.

14. **Nay**—the commoner Shakespearean use is that of serving to correct, amplify, or emphasize something that precedes, or to express a mild protest. **Good**—my good fellow. **Be patient**—do not lose your temper.

15. **When.....is**—when the sea is patient. **Hence**—get away. **What cares**—singular verb with plural subject. Compare :

There *lies*

“Two kinsmen digg’d their graves with weeping eyes.”

—*Richard II*, III. iii. 168.

16. **Roarers**—the roaring waves. The word *roarer* was used in Shakespeare’s time in the sense of bully, riotous fellow. **To cab n**—the verb of motion is omitted.

18. **Good**—very well. **Whom... ..aboard**—i. e., King Alonso.

19. **None..... myself**—this is the best reply to their exhortation that he should have greater care. His own life is more precious to the boatswain than anybody else’s—and that is the best reason why he should do his Utmost to save the ship, and not because the ship carries King Alonso. Note that the boatswain is rude and blunt.

20. **Counsellor**—Gonzalo is described as ‘an honest old Counsellor.’ If you .....silence—if you can bid the storm and the waves cease.

21. **Work**—bring about. **Of the present**—at the present moment. **Hand**—handle. Compare :

“Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes,

First *hand* me.”

—*Winter’s Tale*, II. iii. 62-63.

21-22. **We will...more**—we will have nothing to do with seamanship anymore. Use authority—exert your power. **If..... cannot**—if you cannot hush the storm. **Give thanks**—be grateful.

23. **You.....so long**—the boatswain implies that the life of a counsellor is good for nothing.

24. **Mischance**—accident. **Of the hour**—that may happen presently. **Hap**—happen.

25. **Out.....way**—don't be standing in our way. Let us work without being hindered by you.

26. **I have.....fellow**—I build great hopes upon this fellow (the boatswain). **Methinks**—it seems to me. *A. S. me thynketh.*

27. **Drowning mark**—sign that he will die by drowning. **He .....hin**—Gonzalo's comfort consists in this that the boatswain does not look like getting drowned—that he is destined to be hanged. **Complexion**—natural colour and appearance of the skin, especially of the face.

27-28. **His complexion .. ..... gallows**—he looks like being hanged, and not drowned. An allusion to the proverb: He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned. Compare also:

“Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,  
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,  
Being destined to a drier death on shore.

—*Two Gentleman of Verona*, I. i. 156-158.

**Stand fast .....** hanging—do not fail, O fate, in the matter of his hanging.

29. **Make .....cable**—the idea is this: the boatswain is destined to be hanged; so the halter with which destiny means that he should be hanged, may be the cable to hold our ship and prevent it drifting aground; in other words, the boatswain who is destined to be hanged, is our only chance of safety—since he is with us, we are not going to drown. **Cable**—the cable of the anchor by which a ship is held secure. **Our own**—i. e., our own cable.

29-30. **Doth ....advantage**—is no good. ‘Advantage’ is a verb.

30-31. **If he... .....miserable**—our only hope is that the boatswain is destined to be hanged. His fate alone can save us from a watery grave. But if he is not born to be hanged, then we are in a miserable plight—we run the risk of drowning.

32. **Down.....topmast**—take in the topmast. The topmast from its weight and from catching the wind,

causes the ship to drift shoreward : hence the order to take it down. 'Topmast, is a mast attached to the upper end of a ship's lower mast. It is the second of the sections forming the mast of a ship. Lower—not a comparative adverb as Schmidt put it ; it is likely to be a verb.

33. Bring.....main-course—try by means of the mainsail to keep the ship close to the wind, so that she may not drift shoreward. To "try with main-course" was a technical term. Main-course—main-sail.

33-34. A plague....howling - confound this shouting.

34-35. They.....office—they make more noise than the storm or the crew engaged in their work. The sailors shout a lot when they handle the ropes, etc. Our office—i. e., we engaged in our duties.

36 Yet again—you appear again on deck ! What... here—what do you want here ? Give o'er—abandon all efforts to save the ship.

37. To sink—for 'to drown.'

38. A plague... throat—confound your shouting ! Bawling—shouting. Blasphemous—irreverent. To *blaspheme* is to speak or write profanely of sacred things. The boatswain is called 'blasphemous' because he has little respect for the King.

39. Incharitable—uncharitable ; heartless. The boatswain is called 'incharitable' because he has no regard for the anxieties of the passengers.

40. Work you then—you better manage the ship then, if you won't let us do it.

41. Insolent—cheeky ; saucy. Noisemaker—Antonio implies that the boatswain is only shouting and doing nothing to save the ship.

42. Warrant him—make sure of him. For—as regards ; therefore against.

43. No.....nutshell—as frail as a nutshell.

44. Lay her a-hold—another technical term. To lay a ship a-hold is defined in Admiral Smyth's *Sailor's Word-book* as "a term of our early navigators, for bringing a ship close to the wind, so as to hold or keep to it." Set.....courses—set or hoist two courses i. e., the

mainsail and the foresail. In spite of having set the mainsail, the ship had drifted shoreward ; now the mainsail as well as the foresail are set. **Off**—put off.

45. **Lay her off**—put off to sea ; clear the land.

46. **At lost**—all our efforts proved in vain. **To prayers**—let us give ourselves up to prayers.

47. **Cold**—i. e., cold in death. **Must.....** . cold—must we die ? “Possibly a contemptuous reference by the seamen to the chilling effect of prayer at such a crisis.”

—*Boas*.

48. **Let's..... them**—let us join them in their prayers.

49. **For .....theirs** - for we stand in the same position as they ; for we are no better off than they are.

50. **I'm . .... patience** Sebastian makes the sailors responsible for the loss of the ship.

51. **Merely—absolutely** **Cheated .....lives**—betrayed and thus robbed of our lives The implication is that the sailors did not do their duty properly, as they were drunk.

52. **Wide-chapp'd—broad-cheeked** **This.... rascal**—Antonio means the boatswain. Antonio breaks off in the mid-t of his speech, and turns to swear at the boatswain himself. **Wou'd** -I wish.

53. **The washing of ten tides**—during the ebb and flow of ten tides **N. B.**—In Shakespeare's time, pirates were hanged on the shore at low water-mark and left till three tides had over-washed them. Three tide-washings are not enough for the boatswain ; let him have ten. Antonio's exaggeration.

54. **He'll yet**—Gonzalo still clings to his belief that boatswain will be hanged.

55. **Swear.....it**—threaten to snatch at him and drag him into a watery grave.

56. **Gape**—open its mouth. **Glut**—swallow. The word, *glut*, in the sense of englut, swallow, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. Johnson quotes from *Paradise Lost*, X, 632-633 :

“Night burst

With suck'd and *glutted* offal.”

57. **We split**—the ship is going to pieces.

58. Sink—drown.

60. Furlongs—a furlong is the eighth part of a mile, properly the length of a furrow.

61. Acre—an acre contains 4,840 square yards. Ling—heather Heath—same as ling, common heath. Broom—a genus of pod-bearing shrubs, with yellow flowers. Furze—an evergreen shrub of the genus *Ulex*, with bright yellow flowers.

The common furze, sometimes also called gorse or whin, is found in barren, sandy soil, and grows from three to seven feet high. It blooms more or less all the year round : hence the popular saying that when furze is out of flower, kissing is out of favour. Ling.....furze—the folio reading is “long heath, brown furze,” which some editors adopt. The objection to it is that a man in a crisis like this would not care to specify the size of the heath and colour of the furze.

Hanmer’s emendation (“long, heath, broom, furze”) has this merit that the speaker repeats almost the same thing under four different names. In the stress of emotion under the peril of instant drowning one may do this. The four different names of almost the same thing express the speaker’s eagerness of longing for a “dry death.”

62. The wills above—God’s will. Be done—be fulfilled. The wills .... done—note Gonzalo’s submission to what is inevitable. Fain—gladly.

63. Dry death—death on dry ground as opposed to death by drowning.

#### Note on the Shipwreck in Scene I

‘The first scene is a striking instance of the great accuracy of Shakespeare’s knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience. He must have acquired it by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time, as no books had then been published on the subject.

The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described ; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have

been devised for a chance of safety : and it is neither to the want of skill of the seamen or the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of Prospero, that the shipwreck is to be attributed.

The words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point to the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakespeare's ship was too well-manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do.

He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the doubtful points of seamanship : one of the latter he has introduced, under the only circumstance in which it was indisputable, namely, the striking of the topmast. This was a new invention in Shakespeare's time, which he has very properly introduced here.

Notice the orders or observations corresponding to each position of the ship.

#### 1st Position

Land discovered under the lee ; the wind blowing too fresh to haul upon a wind with the topsail set. Yare is an old sea term for briskly, in use at that time. This first command is therefore a notice to be ready to execute any orders quickly.

#### 2nd Position

The topsail is taken in. 'Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.' The danger in a good sea-boat is only from being too near the land. this is introduced here to account for the next order.

#### 1st Order or Command

'Fall to 't yarely'—line 3.

#### 2nd Order or Command

'Yare, yare'—line 6.

**3rd Positon**

The gale increasing, the topmast is struck, to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drift less to leeward and bear the mainsail under which the ship is laid to.

**3rd Order or Command**

'Down with the topmast  
.....'—line 32.

**4th Position**

The ship having driven near the shore, the mainsail is hauled up ; the ship wore, and the two courses set on the other tack, to endeavour to clear the land that way.

**4th Order or Command**

'Ley her a-hold !  
—line 45.

**5th Position**

The ship, not able to weather a point is driven on shore.

**5th—Gonzalo Exclaims**

'We split ! we split !'—l. 56.

Lord Musgrave in Malone's edition (*Knight's Shakespeare*).

**ACT I : SCENE II**

**Analysis.** Miranda's gentle heart is deeply moved by the sight of the shipwreck, and she begs her father (Prospero) to stop the storm, if it has been raised by his magic art. Her father prepares for some important revelations. Prospero bids her try to recollect things of the past. She can but vaguely recall them—at least she remembers that she had several women to wait upon her.

Prospero informs her that he was Duke of Milan ; that his brother, Antonio, to whom he entrusted the management of the state, being himself devoted to study, conspired with the King of Naples, and then put him (Prospero) and her (Miranda), then no more than a baby, into an unseaworthy boat, and turned them adrift ; and that they at length arrived at the island in which they at present dwell. Then he proceeds to explain the



cause of the late storm that he has raised, but Miranda falls asleep, under the influence of Prospero's magic.

Ariel now appears to Prospero. It is Ariel, who, at the bidding of Prospero, raised the storm, and then appeared as a flame on deck, moving about here and there, and thus put all the passengers into a state of pitiable fear. Prospero's instruction to him was to see that none of them were harmed, but that they all were confused with terror. He has carried out his instruction—he has put away the ship in safety, and the crew asleep under hatches, and he has dispersed the company round about on the island, but he has separated the King's son (Ferdinand) from the rest, and left him by himself.

Ariel reminds Prospero of his promise to release him. Prospero now recalls to him the years he (Ariel) remained imprisoned in the cleft of a pine, where the witch Sycorax had put him, and now when Prospero came to the island, he had set Ariel free. In this connection Prospero alludes to Caliban, the son left by Sycorax. Ariel departs, promising to do all his bidding. Prospero promises to set him free in two days.

Prospero next wakes up Miranda. They go to see Caliban. It is under fear of physical pain that Caliban works for them. Prospero sought to teach him and took care of him, but the result was that Caliban tried to violate the honour of Miranda. So Caliban has been confined to a rock, but he has to do all the same menial service for them. Caliban is already conscious that at first he was free—his own king, so to speak, and that now he is no more than a slave of Prospero. Only the fear of physical pain makes him work for him. Prospero now sends him to fetch in fuel.

Ariel appears invisible, playing and singing. Ferdinand, following his song which seems to come from nowhere, approaches where Prospero and Miranda stand. Prospero points out Ferdinand to Miranda. Miranda falls into instantaneous admiration of him. Ferdinand comes up to Miranda, but on claiming to be King of Naples, believing that his father is drowned, Prospero

challenges him, and calls him a spy, and sternly bids him follow him. Ferdinand draws his sword, but Prospero's magic makes his arms and legs motionless. Miranda begs her father to have pity on the stranger. Prospero thus tests both Ferdinand and Miranda. He is satisfied that nothing will shake Miranda's love and that Ferdinand also yearns for her.

**Critical Note.** It is the scene of *Exposition*. It is pretty long as it must necessarily be, when Shakespeare puts the reader in possession of all preceding incidents that lead up to the shipwreck, which occurs in the first scene. First about the shipwreck : it has been done by Prospero's magic art. Then how do Prospero and Miranda come to live on a lonely island ? The shipwreck which Miranda witnesses with deep pity in her heart, provides the occasion to Prospero to tell her the story of her past and his past too. Prospero makes Ariel (a spirit) execute his orders. Ariel seems to fret at the restraint, for Prospero holds him under his power by his magic art. We are told incidentally the past history of Ariel. There is another creature on the island. It is Caliban—half man and half brute. He is made to do all menial work. We learn that he is the offspring of the witch Sycorax who was banished to the island, and died there leaving behind Caliban. So when Prospero comes to the island, Caliban has been practically in possession of the island, for Ariel, the spirit that serves Prospero, has been left shut in a cloven pine, from which Prospero releases him ; and Caliban, the half-brute, ever feels sore that he has been dispossessed of the island by Prospero, and has been made a slave. All these facts, so necessary for the proper understanding of the plot, are conveyed to the reader by a very ingenious means and at a considerable saving of time and space. Note also that the complication of the plot is to begin with the dawning love between Ferdinand and Miranda. They are brought together in the second scene, and that through the agency of Ariel. Prospero is pleased to see that they fall in love with each other. Much hangs upon that. The most noteworthy fact about *The Tempest* is

that, not circumstances and character, but Prospero seems to control the destiny of persons—and events, and things are shaping as he wills.

1. *By your art*—by your magic art. Note that Miranda addresses her father by *you*, he replies by *thou*. Shakespeare makes this the invariable practice between parents and children.

2. *Wild*—wild as the effect of the exercise of magic. A proleptic use. *Put.....roar*—lashed the sea into fury. *Allay*—calm (as Prospero can do that by magic). A. S. *aleckan*, to cause to lie down.

3. *Stinking*—evil smelling. *Pour . pitch*—alludes to the practice of mediæval warfare when boiling pitch was poured by the besieged on the besiegers. We may imagine, therefore, the sea besieging the sky, and the sky pouring down boiling pitch.

4. *But*—except. *Mounting to*—rising as high as. Refers to the upheaving waves. *Welkin*—sky. A. S. *wolcen* or *welcn*, cloud, air, sky. *Welkin's cheek*—cloudy face of the sky, Compare :

"The cloudy cheeks of heaven"—*Richard II*, III. iii. 57.

"The wide cheeks o' the air."—*Coriolanus*, V. iii. 151.

5. *Dashes .....out*—the pitch is flaming or almost liquid flame, but it is extinguished by the waves of the sea.

3-5. *The sky..... out*—the image suggests warfare between the sky and the sea. The waves of the sea rise high, and seem to crowd round the sky. The waves may, therefore, be said to besiege the sky. Now the sky in its defence (as the besieged will do) pours down the flaming pitch. The waves, however, extinguish the flaming pitch. Deighton explains "stinking pitch" as a deluge of rain as black foul as pitch. It is better to explain it, as Percival does, as rain and the flashes of lightning. *O, I have suffered*—this cry that comes so spontaneously from Miranda's heart, reveals her character to the reader. Her heart is one, uncorrupted by the artificial usages of the world, and pity springs of itself in that heart.

6. *With*—in sympathy with. *Brave*—gallant. Gaelic *breagh*, Scotch *braw*. Compare *braw* (beautiful) lass.

7. Who—for 'which'. **Creature**—collective for 'creatures.'

8. **Dash'd.....pieces**—the vessel split on rock. **Cry**—the cry of the shipwrecked. **Did knock**—beat.

9 **Against..... heart**—against the door of my heart.

8-9. **Did..... heart**—Miranda means that she was very much perturbed by the sight of the shipwreck

10. **Any god of power**—a powerful god

11. **Sunk.....earth**—made the sea disappear beneath the earth. **Or ere**—before. A common phrase in Shakespeare.

12. **So**—causing such painful feelings to her.

13. **Fraughting souls**—creatures who made up the freight of the vessel.

14. **Collected**—composed. **Be collected**—calm yourself. **Amazement**—utter bewilderment, verging on terror. A much stronger word in Shakespeare's time than now. **No.....amazement**—pull yourself together. **Piteous**—full of pity. The word more commonly applies to the object which excites pity

15. **Woe the day**—alas for the day.

16. **But**—except. **In care of thee**—for your good.

18. **Nought**—nothing.

19-20. **More.....Prospero**—anything better than what I appear to be 'More better' is an instance of double comparative for the sake of emphasis. **Master**—owner. **Full**—very.

21. **Thy.....father**—your father, whose greatness consists in nothing more than in being owner of a poor cell in a solitary island.

22. **Meddle.....thoughts**—occur to me.

23. **'Tis time**—note how well-timed is the story of the past that is now told. It interests not only Miranda, but the reader also. The reader is as anxious to know the cause of the shipwreck. **I should.....farther**—I should let you know more than you ever knew—all that concerns you. **Lend.....hand**—assist me in taking off my mantle.

24. **Pluck.....me**—relieve me of my magic gown. **So**—that's right.

25. Lie.....art—by putting away the magician's mantle, Prospero ceases to be a magician. Steevens quotes the following: "Sir W. Cecil, lord Burleigh, lord high treasurer, etc., when he put off his gown at night, used to say, 'Lie there, lord treasurer.'" "Is Shakespeare hunting at his own resignation of his 'art' ?—Verity. Wipe..... eyes—Miranda is still weeping. Have comfort be of good cheer.

26. Direful—dreadful. L. *Dirus*, terrible. Spectacle—sight.

26-27. Virtue--essence; "the most efficacious part, the energetic quality; in a like sense we say, the virtue of the plant is its extract" (*John on*). Touch'd.....thee—moved your heart to tenderest pity.

28. Provision—used in the literal sense of *foresight*. L. *pro*, before, and *visions*, from *videre*, to see. It corresponds to modern *provision*.

29. Safely—with consideration of safety for the persons concerned. Ordered managed things. No soul—not a creature. Prospero does not complete the sentence.

30. Perdition—entire loss. L. *perditio*, from *perdere* to destroy. An hair—*i e*, as the loss of a hair.

31. Betid—happened.

32. Which ..... cry—'which ! refers to 'creature' in the previous line. Which .. ...sink—'which' refers to 'vessel' in the previous line.

35. Bontless—profitless. A S. *bot*. compensation, profit. Inquisition—inquiry. Left .....inquisition—*i e*, left my question unanswered.

36. Stay . . .yet—wait a little more; it is not yet time.

37. The very . . .ear—Prospero speaks rather in an impassioned tone. The revelations that he is going to make, deeply affect Miranda's fortunes. Ope—open.

39. Came.. .....cell—came to dwell in this cave in this island.

41. Out—completely.

43. Of .....me—tell the image of anything.

44. Kept—remained. 'Tis .....off—it seems to be so far back in the distance of time.

45. Like a dream—as vague and shadowy as a dream. Assurance—certainty.

46. **Warrants**—make sure of.

44-46. 'Tis.....warrants—Prospero asks Miranda whether she can remember anything of the past. Miranda replies that it is all so vague and hazy. It seems to her like a dream ; and her memory cannot make sure of what she but faintly remembers.

47. **Tended me**—looked after me.

49. **That..... mind**—that you can remember this.

50. **Dark backward**—dim, far-receding past. **Abysm**—bottomless gulf. Shakespeare always uses 'abysm' for modern *abyss*.

51. **Aught**—anything. **Ere**—before

52. **How .. mayst**—you may recall too how you came to this island

53. **Twelve year since**—twelve years ago. Speaking of periods of time Shakespeare uses the form *year* more frequently than *years*. In old English many neuter nouns, such as *year*, *night*, *winter* had no distinct form for the plural. **Twelve year since**—repetition is due to his stress of emotion

55. **A prince of power**—a powerful prince.

56. **Sir ... father ?**—this is a natural question for Miranda to put. So long she has known Prospero to be the owner of the humble cell in the island. Now Prospero says that her father was the Duke of Milan. She infers that Prospero might not be her father. **Thy mother ...virtue**—your mother was a model of virtue or chastity. **Piece**—masterpiece

57. **She daughter**—Prospero indirectly answers that he is her father.

58. **His..... heir**—i. e., Miranda.

59. **No... issued**—as nobly born. **O the heavens**—now the truth dawns upon Miranda.

60. **Foul play**—treachery. **Thence**—from Milan.

61. **Or.....did**—or was it good that we came from Milan to this island ? **Both**—by treachery we were removed from Milan, and it is also good that we came to this island.

62. **Heaved**—transported.

63. **Blessedly**—for our good. **Holp**—helped. ‘Help’ was originally a strong verb, and ‘holp’ is a strong preterite, from A. S. *healp*. **Holp hither**—Prospero implies that somebody (i. e., Gonzalo) helped them, and that so they managed to come to this island. **O.....bleeds**—my heart aches with sympathy.

64. **Teen**—sorrow. A. S. *teona*, wrong, injury. **Teen... to**—the trouble that I have given you.

65. **Which .....remembrance**—which I have quite forgotten. **Please you**—may it please you to go on.

67. **Mark me**—attend to me.

68. **Perfidious**—faithless.

69. **To him put**—note that the syntax is changed under stress of emotion

70. **Manage**—management Compare : “the husbandry and manage of my house.”—*Merchant of Venice*, III. iv. 25.

71. **As**—not a conjunction, but an adverb to be taken with ‘at..... time.’ **Signories**—states or principalities ruled over (as in N. Italy during the Middle Ages) by signors or signiors.

72. **Prime**—first in rank. L. *primus*, first. **Being..... reputed**—being esteemed by others as the first duke.

73. **In dignity**—in rank and position. **Liberal arts**—intellectual pursuits.

74. **Without.....parallel**—having none to equal me. **Study**—object of attention.

75. **Cast upon**—delegated to.

76. **State**—the state of Milan, or the affairs of state. **To... .. stranger**—I lost touch with the state of Milan. **Transported**—absorbed and carried away.

77. **Rapt**—conveys the same sense of being carried away. L. *rapere*, to snatch. **Secret studies**—(i) magic ; (ii) studies that kept him in seclusion. **False**—treacherous.

78. **Attend**—attend to. **Heedfully**—attentively.

79. **Being .. perfected**—having once mastered the art. **Suits**—petitions.

80. **Deny**—reject. **Who**—for ‘whom’. **Advance**—promote. **Who**—for ‘whom’.

81. **Trash**—‘trash’ is chiefly used in hunting, and means to restrain. Some, influenced by the word *overtopping*, explain it as “to lop”, a meaning that has been

given it nowhere. *Over-top* is certainly used of trees as in *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. xii. 23-24 :

"This pine is bark'd,  
That overtopp'd them all."

But here Shakespeare evidently uses it in the sense of "outstrip." This makes the hunting metaphor consistent. Compare :

"If this poor trash of Venice, whom I *trash*.  
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on.

—*Othello*, II. i. 312-313.

A *trash* was a halter fastened to a dog's neck and dragging on the ground. *New created*—newly created ; totally transformed.

82. *Creatures*—rather slavish creatures. *That..... mine*—who were absolutely obedient to my will.

83. Or else .....*form'd 'em*—i. e., made them ready as tools. *Key*—the key means here, as Sir John Hawkins points out, the key for tuning the harpsichord, spinet, or virginals. The idea is this : Antonio could regulate all office and their holders as a musician regulates his instrument ; the whole state was made to be of his way of thinking.

84. *Set.....state*—directed all officers of state. Metaphor of tuning.

85. *What tune .. ear*—just as a musician adjusts and regulates his instrument, so Antonio made all officers of state fall in with whatever purpose he had in mind. *That*—so that.

86. *Ivy*—a creeping plant. *Princely trunk*—for example, the trunk of an oak tree. Prospero compares himself to an oak, and his brother to ivy.

37. *Verdure*—life or rather the nourishing say. *On't*—of it. *Suck'd .. on't*—N.B.—The ivy kills the tree to which it clings by preventing the accession of light to its leaves, and by preventing the flow of sap, but does not suck verdure out of it.

83-87. Having both the *key.....on't*—Prospero tells how his brother, Antonio, supplants him. First, he compares Antonio to a musician who strings and tunes his instrument. Similarly, Antonio, having the power of



patronage (i. e., the power of distributing offices and controlling the officers), made use of the officers of state as his tools. Then he compares Antonio to the ivy that chokes up, for example, an oak. He himself is the oak, and Antonio, who is the ivy, choked and crushed him. The idea is that of totally eliminating him.

89. Worldly ends—objects that a man of the world pursues. Prospero relinquished power which a man of the world highly prizes. Dedicated—devoted.

90. Closeness - retirement. Compare 'secret studies' above. Bettering—improvement.

91. With that—i. e., with culture But.....retired—except that it compelled me to withdraw from public duties.

92. O'er-prized—out-valued. Popular rate—all that is commonly held in esteem. O'er prized.. rate—Compare :  
"Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or  
she's out-priz'd by a trifle."

—Cymbeline, I. v. 87-88

93. Awaked.....nature—i. e., stirred unscrupulous ambition in him.

94. Like a good parent—"a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it."—Johnson. Beget—produce.

95. Falsehood—faithlessness. In its contrary—in its opposite nature Note *its* here, which has not come into use in Shakespeare's time. Shakespeare usually uses *his* for *its*.

93-96. And my trust...was—Prospero placed absolute trust in Antonio. Now trust, instead of begetting trust in Antonio, produced faithlessness in him. And his faithlessness was as monstrous as Prospero's trust in him was great. Which.....limit—which had no reservations about it.

97. Sans—without. Although really a French preposition it seems to have been commonly used in Shakespeare's time as an English word. Compare :

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

—As You Like It, II. vii. 166.

Lorded—made lord of.

98. **What.....yielded**—the income of my state.

99. **My power**—the authority that I as Duke of Milan exercised. **Exact**—enforce.

99-102. **Like one .... lie**—like one who, so to speak, seduced his memory to sin against truth so that it began to credit the very lie that has been again and again repeated. The Folios read “into” (i.e., into truth). “Upto” is Warpurton’s emendation. Malone quotes from Bacon’s account of Perkin Warbeck in his *History of Henry VIII*: “Nay himself, with long and continually counterfeiting, and with oft telling a *Lye*, was turned by habite almost into the thinge hee seemed to be, and from a *Lyar*, to a *B. liever*.”

103. **Out.....substitution**—by reason of being my deputy.

104. **Executing**—carrying out. **The outward.....royalty**—the visible power of a ruler. **Executing...royalty**—performing all the functions of a ruler.

105. **Prerogative**—privilege attaching to the duke’s office. Hence—from being allowed to exercise the power of a duke.

106. **Dost thou hear**—such pauses in the narrative make it more vivid and real. **Your tale.....deafness**—the tale you are telling is so interesting that it will make a deaf man hear. *Hyperbole*.

107. **Screen**—barrier. **This....play’d**—i.e., the duke’s.

108. **Him.....for**—i.e., the duke himself.

107-108. **To have... for**—to let nothing stand in the way of his actually becoming the duke. So long he had acted in the place of the duke; now he wanted to become the actual duke—and he was determined to stick at nothing. This was the result of his growing ambition. **Needs**—necessarily.

109. **Absolute Milan**—the real duke of Milan, and not a mere substitute. **Me**—as for me.

110. **Was.....enough**—ought to satisfy me for the loss of my dukedom. Prospero of course refers to what Antonio evidently thought. **Temporal**—belonging to the world. **Temporal royalties**—the power and authority of a

duke are earthly matters, and as such they cannot concern me.

111. He thinks... ..incapable—expression of benevolent contempt which the world feels for a scholar. **Confederates**—conspires.

112. Dry—thirsty. Sway—power and sovereignty. **Wi'**—with.

113. To give—promising to give. To give ..tribute—i.e., to acknowledge the King of Naples as liege-lord. **Homage**—allegiance (as a vassal king does to his feudal overlord).

114. Coronet—a small crown worn by a noble. **Subject** .. . crown—the idea of the relation of a vassal to his feudal overlord. Antonio wanted to barter away the independence of the dukedom that he might become the duke himself. **Bend**—subordinate.

115. Unbow'd—unsubjugated.

116. Ignoble—dishonourable. **Stooping**—dignity. **O the heavens**—what a pity!

117. **Condition**—the agreement he made with the King of Naples. **Event**—result.

118. If this ...brother—if a brother would act like this. I.....sin—it would be wrong of me.

119. But nobly—otherwise than nobly.

120. Good wombs..... sons—Miranda means that the iniquity of children cannot always be traced to their parents' blood.

122. Inveterate—confirmed, and, therefore relentless. **Hearkens**—listen to. **Suit**—petition.

123. In lieu.....premises—in return for the fulfilment of the conditions.

124. **Tribute**—contribution.

125. Presently—immediately. **Extirpate**—root out; expel. **Mine**—My heir (i.e., Miranda).

126. Confer—bestow. **Milan**—the dukedom of Milan.

128. A treacherous army—(i) an army collected for a treacherous purpose; (ii) an army that was a party to the conspiracy. **Levied**—raised.

129. Fated.....purpose—"decreed by destiny, and, so made suitable,"—Deighton. Dyce reads 'practise' for purpose.

130. **I' the.....darkness**—in the death-like stillness of midnight.

131. **The ministers.....purpose**—the agents employed to carry out the treacherous purpose. **Thence**—from Milan.

132. **Alack**—alas.

133-134. **Cry ..again**—weep again as if in memory of the event (since she does not remember that she wept when they were deported from Milan). **Hint**—subject; occasion.

134-135. It is a hint **..to't**—it is a subject that draws tears from my eyes **To't**—to crying.

136. **Bring.....business**—get you round to the matter in hand.

137. **Which.....upon's**—which engages our attention at the moment. **To which**—‘the which’ is generally used where the antecedent, or some word like the antecedent, is repeated, or else where such a repetition could be made i de i red. It is also used naturally after a previous ‘which’ as in this case.

138. **Impertinent**—irrelevant. Literal sense of the word.

139. **Dema'nded**—asked. **Wench**—girl. Originally a term of affectionate familiarity, used by a superior, now a vulgar word.

140. **Provokes**—calls forth.

141-142. **Set.....business**—i.e., seal their treachery in blood (shed blood to carry out their purpose).

143. **Colours**—pretexts. **Four ends**—wicked designs. **With.....ends**—gave a rather inoffensive appearance to their treacherous act.

144. **In few**—in a few words; briefly. **Hurried.....bark**—removed us hastily from Milan and put us into a frail boat.

145. **Bore**—conveyed.

146. **Carcass**—literally a dead body. **Butt**—cask, here used contemptuously for a boat. **A rotten.....butt**—a mere skeleton of a boat (with no rigging, etc.) absolutely unseaworthy. **Rigg'd**—fitted with masts, spars, sails, cordage, etc.

147. **Nor.....nor**—neither...nor. **Tackle**—the ropes of a vessel.

147-148. **The very rats...it**—reference to the common belief that the rats leave a sinking ship. **Instinctively**—anticipating that the ship will sink. The instinct of a rat warns it against an unseaworthy ship. **Quit**—quitted; abandoned. **Hoist**—left. *Present tense.*

149. **To cry.....us**—picture the absolute helplessness of their position—they were consigned to the mercy of the elements.

150. **Sighing back again**—the winds are represented as sighing back in sympathy. *Pathetic fallacy.*

151. **Did..... wrong**—did us but harm with their sympathy (in sighing back) by raising the waves higher. 'Loving wrong' is *Ozymoron*.

152. **Cherubin**—an angel.

152-153. **A cherubin... preserve me**—you were just an angel who kept up my spirits. **Thou didst smile**—the smile of Miranda, who was too young to realize the peril heartened Prospero.

154. **Infused**—filled. **Fortitude**—endurance.

155. **I have**—I should have. **Deck'd**—covered. Dutch *dekkun*, to cover. N. B. Shakespeare, however, nowhere uses 'deck' in the sense of 'cover'. Some commentators take 'deck' here as equivalent to the North country *deg*, which means to damp, used particularly of clothes damped before being ironed. Atkinson's Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect explains it as "to sprinkle with water, to drizzle." **Full salt**—fully salt. **Drops..... salt**—i.e., bitter tears.

156. **Barthen**—i.e., burden of grief. **Which**—the fact of your smiling.

157. **Undergoing stomach**—an enduring or sustaining courage. 'Stomach' is more generally used in the sense of anger or resentment; in the sense of dogged courage, it occurs in *Hamlet*, I. i 99-100:

"Some enterprise.

That hath a stomach in't."

157-158. **Bear up against**—put a bold front to. **Enseue**—follow.

159. **By Providence divine**—by the mercy of God.

161. **Neapolitan**—a native of Naples.

162. **Charity**—love. **Who**—redundant here.
163. **Master...design**—(i) one entrusted with the carrying out of the plot ; (ii) one knowing the full details of the plot.
164. **Stuffs**—goods.
165. **Have .....must**—have been of great help. **Of his gentleness**—i. e., out of his kindness.
166. **Furnished**—provided.
167. **Prize**—value
168. **Would**—I wish. **But**—only.
169. **Now I arise**—(i) Prospero, for some unknown reason, accompanies the act of rising with the statement to his daughter : (ii) “I rise in my narration” ; “now my story heightens in its consequence” ; (iii) Prospero declares that the turning-point of his own fortunes was come, and that now he began to arise—“his reappearance from obscurity a kind of resurrection, or like the rising of the sun.” It is also true that Prospero literally rose from his seat, as in the next line he bids Miranda sit still.
170. **Sea-sorrow**—the trouble that we endured at sea.
172. **More profit**—i. e., profit more. The adverb is transposed.
174. **Vainer hours**—more frivolous pursuits. Deighton explains ‘hours’ as occupations. But we can explain ‘vainer hours’ as hours less profitably spent, or spent on idle vanities. **So careful**—so careful as myself
175. **Heavens**—actors were forbidden by Act of Parliament (3) James I, c. 21) to use the name of God in their plays ; hence probably this substitution of the word ‘heavens’.
176. **Beating...mind**—intriguing me ; exercising my thoughts.
177. **Know.....forth**—let me tell you this much.
178. **Beautiful**—gracious.
179. **Now.....lady**—at this moment Dame fortune has me in her favour.
180. **Prescience**—foreknowledge (which is given by magic).
181. **Zenith**—highest point of one’s fortune.
182. **Auspicious**—favourable. **Influence**—a technical term used in Astrology to denote the power or control exercised by heavenly bodies on men and things.

The influence of stars on the affairs of man is often alluded to by Shakespeare :

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves that we are underlings."

—*Julius Cæsar*, I. ii. 139-140.

"It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions."

—*King Lear*, IV. iii. 34-35.

183. Court—solicit (to my favour).

184. Droop—decline.

182-184. Whose influence.....droop—Compare :

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

—*Julius Cæsar*, IV. iii. 218-221.

185. Thou ...sleep—Prospero puts Miranda to sleep by his magic Good dulness—heaviness of sleep that serves a useful purpose.

186 Give it way—give way to sleep. Thou...choose—you cannot help it.

187. Servant—i.e. Ariel.

19. To answer...pleasure—to carry out whatever it pleases you most to order.

191. To swim.....fire—note that Ariel is a spirit who is at home in all elements.

192. Curl'd—undulating. Task—employ.

193. Quality—(i) faculties ; (ii) "all his confederates, all who are of the same profession" (*Stevens*).

194. To point—in every point ; exactly.

195. To every article—to the minutest detail.

196. Boarded—entered. Beak—the pointed projection at the forepart of a ship.

197. Waist—the part of the ship between the fore-castle and the quarterdeck, and lying lower than either.

198. Flamed amazement—appeared as a flaming terror. By 'amazement' Shakespeare means confusion, terror, etc. Som-time—sometimes. Divide—divide into several columns of flame.

20). **Yards**—poles or spars to which sails are fastened. **Bowsprit**—the spar projecting from the bow of a vessel. **Distinctly**—separately ; in different places at once.

201. **Meet and join**—unite and burn as a big column of fire. **Jove**—also called Jupiter, the chief of the gods in classical mythology. **Jove's lightnings**—Jove is the wielder of thunder-bolt. **Precursors**—forerunners.

202. **O'**—of **Tound-r claps**—a sudden outburst of thunder is called a thunder-clap. **Momentary**—lasting but a moment.

203. **Sight-outrunning**—too quick to be followed by the eye. **Cracks**—loud reports.

204. **Sulphurous roaring**—the crash of lightning. **Neptune**—the sea-god in classical mythology.

205. **Seems to bes'ege**—because everywhere and on every side the lightning burst and cracked, the sea seemed to have been besieged. **Make.....tremble**—i.e., by sending a shiver through the sea.

206. **Dread**—i.e., dreaded. **Trident**—the three-pronged sceptre or spear of Neptune.

200-206. **Would I flame shake**—the phenomena are illustrated by a passage from *Hykluyt's Voyages* published 1598—

"I do remember that in the great and boysterous storme of this foule weather, in the night, there came upon the toppe of our maine yarde and maine maste, a certain little light, much like vnto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards called the Cuerpo-santo and saide it was S Elmo, whom they take to bee the advocate of Sailers ..... This light continued aboard our ship about three houres, flying from maste to maste, and from toppe to toppe : and sometime it would be in two or threc places at once."

In Purchas *His Pilgrimes* (ed. 1625), is a narrative of a storm which happened to John Davis in a voyage to the East Indies. "In the extremitie of our storme appeared to vs in the night, vpon our maine top-mast head, a flame about the bigness of a great candle ; which the *Portugais* call *Corpo Sancto*, holding it a most divine token, that when it appeareth the worst is past. As, thanked be God, we had better weather after it. Some thinke it to



be a spirit : others write that it is an exhalation of moyst vapours, that are ingendred by foule and tempestuous weather." (Wright).

St. Elmo's Fires are caused by an electric discharge between the tops of masts and the clouds, due to the air being overcharged with electricity. From the deck of the vessel they appear as brushes or points of light at the ends of masts, spars, etc. **Brave—fine.**

207. **Constant—strong of nerve.** Compare :

"Else nothing in the world  
Could turn so much the constitution  
Of any *constant* man."

—*Merchant of Venice*, III, ii, 250-252.

**Coil—turmoil ; confusion ; stir.**

208. **Infect . . . reason—drive him mad.**

209. **But felt—**who did not feel, **Fever.....mad—** such frenzy as a madman feels.

209-210 **Play'd.....** desperation—indulged in some violent deeds. **But -except.**

211. **Foaming brine—the sea with the high waves.**  
**Quit—quitted.**

212. **All.... me—**wrapped in a blaze, which I caused by appearing as a flame.

213. **Up-staring—**standing on end, **They.....reeds—** the hair then resembled the reed.

214. **Leap'd—**leaped overboard **Hell is empty—**all the evil spirits of hell are let loose upon us.

215. **That's.....spirit—**you have acted commendably ; you have acted as I expected of you.

216. **Nigh—near.**

217. **But..... safe—**Prospero is anxious to know whether they are all safe His instructions to Ariel were that none of them was to be hurt. It should be noted that Prospero's revenge upon his enemy is directed to a beneficent purpose ; that he has no intention of doing any harm to his enemy ; that he so orders things as to secure the happiness of his daughter.

218. **Not .....perish'd—**Prospero's instruction is that not a hair should be injured (see line 30). **Sustaining garments—**(i) clothes that held the wearers up, i. e., kept

them from drowning ; (ii) clothes that well stood the salt-water. **Blemish**—stain.

220. **In troops**—in groups. **Dispersed**—scattered. **'Bout**—about.

221. **Landed by himself**—put him ashore, separated from the rest. This was also Prospero's instruction. First, Ferdinand would believe that he alone had survived the wreck. Secondly, he would have the chance of meeting Miranda, and falling in love with her.

222. **Cooling of the air**—i. e., cooling the air. **'Of** is redundant. **With sighs**—the idea is that as he sighed in his grief, he blew with his breath, and thus cooled the air around him.

223. **Odd angle**—an out-of-the-way corner.

224. **In this sad knot**—the force of 'this' is that Ariel suits action to word shows how it was done. The prince sat with folded arms

"Folded arms were a token of melancholy." Compare *Titus Andronicus*, iii 2. 4.

'Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot."

—Wright.

225. **The mariners ..... disposed** say how you have disposed of the mariners.

226. **All.....fleet**—( disposed of ) all the rest of the fleet.

227. **Nook**—bay.

228. **Fetch dew**—Prospero needed dew for his magic operations

229. **Still-vex'd**—always stormy. **Bermoothes**—Bermudas—a group of islands in the Atlantic, lying midway between the West Indies and Nova Scotia. Discovered by the Spaniard, Juan Bermudez, early in the sixteenth century, the Bermudas were settled by Sir George Somers, who was wrecked here in 1609, and were long called the Somers Islands.

N. B.—"The dampness of the climate would be less remarked, if a more solid style of building were adopted as well as a more general use of the fire-places. But even from the earliest discovery of the islands, this peculiarity of the atmosphere must have been well-

known, otherwise Shakespeare would not have made Prospero call Ariel 'up at midnight to fetch dew' from so distant a spot—the first recorded article of export, by the way. It is to be regretted that Ariel did not carry away with him more of the dew, for there is still a great deal too much."

Henley remarks : "The epithet here applied to Bermudas will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous."

Compare :

*Ist Gal.* Whence is your ship—from the *Bermoothes* ?

*Reig.* Worse, I think from Hell :

We are all lost, split, shipwrecked, and undone.

—*Heywood : The English Traveller*, II. ii.

230. All..... stow'd—confined within the ship's hold with the gratings fastened down above them.

231. Charm—action of magic. Suffered labour—exhaustion. With . . labour—owing to the action of magic and also to the effect of exhaustion.

232. For—as for : as regards.

233. Dispersed—separated.

234. Flote—sea.

Compare :

"Traitor to friendship, whither shall I run,  
That, lost to reasons, cannot sway the float  
Of the unruly faction in my blood ?"

Ford : *Love's Sacrifice*.

235. Bound.....Naples—on the way back to Naples in sorrow. Sadly—explained below.

237. His great person—the King himself. Thy charge—the task assigned to you.

240. At least two glasses—Prospero answers his own question. Therefore some suppose that the passage is wrongly distributed. Warburton gives "Past the mid-season at least two glasses" to Ariel. Johnson sees no reason for redistribution, "being common to ask a question, which the next moment enables us to answer." If

the passage is at all to be altered; Johnson suggests this arrangement :

*Pros.* What is the time o' the day? Past the mid-season?

*Ari.* At least two glasses.

*Pros.* The time 'twixt six and now, etc.

Staunton prints the passage thus :

*Pros.* At least two glasses—the time 'twixt six and now—Must by us both be spent most previously..

This would make it four in the afternoon. As Daniel points out in his time-analysis of the play, it reduces the time of the play to little more than two hours, while according to Prospero and Ariel it was a little above four, and on the computation of Alonso and the Boatswain about three.

241. *Preciously*—(i) to get the maximum of work out of the time at our disposal ; (ii) "as a valuable thing" (*Onions*).

242. *Pains*—tasks.

Compare :

Was it not to refresh the mind of man,  
After his studies or his usual pain?"

—*Taming of the Shrew*, III. i 11-12.

243. *Remember*—often used by Shakespeare for "remind"

244. *Me*—ethic dative. *Moody*—sulky. "The spirits or familiars attending on magician were always impatient of confinement"—*Douce*.

245. *What .....demand*—what are you expecting?

246. *Before.....out*—before you have served out your term. *Prithee*—contraction of "pray thee."

247. *I have .... service* I have served you loyally.

248. *Mistaking*—i e., mistakes. Shakespeare never uses the word, "mistakes"!

249. *Or*—either. *Grudge*—murmur. *Gumblings*—grousings.

250. *Bate*—abate ; reduce. *Dost thou forget*—Ariel's rebellious mood is introduced to give the occasion for recalling the past history of Ariel, which the reader would otherwise have no chance of knowing.

251. From.....thee—from what an agony of pain I released you.

252. Thinks't.....much—think it a great hardship. Tread the ooze—walk on the soft mud at the bottom of the sea.

253. Deep—sea.

254. Sharp—biting. The north—"an allusion, perhaps, to the mediæval belief that the northern quarter of the world was the abode of demons and spirits."—*Variety*

255. Me—ethic dative. In.....earth—in the bowels of the earth.

256. Baked—crusted.

257. Malignant—originally used of the evil influence of a star; here, spiteful.

258. Foul—wicked. Sycorax—supposed to be a compound of a Greek word meaning a swine and another Greek word meaning, a raven. Sycorax may, therefore, represent the grossness of the swine and the malignity of the raven. The name has also been explained as "deceiver", and "heart-breaker". Envy—malice

259. Grown into a hoop—bent double.

261. Where . . . born—where Sycorax was born does not seem to be strictly necessary for the story. But how she came to the island is a matter of more importance. Shakespeare manages to get that in here.

262. Argier—Algiers. O . . . so—a question subtly charged with sarcasm. Prospero implies that Ariel needs often to be reminded of the nature of Sycorax.

263. Recount—repeat. What...been—the conditions.

264. Dama'd—cursed.

265. Mischief manifold—various acts of wickedness. Sorceries—witchcraft. Terrible—too terrible.

266. To...hearing—to be repeated to the human ear.

267. For one thing she did—Boswell supposed it to refer to some incident in the novel upon which the play was founded, which has been purposely omitted by Shakespeare, and this is the more probable solution. Some such supposition may also serve to explain line 438."—(*Wright*).

269. Ay—yes.

270. Blue-eyed—(i) “pale-blue, fish-like malignant eye which is often seen in hag-like women” (*Grant White*); (ii) with dark circles about the eye, a sign of pregnancy.

272. As..... thyself—as I have heard from you.

273. For—because. Delicate—fine.

274. Act—execute Earthy—gross; material. Abhor-r’d - hated.

273-274. For thou.....commands—N. B. Among the spirits there were different grades. Ariel is a gentler and less offensive spirit. Hence Sycorax, did not find him accommodating—“Too delicate” to carry out her wishes and finally put him into a cloven pine. But he proves sometimes intractable to Prospero. As Johnson says, “The spirits were always considered as in some measure enslaved to the enchanter, at least for a time, and as serving with unwillingness; therefore Ariel so often begs for liberty; and Caliban observes that the spirits serve Prospero with no good will, but hate him rootedly.”

275. Grand—used sarcastically. Hests—Commands. A. S. has a command

276. By help of—with the help of. Potent—powerful. Ministers—agents; spirits employed by her. They were more powerful than Ariel, and so Ariel was readily reduced to submission.

277. Unmitigable—unrelenting; not to be mitigated i. e., lessened. Rage—anger.

278. Into—i. e., confine into. A pregnant construction: she forced you into the pine and then confined you in it. Cloven—split open. Rift—opening.

279. Painfully—in pain or torment.

280. Space—time.

281. Vent—let forth. Groans—expression of agony.

282. As fast.....strike—a homely simile.

283. Save—except. Son—Caliban. Litter—bear. Used of animal.

284. Freckled—spotted. Whelp—a word used of the young of animals. Hag-born—born of a witch.

284-285. Not...shape—not resembling man in shape. Caliban.....son—all that is said above about Sycorax has been needed to be said to introduce Caliban. The detailed history of Sycorax partly accounts for the nature and action of Caliban.

Dr. Farmer derives *Caliban* from *Canibal* by metathesis. *Canibal* (now *Cannibal*) is a form of *Coribal*—a native of the Caribbee Islands

286. Dull thing—a stupid creature. I say so—I say that. Prospero emphasizes his statement.

287. Whom.....service—whom I now employ to do menial work.

288. Torment—agony of pain.

289. Did ..... howl—made the wolves howl in sympathy. Hyperbole. Penetrated—entered into and touched.

290. Ever—always

291. To lay..... ..dama'd—that should be laid upon those in hell.

292. Undo—annul. It ... art—Prospero asserts the superiority of his enchantment to Sycorax's.

293-294. Made . pine--made the pine gape or open out. Let thee out—released you.

295. Rend—rive open.

296. Peg—fasten. Knotty—gnarled. Entrails—interior..

297. Howl'd—groaned. Twelve winters—i. e., twelve years

298. Correspondent—obedient.

299. Do my spiriting—do my work as a spirit. Gently—without resisting.

300. Discharge—release. That's.....master—you are speaking as my noble master should be.

301. What.....do—what is your command for me? Say what—Ariel is now impatient to do all that Prospero commands.

302. Go make—go and make. Make... ..nymph—transform yourself into a nymph. Ariel is to be invisible to every eye but that of his master, but of course in the play he must remain visible to the audience, and probably he takes on the form of a sea nymph so as to appear in a character in harmony with the scene.

302-303. *Be.....sight*—be invisible to every eye.

305. *Hence.....diligence*—away quickly !

306. *Dear heart*—a term of endearment. Prospero wakes up Miranda.

307. *Strangeness*—marvellous character.

308. *Heaviness*—sleepiness. *Shake it off*—get awake.

310. *Yields..... answer*—returns no polite answer ; is always rude and insolent.

312. *Miss him*—do without him.

313. *Wood*—fire-wood. *Offices*—tasks.

315. *Earth*—earthy creature (as contrasted with Ariel, who is a spirit of air) *Within*—i.e., in the cell. *There's..... within*—Caliban imagines that he will have to fetch in wood. He is certainly employed as a slave, but he is not a contented slave. He is beginning to yearn for freedom.

316. *There's.....thee*—you are wanted not to fetch in wood, but to do something else.

317. *Tortoise*—Caliban is called a tortoise for his laziness. Some take the word to refer to his shape. One supposes Caliban “a fish, legged like a man, and his fins like arms,” therefore he is called a tortoise. It is also suggested that when he appears on the stage, “the paddles expanding in arms and hands, legs and feet,” he partly resembles a tortoise. But this is giving the imagination a wild run. *When*—a sign of impatience. Compare : *When, Harry, where ? obedience bids I should not bid again.* *Richard II*, I. i. 162.

318. *Fine apparition*—Ariel appears in the form of a water nymph, and Prospero admires him. *Quaint*—elegant. *L, cognitus*, know. Some explain it as ‘clever.’

319. *Hark.....ear*—let me whisper in your ear. *Done*—executed.

320. *Poisonous slave*—Prospero addresses Caliban. *Poisonous*—exhaling poison or evil. *Got*—begotten.

321. *Dam*—mother, used of the mother of an animal.

322. *Wicked*—baneful ; poisonous. *Brush'd*—i. e., collected.



323. **Raven**—a bird of ill-omen. Raven's feathers were supposed to carry contagion. Unwholesome—unhealthy. Fen—bog.

324. **Drop.....both**—assail you both. South-west—a south-west wind. The south was thought to be the quarter from which noxious vapours came Compare :

“All the contagion of the south light on you !”

—*Corolanus*, I. iv. 30.

325. **Blister...o'er**—cover you all o'er with blisters, i. e., swellings caused by a burn.

326. **For this**—for cursing us. **Cramps**—spasmodic contraction of some limb or muscle, attend with pain and numbness.

327. **Side-stitches**—sudden twinges of pain attacking the sides. **Pen.....up**—make you gasp or breathe with difficulty. **Urchins**—hedgehogs. Hedgehogs were the familiars of witches ( as in *Macbeth*, IV. i. 2. )

The Clarendon Press editor quotes Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, 1603, p 14, where the word is used for hobgoblins : “And further, that these ill-mannered *urchins*, did so swarme about the priests. In such troupes, and thronges, that they made them sometimes to sweat, as seemes, with the very heat of the fume, that came from the devils noses.”

In the passage in the text, *urchins* is probably used literally of hedgehogs. Compare, II. ii. 10-12 :

“then like *hedgehogs*, which

Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount

Their pricks at my footfall.”

328. **Vast**—i. e., waste, applied to the darkness of midnight in which the prospect is not bounded by distinct objects.”—( *Schmidt*. ) **That vast.. work**—during that period of darkness when they are permitted to work, N. B.—It was believed that evil spirits came out of the graves at midnight and wandered about till cock-crow. There was limited period when the spirits could walk the earth. Compare :

“Ghosts, wandering here and there,

Troop home to churchyards : damned spirits all,

That in cross-ways and floods have burial,  
 Already to their wormy beds are gone,  
 For fear lest day should look their shames upon ;  
 They wilfully themselves exiled from light,  
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night."

—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. ii. 381-387.

329. Exercise—practise on ; play their tricks on.

330. Honey comb—cells of the honey comb. Stinging—painful.

331. I. . . dinner—the relation between Prospero and Caliban suggests the problem of the subject, or enslaved race, dispossessed of what was its own, but now claiming the elementary human rights. The reader's sympathy will partly be with Caliban, when he claims such rights. The voice of wronged humanity seems to speak through Caliban, when he says, "I must eat my dinner."

332. By Sycorax—by the right of Sycorax.

333. Which...me—of which you have dispossessed me.

334. Strokedst me ..... me—i. e., you petted me.

335. Water with berries—this is supposed to refer to coffee, then known only by report

The Clarendon Press editor quotes Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy* : "The Turkes have a drinke—called "*coffa* ( for they use no wine ), so named of a berry as blacke as soot, and as bitter, ( like that blacke drink which was in use amongst *Lacedemonians*, and perhaps the same ) which they sip still of, and sup as warme they suffer."

The following passage from *Sandy's Travels*, 1615, is also interesting : "Although they be destitute of taverns, yet they have their *coffa-houses* ..... There they sit chattering most of the day : and sippe of a drink called *coffa* ( of the berry that it is made of ) in little China dishes as hot as they can suffer it : blacke as soote, and tasting not much unlike it, ( why not the black-droth, which was in use amongst the *Lacedæmonians* ), which helpeth, as they say, digestion, and procureth alacrity."

336. The bigger light—the sun. The less—i. e., the moon.

338. Qualities—resources.

339. **Fresh springs**—fountains of fresh water. **Brine-pits**—salt-pits. **Barren**—unfruitful.

340. **Cursed**.....so—let me be cursed for having done so. **Charms**—magic spell.

341. **Toads**...**bats**—All these creatures were supposed to be of evil omen. 'Toads and bats are mentioned as ingredients in the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*, IV. i.' **Light**—descend.

342. **For**.. ..... **have**—more sarcastic than "I am the only subject that you have."

343. **Which**—equivalent to "who". **Mine**.....**king**—i. e., lord of myself.

342-343. **For I am**..... **king**—note that Caliban, with his partly developed intelligence resents his servitude. **Sty**—confine me in a sty (i. e. an enclosure for swine).

344. **Whils**—the genitive case is used as a conjunction.

344-345. **Keep**..... **island**—give me no access to the rest of the island

346. **Whom**.. **kindness**—Prospero means that Caliban is such a creature that kindness is wholly wasted on him, that he responds only to physical pain. **Used**—treated.

347. **Filth**... ..**art**—a contemptible and vicious creature as you are. **Human**—humane; kind.

348. **Violate**—outrage.

349. **Honour**—chastity.

350. **O ho**, etc.—Caliban laughs maliciously. Stevens points out that this savage exclamation was originally and constantly appropriated by the writers of our ancient Mysteries and Moralities to the Devil; and has, in this instance, been transferred to his descendant Caliban." But Stevens is not supported by proof. **Would**—I wish. **Prevent**—forestall. Literal sense of the word. *L. praevenire*, to come before, to get the start of. **Peopled**—filled. **Else**—otherwise.

352. **Calibans**—the issue of Caliban—half-brute and half-man. **Abhorred**—hated.

353. **Which**—equivalent to "who." **Print**—impression. **Which** ..... **take**—who is impervious to anything good ; who is vicious by nature.

354. **Being** ..... **ill**—i. e., being capable of absorbing all that is evil. **Capable**—receptive of ; susceptible to

357. **Know**...**meaning**—know what you mean to say. **Gabble**—gibber ; utter inarticulate sounds rapidly.

358. **Thing**—creature. **Most brutish**—farthest removed from man.

358-359. **Endow'd** ..... **known**—taught you to put your meaning into intelligible and coherent words. **Purpos:s**—meanings. **Words**.....**known**—words that laid bare what you meant to say. **Thy**.....**race**—your despicable origin ; your hereditary nature which makes you so mean and spiteful. **Verity** explains 'race' as nature.

360-361. **Had** ..... **with**—had an evil propensity which made it impossible for good men to dwell with you. **Abide**—endure.

362. **Deservedly**—as you deserve.

363. **Who** .. **prison**—who should have been punished more severely than with mere imprisonment. The force of 'deservedly' in the previous line is rather weakened here.

364. **My profit on't**—the profit that I derive from the use of language which you have taught me.

365. **Red plague**—(i) erysipelas (*St.vens*) ; (ii) leprosy (*Rolfe*) ; (iii) bubonic plague, marked by a red swelling (*Veru*). **Rid**—remove

366. **Learning**—teaching. **Hag-seed**—the offspring of a witch. **Hence**—get off.

367. **Thou'rt best**—it would be best for you.

368. **To answer other business**—to perform other duties. **Shrug'st thou**—Caliban shrugs his shoulders (an attitude of indifference). **Malice**—a creature of malice.

370. **Rack**—afflict. **Old cramps**—(i) such as old people suffer from ; (ii) 'old' is frequently used in Shakespeare and the Elizabethan writers as an intensive epithet.

371. **Aches**—pains.

372. **That**—so that. **Din**—the howl that you rise. **No, pray thee**—Caliban is already cowed by Prospero's threats.

373. **His.....powers**—his magic art is so powerful.

374. **It would etc.**—that it would, etc. **Setebos**—the chief god of the Patagonians. Shakespeare might have found the name in Eden's *History of Travels*, 1577, from which Farmer quotes: "the giants, when they found themselves fettered, roared like bulls, and cried upon *Setebos* to help them." The same narrative is given in Purchas *His Pilgrimes*, 1636, Part I, Book ii ch 2.

375. **Make.....him**—reduce him to servitude. **Vassal**—in feudalism one who held land of a superior.

**S D. Re-enter Ariel, etc.**—At this point Ferdinand, who has been kept apart from the rest, and who thinks that his father is drowned, is introduced. He is lured on by the song of Ariel, who remains invisible. And then he sees Miranda. Each falls in love with the other. This is the beginning of the complication in the story. It should be noted that their falling in love is not due to accident, but is brought about by Prospero.

376-377. **Come . . . hands**—the song is an invitation to dance on the sands of the sea-shore. **Sands**—sandy sea-shore. **Take hands**—join hands preparatory to dancing.

378. **Courtsied**—bowed.

379. **The wild waves whist**—an absolute construction. Some explain the passage: when you have courtsied and kissed the wild waves into silence. Milton imitates the passage in his *Hymn on the Nativity*:

"The winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kist."

Allen's explanation is interesting: "The nymphs are formed on the sands for a dance: the waves are converted by the poet's imagination into a crowd of spectators, restless and noisy until the spectacle shall begin: when the nymphs indicate, by taking hands, courtesying to and kissing, partners, that they are beginning, the waves are hushed by the signal into silent attention: thus the nymphs do, *in effect*, 'kiss the wild waves whist,' although they actually kiss, not the *waves*, but each other."

380. **Foot it**—trip; dance. **Featly**—nimble; gracefully. **Fr. fait** (past part. of *faire*, to do), *L. facere*, to do.

381. Sprites—spirits. Burthen—burden of the song ; refrain. The burthen bear—take up the refrain.

382. Dispersedly—(stage direction) from different parts of the stage. Bow-wow—the barking of dogs.

385. Strain—song. Strutting—walking with an affected air. Compare :

“While the cock, with lively din,  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin ;  
And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before.”

Chanticleer—cock. M. E. *chaunto-cleer*. L. *cantare*, to sing : *clarus*, clear, shrill.

387. Where . . . earth—Ferdinand wonders whence the music comes. He cannot locate it.

388. It . . . more—it has stopped. Waits upon—attends.

389. Some . . . island—note that Ferdinand has a romantic disposition

390. My . . . wreck—my father's death by shipwreck.

391. Crept . . . me—gently fall upon my ear, and then floated by. Upon . . . water—i. e., the music floated by upon the water.

392. Allaying—appeasing. Their fury—the violence of the sea. Passion—grief.

393. Air—tune.

394. It . . . rather—it has rather lured me on.

396. Full—i. e., fully. Fathom—a measure of six feet.

397. Coral—a hard, limy substance, formed by creatures called Polyps, living in the warm portions of the ocean. From early times coral has been supposed to possess magic properties. Of his bones . . . made—the logical subject is *bones*. His bones are made into coral. The plural ‘bones’ preceding, this ungrammatical form is more *euphonious*.

398. Those . . . eyes—his eyes have been converted into pearls.

399-400. Nothing . . . sea-change—anything about him that is liable to change, turns into something of the sea. Fade—decay. Sea-change—a transformation that can be wrought by the sea only.

401. *Something... strange*—such as coral and pearl, as mentioned above. In the first place, it is a change into a better substance and secondly the change is wrought mysteriously.

402. *Hourly*—every hour. *Knell*—death-bell.

405. *Ditty*—song. *Remember*—recall; mention. Compare the modern “remember me to *so* and *so*”

406. *This ....business*—a human being could have nothing to do with it. Ferdinand attributes it to no human agency.

406-407. *Owes—i.e., owns. Nor... owes*—nor is the song an earthly song. I hear it—I hear the song.

408. *Fringed... eye—i.e., your heavy eye-lashes; here, the eyes, hung down with heavy lashes. Advance*—lift, With one exception, *Coriolanus*, I iv. 25. “Advance brave Titus,” Shakespeare used the word transitively. *The fringed.... advance*—compare :

“Her eye’ds, cases to those heavenly jewels

Which Pericles hath lost

Begin to part their fringes of bright gold”

—*Pericle.*, III. ii 99-101.

409. *Say ..yond*—Prospero points out Ferdinand to Miranda. It is his wish that they should fall in love with each other. Ariel had instructions that he should separate Ferdinand from his companions and bring him to meet Miranda. When Prospero sees that they are in love with each other, he proceeds to test the strength of their love.

410. *What . spirit*—except her own father, Miranda has never yet seen a man—particular a man of handsome appearance. Naturally when she sees Ferdinand, she thinks that he must be a spirit. *How .... about*—how the spirit searches everything with his eyes !

411. *Brave—fine; handsome. But ’tis a spirit*—but it cannot be a man—it must be a spirit

412. *Wench—girl.* “A general familiar expression in any variation of tone between tenderness and contempt.” (*Schmidt*)

412-413. *It eats.....such—it (i.e., Miranda’s spirit)* hardly differs from us—in the matter of eating and

drinking and having the sensations of pain and pleasure. Such—it is redundant. Gallant—handsome fellow.

414. Was in the wreck—was involved in the shipwreck. Something—somewhat Stain'd—disfigured.

415. Grief .... canker—grief which preys upon beauty. 'Canker' is a 'worm' that destroys buds and leaves. Shakespeare uses the word both literally and figuratively. Compare :

"And writers say as the most forward bud  
Is eaten by the canker ere it blew."

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*. I. i. 45-46.

"But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,  
And chase the native beauty from his cheek"

—*King John*, I. i. iv. 82.

416. Goodly—handsome.

414-416. But ..... person—except that he has somewhat been disfigured by grief, which preys upon beauty, you might call him a handsome man. Fellows—companions By Prospero's command Ariel has separated him from his companions.

417. Strays—wanders. To find 'em—to find them.

418. A thing divine—a divine creature not a man. Natural—(i) human : (ii) belonging to nature.

419. I ever ..... noble—Miranda is impressed by Ferdinand's grace and beauty. It goes on—things turn out as Prospero expected The plan that Prospero has in view is to reconciling interests by a marriage between Ferdinand and Miranda

420 As... ..it—as my heart most earnestly wishes. Spirit etc —Prospero compliments Ariel

421. Most sure, the goddess—Ferdinand now catches sight of Miranda, and wonders that she must be the goddess of the island.

422. Airs—tunes. Vouchsafe—be pleased to grant. 'Vouch' from L. *vocare*, to call; 'safe,' from L. *salvus*, safe.

423. May know—that I may know. Remain—dwell. A rare meaning.

424. That.....give—that you will kindly instruct me.

425. Bear me—conduct myself. Prime—first. L. *primus*, first.

426. Wonder—object of wonder.



427. If you .....no—if you are unmarried or not The Folio reads *made* for 'maid,' which Warburton defends supposing Ferdinand to ask Miranda, if she were *mortal*.

427-428. No wonder.....maid—I am no 'wonder' which you apply to me, but I am certainly a maiden (an unmarried girl). Note that Miranda, though brought up in solitude, is as good at repartee as any society girl.

420 My language—Ferdinand is surprised that she is speaking the same language as his. Heavens—good gracious! I.....speech—Ferdinand means that none is superior to him, speaking his language (*i.e.*, that he is the King of Naples, as he imagines that his father is drowned.)

430. Were .....spoken—if I were in Naples. But—only. How .....best—Prospero challenges Ferdinand for what seems to be his boasting that he is the best of all that speak the language of Miranda.

431. What .. thou—what would you be?

432 Single—(i) solitary; (ii) poor, weak A wild, disparaging epithet. 'Ferdinand plays upon the word. He believes that himself and the King of Naples are one and the same person; he therefore uses the epithet with a reference to its further sense of 'solitary,' and so 'feeble and helpless' - Wright. As I am now—Ferdinand imagines that he is the only survivor, and pities himself.

433. He does hear me—Ferdinand means that the King of Naples (he being King of Naples on his father's death) hears him.

434. That .. .... weep—Ferdinand regrets that he happens to be King of Naples (by the accident of his father's death) Naples—King of Naples.

435 Never.... ebb—shedding tears since he saw his father drowned.

436. Alack—alas. For mercy!—what a pity! Note that Miranda's sympathy goes at once to him

437. Faith—indeed. All his lords—I saw all his lords perish with him.

437-438. The Duke..... .. son—N.B. This is the only place where any son of Antonio is mentioned. It may have been an incident in the old play or novel on which

the drama is founded. It must be an oversight, which brings him in here. The Duke of Milan—Prospero of course means himself.

439. More braver—double comparatives are usual in Shakespeare. Control—contradict. Compare :

“As for the times while hee was in the Tower, and the manner of his Brother’s death, and his owne escape ; she knew they were things a verie few could controll.”

—Bacon : *History of Henry VII.*, p. 116 (ed. 1622).

440. If now .....do’t—if it would be now a proper occasion to do it.

441. Changed eyes—exchanged glances. They are in love. Prospero’s wish is that they should fall in love, and he has planned it too. Delicate—fine. Delicate Ariel—Prospero feels almost grateful to Ariel. Ariel must have cleverly managed it all.

442. A word, good sir—Prospero addresses Ferdinand.

443. Some wrong—some injustice (in applying to yourself the title of King of Naples). I fear . . . wrong—I am afraid you have made a mistake or have misrepresented yourself. Compare :

“You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.”

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. iii. 221.

A word—a question.

444. Ungently—rudely. Why . . . ungently—Miranda is already very much interested in Ferdinand. Her father does not certainly speak rudely to him. Yet Miranda wishes that he had spoken more gently to him.

445. Third man—Prospero is the first and Caliban (supposing that he is human) is the second.

445. Sigh’d for—longed or yearned for ; loved. Pity .....father—may my father have pity.

446. To be . . . way—to feel towards him as I do.

447. If a virgin—if you are unmarried. Miranda has already answered that question.

448. Not gone forth—not pledged or enraged.

448-449. I’ll . . . Naples—note that Prospero’s plan works out most successfully than he expected. Prospero has to take no trouble to get round Ferdinand ; Ferdinand himself comes forward with the proposal of

marriage. Now the question arises whether their love will be durable. Soft, sir—don't be in such haste please. Prospero's politeness is more shattering than his harshness would have been.

450. They.....powers—each is under the spell of the other, and they cannot break away. Prospero implies that they have hopelessly and desperately fallen in love with each other. This swift business—their falling in love at first sight and on top of that Ferdinand's proposal of marriage.

451. Uneasy—difficult (of fulfilment). Light—easy. Winning—i. e., winning of the bride here.

452. Prize—that which is won ; here the bride. Light—of small value. One... more—I have to ask you one more question. Charge—bid.

453. Attend me—give me full attention. Usurp—wrongly possess yourself of.

454. The name—the title of King of Naples. Owest—i. e., possess.

454-455. Hast .... spy—Prospero charges Ferdinand with being a spy. Prospero knows what he is about. He wants to test the strength of Ferdinand's love.

456. The lord on 't—i. e., the lord of it, No ..man—Ferdinand protests against this accusation.

457. Nothing ill—nothing ill that. Temple—the body which is the temple or dwelling place of the soul.

Compare :

“murder hath broke open  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building.”

—*Macbeth*, II. iii. 72-74.

There's nothing ..templè—Miranda expresses her firm conviction that no base soul can ever dwell in such a fair body. Miranda implies that Ferdinand is a good and honest man, judging him by his exterior. It is the Platonic doctrine that a good soul makes a beautiful body, to which Shakespeare unconsciously alludes.

458. Ill spirit—a base, dishonourable soul. Fair—beautiful. House—i. e., the body which is the dwelling place of the soul.

459. **Good.. ..with 't**—good things (i. e., good impulses and desires) will contend for possession of the fair house

457-59. **There's nothing ....with 't**—Miranda cannot let her father charge Ferdinand with being a spy. She protests against such accusation. She judges him by his exterior. She argues that no base and dishonourable soul can ever dwell in a body so fair. She connects a beautiful body with a good soul. She imagines that even if it (i. e., Ferdinand's body) were in possession of an evil spirit, the evil spirit would be cast out by things good. Miranda expresses her firm conviction in Ferdinand's goodness and honesty.

460 **Follow me**—Prospero pays no attention to Miranda's protest, but sternly bids Miranda follow him. **He's a traitor**—just a variation of the previous accusation that he is a spy. **Come**—Prospero addresses Ferdinand.

461. **Manacle - fetters. Manacle.. together**—in this case the neck and arms are tied to a pole, while the person thus punished keeps either standing or sitting. "Specimens of this form of torture are preserved in the Tower of London."—*Iracl Gollancy*

462. **Seawater**—which is full of salt.

463. **Fresh-brook muscles**—fresh water mussel is meant. The mussel is a common shell-fish found both in the sea and in brooks of fresh water. In some parts of England it was regarded as poisonous. **Wither'd**—dried. **Husks**—i. e., food for swine. Compare :

"And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat."—*Luke, XV 16.*

464. **Wherein.....cradled**—which one contained the acorn or seed. **No**—note that Ferdinand, in spite of all the confusion of grief and novelty of his experience, keeps his nerve and has the courage to say 'no' to Prospero's stern command "*Follow*".

465. **Entertainment**—treatment. Compare :

"I have deserv'd no better entertainment,  
In being Coriolanus."

—*Coriolanus, IV. v. 10-11.*

**I will..... ..entertainment**—I will not submit to your command.

466. Mine—for the sake of *euphony*. Mine enemy... power—my enemy subdues me.

Is charmed from moving—the *stage-direction*: By his magic Prospero renders Ferdinand motionless.

467. Rash—severe. Make.....him—(i) do not test him too severely; (ii) do not provoke him too much.

468. He's... fearful—(i) he is of gentle birth, and not dangerous (active sense of 'fearful'); (ii) he is mild, but not full of fear (passive sense of 'fearful'); *i.e.*, not a coward (therefore he is not to be provoked); (iii) he is of gentle birth, but not a coward.

N. B. Smoliet says in *Humphry Thunber*: "To this day a Scotch woman in the situation of the young lady in the *Tempest* would express herself nearly in the same terms. Don't provoke him: for being gentle, that is *high-spirited*, he won't tamely bear an insult."

469. What—an exclamation of annoyance. My foot my tutor—my inferior dictating to me? Has the pupil who set at my feet (Miranda) become my tutor? Compare:

"Then how vaine is it Euphues (too my lede a word for so madde a minde that the foote—should neglect his office to correct the face"

—*Lyle: Euphues and His England*.

"Yet you do well

To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen  
The foot above the head"

—*Timon of Athens*, I. i. 92-94.

Put up—Sheathe.

470. Who... show—Prospero wants to lower Ferdinand in the eyes of Miranda. Miranda does not certainly suspect that Prospero has deprived Ferdinand of motion by his magic. Now as Ferdinand stands still Prospero wants Miranda to understand that Ferdinand has drawn his sword to put up a brave show, but has not the courage to strike.

470-471. The conscience... guilt—your conscience is so oppressed by your guiltiness (that you dare not strike). Prospero wants Miranda to understand that Ferdinand has a guilty mind which accounts for his hesitation.

Prospero wants to test both Ferdinand and Miranda. **Comb . . . . . ward**—abandon your position of defence. 'Ward' and 'guard' are doublets, the former being derived from A. S. *Weardian*, to watch, and the latter from the Fr. *garder*, to keep or defend.

472. **Disarm**—deprive (one) of arms.

473. **Weapon**—sword.

472-473. **I can here . . . . . drop**—Prospero does not certainly intend to convey to Miranda that he can do this by magic. He wants to make Ferdinand out to be a coward. The worst shock that a girl in love can receive is to learn that her lover is a coward. Prospero puts Miranda through this icy test. **Beseech**—pray.

474. **He:ce**—get away. Prospero's harshness to Miranda is a *feint*. **Hang .. garments**—Miranda has been clinging to the knees of Prospero in an imploring attitude.

475. **I'll . . . . . surety**—I will be a guarantee for his honesty. **One word more**—if you say one word more.

476. **Shall make**—it shall make. **Chide**—administer a severe censure to. **What**—an expression of astonishment.

477. **An advocate . . . impostor**—you plead for one who makes a false claim (for Ferdinand claims to be King of Naples) *N B.* First Prospero wants to prove Ferdinand a coward, and then a liar and cheat. **Impostor**—one who falsely assumes a character. **Hush**—silence!

478. **There is no more such shapes**—many editors read 'are for 'is'. But this construction is very common in Shakespeare. Abbot (*Shakespearean Grammar*) says: "When the subject is as yet future and, as it were, unsettled, the third person singular might be regarded as the normal inflection." **No more . . . . . he**—no more handsome persons than he.

479. **But**—only.

478-479 **Thou think'st . . . . . Caliban**—*N B.* Prospero now disparages Ferdinand's good looks to see whether Miranda has been only attracted by his good looks. First Miranda asserted her belief in the innocence and honesty of Ferdinand. Prospero sought to shatter this

belief by showing that Ferdinand's guilty mind made him pause when he stood with his sword drawn.

480. To.....men—compared to most of men. This .....Caliban—he would appear as ugly as Caliban.

481 To him—compared to him. And they . . .angels—by the side of Caliban he looks an angel ; by the side of most men he will look a Caliban.

481-482. My affections humble—I am content with loving him and none other ; I do not want to love a more handsome man.

N. B. Miranda stands the test well. Prospero is rather pleased that his daughter should oppose his wish. It is a point to remember that Miranda's personality has not been crushed, rather has been developed by Prospero's education of her. Prospero might well boast that he had given his daughter a much better education than many princesses who are entrusted to tutors receive. To the test to which Prospero subjects his daughter, her womanhood, fully-blossomed reacts—and she says "My affections are then most humble."

483. Godlier—more handsome

484. Nerves—sinews. Are . . . again—are as weak as when you were a child

485. Have ..them—possess no strength. So they are—Ferdinand realizes the truth of Prospero's words. But he does not suspect Prospero's magic spell. He rather attributes his condition to his grief, his weariness, his confusion, etc.

486. My spirit—my will and thinking power. As in a dream—rather as in a nightmare. Bound up—paralysed ; held in bondage (not free to act).

487. My .... loss—grief for my father's loss. The weakness.....feel—the weakness due to exhaustion.

488. Wreck—shipwreck. Nor—equivalent to and or or.

488-489. This man's threats, to whom—i e , the threats of this man to whom. To whom .....subdued—who overcomes me. Are.....me—would not matter at all to me.

490. Might I—if I might.

491. **This maid**—Ferdinand points to Miranda. **All corners else**—i. e., all other corners.

492 **Liberty**—free men. Abstract for concrete. Fig. *Synecdoche*. **Let . . . of**—I will gladly let those who are free, range freely over the rest of the earth. **Space**—room.

492-493 **Space . . . . . prison**—My prison, however cramped and narrow, will be roomy enough for me, I will not crave for more space than my prison affords.

490-493. **Might I . . . . . prison**—compare :

“For elles had I dweld with Theseus,  
I fetered in his prison evere moo :  
Than had I ben in bolis and nat in woo.  
Oonly the sight of her whom that I serve,  
Though that I hir grace may nat deserve,  
Wo'd hav sufficed right ynough for me.”

—*Chaucer: Knight's Tale* (Cant. Tales, L. 1230).

Note that Ferdinand, a slave to his love for Miranda, and not certainly to Prospero's threats, totally gives in. He says “this man's threats ;” he does not take Prospero too seriously. The spell of love which is a mightier magic than Prospero's, holds him captive.

**It works**—his plan is prospering.

494. **Thou . . . . . Ariel**—he whispers this to Ariel. One point to note is that Prospero does not claim for himself all the credit for the success of his plan. He seems to owe much to Ariel. This rather complicates the question of the supernatural agency in the play.

495 **Hark . . . . . me**—he gives Ariel further commands. A spirit should be kept always engaged, or it will get out of hand. **Do me**—do for me.

496. **Be . . . . . comfort**—Miranda shows her natural grace and simplicity in coming forward to comfort Ferdinand—she shows here a truly womanly instinct.

496-497. **My father's . . . . . speech**—my father is gentler than his speech shows him to be. **This**—this outburst of temper. **Unwonted**—unusual.

498. **Thou shall be, etc.**—these words are addressed to Ariel.



499. **But then**—but if you want to win your freedom back.

500. **Points**—details. **To the syllable**—to the minutest detail.

## ACT II : SCENE I

**Analysis.** It is another part of the island, and the survivors of the ship-wreck are met. Ferdinand is not among them. Alonso, King of Naples, believes that Ferdinand is drowned. Gonzalo seeks to comfort him by uttering common-places. Alonso begs him to stop. Antonio and Sebastian keep ragging at Gonzalo. Yet Gonzalo goes on talking, undeterred by the ridicule of Antonio and Sebastian.

Gonzalo starts describing the climate of the island on which they are stranded, and both Antonio and Sebastian cut in with their sarcastic comments. Gonzalo remarks that their clothes are still fresh and bright in spite of the drenching. Antonio replies that Gonzalo's pockets (being filled with mud) would contradict him. The King's daughter (Claribel) has been married to the King of Tunis. It is on the return voyage from Tunis that the shipwreck occurs. Gonzalo happens to allude to the marriage, and calls forth a heartless remark from Sebastian. In this connection he maintains that Tunis was Carthage. Both Antonio and Sebastian snap at it and ridicule him by saying that Gonzalo's word must be more powerful than the magic harp of Amphion or of Apollo (the music of which raised the walls of a city), for by mere word of mouth he rears the whole city of Carthage where there was none.

They argue again about the clothes, and Gonzalo appeals to Alonso. Alonso again protests against his discourse, and laments his son (Ferdinand). Sebastian reminds him that his daughter (Claribel) was married against her will to the King of Tunis, and that his loss of his son results indirectly from this marriage (for the shipwreck occurs on the return voyage).

Gonzalo starts off again. He says that if he were King of the island, he would establish an ideal state, or rather a commonwealth. Antonio and Sebastian again interrupt him with their comments. Gonzalo, paying no heed to them, addresses the King. But the King is impatient of his unending stream of talk, and protests again.

Now Ariel enters invisible, playing solemn music. As the effect of the music they all fall asleep except Sebastian and Antonio. Antonio now suggests to Sebastian that he has the greatest chance of his life, that he can become the King of Naples by removing Alonso who is asleep. At first Sebastian pretends not to understand him, and is careful not to commit himself. Antonio argues and points out that Ferdinand being drowned, Claribel (who is the next heir) being married off Tunis, it is for Sebastian to seize the opportunity. He argues that since they have been saved from shipwreck, destiny intends them to accomplish the event. He cites his own example in supplanting Prospero. As for conscience, he bothers little about it. So the plan is to murder Alonso and also Gonzalo who alone will raise his voice against the murder. To carry it into effect, they draw their swords.

Ariel enters again invisible, and sings in Gonzalo's ear. Soon Alonso and Gonzalo wake up. Alonso is surprised to see Antonio and Sebastian, standing with their swords drawn. They explain that they heard a most terrific din. They leave the place. Ariel also departs.

**Critical Note.** We meet again those who were in the ship and who have been saved by Prospero's magic. Ferdinand is, however, kept apart from them. He has already met Prospero and Miranda. The story thus divides itself into two parts - (i) the romance of Ferdinand and Miranda ; (ii) the fortunes of the other survivors ; and Prospero is the *den ex machina* in both. Character and free will seem to have little scope in a story where everything happens through the supernatural agency. Ariel appears twice in this scene. First he puts all to

sleep except Antonio and Sebastian. Secondly, he prevents execution of the conspiracy by Antonio and Sebastian by waking up Alonso and Gonzalo in time. The superimposing of Prospero's will upon all the characters of the play somewhat takes away the full human interests of the story. Magic or no magic, Ferdinand and Miranda would have fallen in love with each other. Therefore, above everything else, this romance engages most the reader's attention.

The characters of Antonio and Sebastian are sufficiently revealed in this scene. Antonio is the tempter. But Sebastian, even though he may not have originally any notion of the plot, readily falls in with Antonio's suggestions. Sebastian lets himself be corrupted easily. Of course Sebastian does not seem to have been a good man, as he shows his ill nature too clearly by his heartless jests and his indifference to Alonso's grief. The crime is suggested to him by Antonio—and the opportunity is too inviting for Sebastian. In any case Antonio is the villain of the piece. He plays his old game here in the island. He has supplanted Prospero, and he suggests to Sebastian that he too should supplant his brother, and he is prepared to help him in the matter. Prospero's will (through Ariel) prevents his accomplishing the villainy.

Part of *exposition* is carried on into this scene. We learn now that the shipwreck occurs on return voyage from Tunis, to the king of which Alonso's daughter, Claribel, has been married. We learn that Alonso's courtiers begged him not to marry Claribel to the King of Tunis and that Claribel herself was averse to the marriage. Returning from this marriage, they are shipwrecked. Now the reader gets the hang of the story, but all the same it is a world of magic and enchantment which he enters, and where the characters are mere puppets.

1. Beseech—pray. Supply 'I' before 'beseech.' Sir—Gonzalo addresses Alonso, King of Naples. Cause—reason. Beseech.....cause—Alonso thinks that his son is

drowned, and is full of grief. Gonzalo tries to comfort him. Note that Gonzalo is rather tactless. How can he expect Alonso to be merry when he has lost his son? Gonzalo can hardly measure the father's grief for the loss of his son. That they have escaped shipwreck is a matter for rejoicing, which makes him overlook the loss of Ferdinand. (Ferdinand of course has been saved, but he has been landed by Ariel in a different part of the island, and kept separate from other survivors.)

2. So.....all—so we have all cause (of joy). Gonzalo forgets that Alonso, who has lost his son, cannot have the same cause of joy. Of joy—construe with 'cause' in the previous line. Our escape—surviving the shipwreck.

3. Is.....loss—far outweighs what we have lost. The idea is that few have perished in the shipwreck and that many have been saved. This reasoning may certainly appeal to the survivors, but is absolutely pointless to Alonso who has lost his son. Hint—subject ; cause. See l. ii 473.

4. Is common—referring to the lot of sea-farers.

5. Some merchant—some merchant vessel. Merchant—the merchant to whom the cargo is consigned. The masters ...merchant—"the joint owners of a merchantman who grieve for the cargo."—(*Wright*).

6. Our.....woe—the same cause of distress as ourselves.

5-6. The masters.....woe—Gonzalo expresses the most banal sentiment, and as comforter he will make one's nerve jump. Miracle—their own escape is a matter of wonder.

8. Can.....us—can have a story like ours to tell. Wisely—how can Gonzalo ask him 'wisely' to forget the loss of his son?

8-9. Weigh.....comfort—measure our sorrow for our loss against the cause of our happiness. N. B. Gonzalo never appreciates Alonso's sense of loss. When Gonzalo speaks airily of 'our' loss, he forgets that Alonso's loss

is not the same as theirs—and is in a different category altogether.

9 Prithee, peace—stop your chatter please. Alonso already expresses his impatience of Gonzalo's chatter.

10. Cold porridge—porridge is not in itself very savoury; but when it is allowed to get cold, its taste is execrable. He... porridge he does not at all relish comfort. It is not Alonso's fault that he receives comfort like cold porridge; it is rather the fault of the comfort that is ministered.

11 Visitor—"Gonzalo gives not only advice, but comfort, and is therefore properly called *The Visitor*, like others who visit the sick or distressed to give them consolation. In some of the Protestant Churches there is a kind of officers termed consolators of the sick." — (J. N. S. ) Will..... so—will not abandon his task of comforting the King, though the King, detests all comfort. N. B. — Both Antonio and Sebastian seem to pay no respect to the King's grief, but chatter on as they please, even indulging in the most frivolous talk. They seem to show a callousness of feeling, which is almost unaccountable. The King is in a moody silence, and takes no interest in their talk. Of course they speak aside—and the King is not meant to take part in it. The point is that Antonio and Sebastian are absolutely heartless." Gonzalo can be excused for his honest, though blundering, efforts to comfort Alonso. But these people have not a word of sympathy to throw at the King. nor can they respect the King's grief by their silence.

12. He's... ..wit- wit compared to a winding watch. Just as the spring of the watch is wound up so that it may strike, so Gonzalo is gathering up his wit to deliver himself of a maxim.

"The invention of striking watches is ascribed to Peter Hele of Nuremberg, about the year 1510."—Wright. By and by—presently.

13. Strike—find an outlet.

14 Sir—Gonzalo begins again his task of comforting the King. But before he proceeds farther, Sebastian gets in his comment.

15. One—keeping up the metaphor of the striking watch Sebastian says that the watch of his wit strikes 'one.' Tell—count.

16. Entertain'd—(i) cherished ; (ii) received and treated as a guest. That's offer'd - that is offered by chance ; that arises. It should be taken with 'grief'.

17. Entertainer—(i) one who cherishes such chance grief ; (ii) one who receives and treats the visitor as a guest.

18. Dollar—i. e., in payment for the entertainment. The metaphor of paying at an inn.

19. Dolour—grief. Pun on 'dollar' and 'dolour.' Compare :

"But for all this, thou shalt have as many *dolours* for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year."

*King Lear*, II. iv. 54-55.

"And his reward be thirteen hundred *dollars*,  
For he hath driven *dolour* from our heart.

—*The Tragedy of Hoffman*.

20. Truer—more truly. Purposed—intended.

21. Wiselier—more wisely (to suit your own purpose).

22. What . . . tongue—how prodigal of speech is he ! How freely does he use his tongue. Spendthrift—one who spends freely.

24. Spare—let me alone.

25. I . . . done—I have finished. But yet—when Gonzalo says that he has finished, he would yet add something

26. He . . . talking—he cannot stop talking.

27. Which . . . Adrian—read 'which of them, he or Adrian.' Compare :

"Now fellow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,  
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena."

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. ii. 336-337.

For . . . Wager—I am ready to lay a bet on the matter.

28. Crow speak out.

29. The old Cock—i. e., Gonzalo.

30. Cockerel—the young cock i. e., Adrian.

31. Done—agreed. The bet is agreed upon. The wager—what is the wager ?

32. **A laughter**—i. e., laughter to be the stake to be paid by the loser. "Laughter may be the cant name for some small coin (a doit or a denier) commonly laid in betting."—*Ingleby*.

33. **A match**—agreed. The bet is accepted.

34. **Though.....desert**—not that Adrian speaks first. Sebastian said that Gonzalo would speak first; so Sebastian loses the bet and pays it by laughter.

35. **Ha, ha, ha**—as a loser Sebastian laughs, for a laughter is the penalty.

36. **So.....paid**—Theobald gives it to Sebastian. But the folios give it to Antonio, as in the text.

(i) "There does not seem sufficient reason for departing from the old arrangement, 'paid' being used in the sense of 'rewarded', of course ironically, as in *Antony and Cleopatra*, II, 5. 108, 'I am paid for't now.'"—(*Wright*.)

(ii) "The point of the quibble is no doubt the old proverb 'let them laugh that win.'"—*Israel Gollancz*.

37. **Inaccessible**—beyond reach.

38. **Yet**—Sebastian supplies the word that Adrian is going to use.

40. **He .....miss't**—(i) he was bound to say "yet" after "though;" (ii) he could not do well without the island.

41. **Subtle**—fine. **Delicate**—rather delicious

42. **Temperance**—for temperature (implying mildness of the climate).

43. **Temperance... wench**—'Temperance' is a proper name here. The Puritans gave to their women such names as Grace, Charity, Patience, etc. Compare:

"Though bad they be, they will not late an ace,  
To be called Prudence, Temperance, Faith or Grace."

44. **Subtle**—sly. **Learnedly**—wisely. **Delivered**—observed.

46. **As if.....once**—note that Sebastian and Antonio twist everything that either Gonzalo or Adrian says. Ironically he means here that the air is foul. **Rotten lungs**—consumptive lungs.

47. **Or .....fen**—or as if it smelt of a fen, as the air of a fen (a marsh) is laden with miasma.

48. *Advantageous*—favourable.

49. *True*—ironical. *Save*—except. Means to live—means of living.

50. *Of that.....little*—there is no or little means of living in the island.

51. *Lush*—rank ; luxuriant. Compare :

“And *lush* and *lithe* do the creepers clothe  
Yon wall I watch, with a wealth of green.”

—*Browning*.

*Lusty*—vigorous.

52. *Tawny*—yellowish brown.

53. *Eye*—tinge or shade. *With...in't*—*N. B.* Sebastian may be glancing at Gonzalo, who sees what is not there. The expression—‘Do you see any *green* in my eye’ ? means ‘Am I a fool ?’ Shakespeare often uses *green* in the sense of “inexperienced” e.g., *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, I. ii. 94, “She has a green wit.” The idea is that the grass is really tawny (i. e., withered), and that the only ‘green spot’ in it is Gonzalo. In other words, Gonzalo is a dolt.

54. *He misses...much*—he is not far wrong. Ironical.

55. *Mistake...truth*—misses all that is true. A quibble on ‘misses,’ and ‘mistake’. The point is that the grass is here (“tawny”), with a touch of green, here and there. Gonzalo sees only what little is green, but nothing of that vast “tawny.”

56. *Rarity*—the rare feature.

57. *Beyond credit.....incredible* ; unbelievable.

58. *Vouched*—warranted. *Vouched rarities*—an allusion to traveller’s tales. Compare :

“Some also there are who by their countenance more than by their carriage, by their diseases more than by their discourses, discover themselves to have been abroad under hot climates.

Others have a custom to be always relating strange things and wonders (of the humour of Sir John Mandeville, and they usually present them to the hearer through multiplying glasses, and thereby cause the thing to appear far greater than it is in itself. They make mountains of mole-hills, like Charenton bridge echo,



which doubles the sound nine times. Such a traveller was he, that reported the Indian fly to be as big as a fox, China birds to be as big as some horses, and their mice to be as big as monkeys. But they have the wit to fetch this far enough off, because the hearer may rather believe it than make a voyage so far to disprove it.

Everyone knows the tale of him who reported he had seen a cabbage under whose leaves a regiment of soldiers were sheltered from a shower of rain. Another who was no traveller (yet the wiser man) said, he had passed by a place where there were four hundred braziers making a cauldron, two hundred within and two hundred without, beating the nails in. The traveller asking for what use that huge cauldron was, he told him, "Sir it was to boil your cabbage"

—James Howell, *Instructions for Foreign Travell*.

Are—i. e., are beyond credit.

59. Drenched—soaked.

60. Gl sses—glossiness or brightness.

61. Being new dyed—as if they had been rather lately dyed Stained—discoloured.

62. Speak—give evidence. If but.....speak—the idea is that the pocket is filled with mud, and that, therefore, the pocket would prove Gonzalo's assertion to be untrue.

64. Ay indeed. Falsely—dishonestly. Pocket up—hide; suppress. His report—Gonzalo's statement about the freshness and brightness of garments.

65. Methinks—it seems to me.

66. Afric—i. e., Africa.

67. Tunis Modern Tunis is the city and capital of Tunisia. The ancient Arab city, which contains many fine mosques, is about three miles distance from the ruins of Carthage.

68. Sweet marriage—said ironically (since on their return voyage they were shipwrecked).

68-69. We...return—i. e., (and the shipwreck occurs when we are returning from the marriage).

70. Graced—favoured. Paragon—model of excellence.

71. To their queen—i. e., for their queen.

72. **Widow Dido**—‘widow’ for the sake of pun. Dido was the legendary founder of Carthage. She was the daughter of Mutgo, or Belus, king of Tyre, and the wife of Sichaeus. According to Virgil, who tells the story in *Aeneid*, Dido fell in love with Æneas and committed suicide after he had deserted her.

73. **A plague o’ that**—a curse on that.

73-74. **How came .... in**—implying that it is an ill omen to mention widows when they are talking of Claribel’s marriage

75. **What... too**—would it have altered matters if he had said ‘widower Æneas’? Æneas—a Trojan prince, and son of Anchises and the goddess Venus. After the fall of Troy he wandered about for many years. He landed at Carthage and met Dido; thence he went to Italy where he founded a colony, which became the Roman nation.

75-76 **Good Lord—O, heavens! How.... it—how you take it ill!**

77-78. **You make... that**—you make me think about that. Carthage—ancient city that stood on a peninsula on the N. W. coast of Africa, near the modern Tunis! According to tradition it was founded by Phoenician settlers from Tyre under Dido. It was destroyed by the Romans in 146 B. C.

79. **This Tunis.....Carthage**—Gonzalo identifies Tunis with Carthage.

82. **His word.....miraculous harp**—the reference is either to the harp of Amphion, the music of which raised the walls of Thebes, or to the harp of Apollo, which raised the walls of Troy. Gonzalo’s word is more powerful than the harp of either Amphion, or of Apollo, for he has called into being the whole city of Carthage, when it was no more (as he identifies it with Tunis)

83. **He.....to**—the miraculous harp raised only the walls of a city (Thebes or Troy); but Gonzalo has evolved a whole city where (at Tunis) it does not exist.

84. **What... next**—he will do any impossible feat now. Nothing henceforth will be impossible to him. **Matter—task.**

85. **Carry.....pocket**—Sebastian instances one of the impossible tasks that Gonzalo will accomplish.

86. For an apple—like the golden apple from the garden of the Hesperides.

87. Kernels—seeds. Bring forth—produce.

89. Ay N B. Staunton gives the sigh or exclamation to Alonso 'upon awaking from his trance of grief.' But there seems to be no reason why it should not be uttered by Gonzalo, either in an inquiring tone, not knowing what they mean, or as a sort of, "Yes, yes, have it so if you will."

90. Why.....time—yes, of course, you will perform all these wonderful feats, when the time is ripe for them.

91. Sir Gonzalo addresses the King. Evidently he wants to draw the King's attention to what he is saying. The King is abstracted—withdrawn into himself in his grief.

94. The rarest.....there—Antonio ironically means that Claribel is the rarest queen that Tunis will ever have. He mockingly alludes to Adrian's remark: 'Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.'

95. Bate—except. Bate.....Dido—Sebastian mockingly alludes to Gonzalo's remark above.

96. O, wido Dido, etc. Antonio seems to remember the remark now, and agrees with Sebastian.

97. Doublet—close-fitting body-garment with or without sleeves, worn by men from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century.

98. In a sort—in a way—not entirely.

99. That sort—that qualification of your statement. Well fished for—luckily put in; well thought of. Antonio implies that Gonzalo had long searched for the qualifying phrase before he was out with it, that he had fished long before he caught the phrase.

"The words 'fresh' and 'sort' in Gonzalo's speech conveyed the idea to Shakespeare of making Antonio say 'well fished for,' When the net is drawn, the fish are always what the fishermen term 'sorted'; some are thrown back again into the water, and others are carried sorted to market"—*Dirrill*.

101. Cram—push in.

102. **Stomach**—inclination. **Sense**—(i) reason and natural affection (*Steevens*); (ii) feeling (*Monck Mason*); (iii) sense of hearing (*Verity*).

100-101. **You**.....**sense**—you force these words into my ears when I have no wish to hear them, just as food is crammed into the mouth of one who does not want to eat. **Would**—I wish.

104 **Rate**—estimation. **She too**—she too is lost.

106-107. **O**.....**heir**—he addresses Ferdinand whom he imagines to be drowned

107-108. **What**.....**thee**—you must have been devoured by some strange fish. **He may live**—he may be alive.

109. **Beat**.....**him**—beat back the waves from him (in his efforts to get ashore).

110. **Ride**.....**backs**—ride on the crest of the waves. **Trod the water**—beat down the water by his feet.

111. **Whose enmity**.....**aside**—the idea is this: he beat back the waves with his arms, and thus resisted the enmity of the sea

111-112. **Breasted**.....**him**—battle with the highest waves by swimming bravely. **Swoln**—upheaving

113. **'Bove**—above **Contentious**—fighting The idea is that a battle was going on between Ferdinand and the waves. **Oar'd**—propelled himself as with oars.

113-114. **Oar'd**.....**arms**—compare :

“and Naiads oar'd

A glimmering shoulder under gloom

Of cavern pillars.”—*Tennyson*.

**Lusty**—vigorous.

115. **Shore**—used in the sense of ‘cliffs.’ Compare :

“That white faced shore,

Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides.”

—*King John*, III. ii. 23-24.

**Wave-worn**—cut into by waves. **Basis**—foundation.

**Bow'd**—stooped.

116. **As**—as if. **Relieve him**—put an end to his struggle in the water.

115-116. **That**.....**him**—the shore is represented as sloping down to the sea as if to meet Ferdinand and

put an end to his struggle. .I not doubt—either a transposition of the negative adverb or the omission of the auxiliary “do.”

118. You.....lost—you are to blame for parting with your daughter to an African This ..... loss—above Alonso speaks of having lost his daughter too, who has been married to the prince of Tunis, so far away from Italy.

119. That.....daughter—which would not let her be married to a prince of Europe

120. But rather..... African—but rather marry her to an African.

121. Where—i. e., in Africa.

122 Who...on't - ‘who’ may refer either to ‘eye,’ or to ‘she’: (i) which has reason to moisten with tears the grief felt on that account; (ii) “who, lost to sight by banishment, though not by death, has yet cause to fill your eyes with tears”—(Wright). On't—on account of that.

123. Prithce, peace—leave me alone please. Kneel'd to—requested by us on our knees. Importuned—pressed or urged. Otherwise—not to marry your daughter to an African.

124. The fair soul herself—i. e., Claribel.

125 Weigh'd—balanced. Loathness—unwillingness to marry the African Obedience—desire to obey you.

125-126. At which..... bow—(i) at which end of the beam (she) should bow; ii) at which end of the beam (it i. e., suspended judgment) should bow. Malone reads *shoul* as a contraction of *she would*, meant to be printed *sh'ould*. One commentator explains ‘at’ in the sense of ‘as to,’ making the line much simpler. Beam—from which the scales are hung Bow—bend.

124-126. And the fair..... bow—Sebastian speaks here of Claribel Alonso was requested by all his courtiers not to marry Claribel to the king of Tunis. Claribel herself long hesitated between her averseness to the marriage and her duty of obedience to her father. Sebastian speaks of her weighing her decision in the scale—and

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implies that at last she has decided to obey her father and marry against her will.

128. **Mo**—more. **Mo** relates to number, and **More**, to size. **Of... making**—resulting from this marriage.

130 The fault's... **own**—you shall have to thank yourself for this pretty mess of things. **So... loss**—for my own fault suffer the heaviest of my loss—the loss of my son. **Dear'st**—*dear* is frequently used in the sense of anything, pleasurable or the reverse, which touch one very closely. Compare :

“He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,  
Which is his *dearest* need will fly from him”

—*Richard III*, V. ii. 20-21.

131. The truth... **gentleness**—though you are speaking the truth, you speak it rather bluntly—without any consideration for the feelings of the hearer.

132 And time... **in**—there is time for it ; it is not the proper time to remind the king of his folly **You... sore**—you make it bitterer for him to bear it. By rubbing the sore, you make it more irritating.

133 **When..... plaster**—when it is your duty to comfort him. Metaphor from surgery.

134. **Chirurgeonly**—like a surgeon. Said contemptuously “Surgeons being held much inferior to physicians in Shakespeare's time.”—*Verity*.

135. **It... all**—we are in the blues ; we are most depressed. **Good sir**—Alonso is addressed.

136 **When .....cloudy**—when you are gloomy. **Foul weather**—Sebastian is doubtful how it is foul weather. He takes Gonzalo's statement literally, and questions it.

137 **Very foul**—Antonio evidently look up at the sky, and discovers flocks of sea-fowl. He plays upon the word ‘fowl.’

138 **Plantation**—colonization. Antonio and Sebastian take the word in the literal sense.

139. **He 'ld**—he would **Sow't**—sow it. **Nettle-seed**—seed that will bring forth stinging plants. **Locks or mallows**—common weeds.

140. **Were**—If I were. **On't**—of it. **What .... do**—he pauses to think what he was going to do, if he had had the colonizing of the island.

141. 'Scape—escape. 'Scape.....wine—he would not get drunk because there was no wine.

142. Commonwealth—a state without a king, and in which people are governed by their representatives. By contraries—in ways just the reverse of the custom that is followed.

143. Execute—perform. Traffic—trade.

144. No .....magistrate—there will be no magistrate.

145. Letters—learning.

146. Use of service—the custom of one man being the servant of another. Contract—legal agreement. Shakespeare might be thinking of the term of apprenticeship. Succession—the right of inheritance,

147. Bourn—boundary. Compare ;

“One that fixes no bourn 'twixt his and mine.”

—*Winters Tale*, I. ii. 134.

Bound—boundary. Tith—tillage.

148. No use.....oil—Gonzalo would abolish all the usages of civilization.

149. No occupation...all—he would abolish the drudgery of labour.

150. Women too—women too all idle.

142-150. I' the commonwealth .....pure—N.B. For this picture of the commonwealth Shakespeare is indebted to Montaigne, *Livres I*, ch. xxx, “Des Cannibales”

“It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kinde of traffike, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike, superioritie ; no vse of service, of riches, or of povertie ; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle ; no respect of kindred, but common, no apparell but naturall, no manuring of lands, no vse of wine, corne or mettle. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them.”

Malone points out that the title of the chapter—‘Of the Canibales’—evidently furnished Shakespeare with the name of one of his characters (*i. e.* Caliban), one of the characteristics of the time being to twist every proper name into an anagram.

151. Yet.....on't—Sebastian finds the flaw in Gonzalo's reasoning. In l. 140 Gonzalo says that if he were king of the island. In a commonwealth the king has no place, and thus Gonzalo contradicts himself. Both Sebastian and Antonio amuse themselves with this.

152. The latter end—i. e., at the close of Gonzalo's description of the commonwealth, where he says that there will be no sovereignty

153. Beginning—in the beginning Gonzalo says that if he were king of the island.

154. All things in common—all the needs of mankind. Produce—provide.

155. Sweat—hard toil of which sweat is the sign. Endeavour—used in the laborious effort Felony—crime.

156. Pike—a pole with a lance-head fixed to the top. Knife—dagger. Engine—implement of war.

157. Bring forth—produce.

158. Of it own kind—"it" for "its". The original genitive of *it* and *he* was *his*. *Its* as genitive did not come into use until the latter half of the seventeenth century. Faison—plenty. *F. faison*, from Low L. *fusio* *fusions*, a pouring out.

162. With...perfection—so excellently.

163. To excel—so as to excel. The golden age—the fabulous era of Roman mythology, when Saturnus reigned in Italy—a time of 'golden' prosperity and innocence. Save his majesty! may God save his majesty.' 'God' is omitted in reference to the statute of James I, forbidding profanity on the stage.

164. And.....sir—Gonzalo addresses himself to Alonso, and takes no notice of the interruption of Sebastian and Antonio.

166. Nothing—nonsense.

167. I do .....highness—you are perfectly right, sir.

168. Minister—provide. Occasion—i. e., opportunity of exercising their wit. These gentlemen—Sebastian and Antonio.

168-169. Sensible—sensitive. Nimble—i. e., quick to laugh. Who...lungs—who are so easily excited to laughter. Use—are accustomed. To laugh at nothing—to find a joke in everything, however unimportant it may be.



171-172. **Who**—Gonzalo means himself In .....**fooling**—(i) in such humour for jesting; (ii) in the matter of playing the fool. **Am.....you**—stand nowhere, compared to you. **So you.....still**—Gonzalo implies that their jests do not affect him in the least. In the matter of playing the fool he is nothing in comparison with Sebastian and Antonio and so when they laugh at him, they laugh at nothing.

173. **What...given**—he has got back on you this time.

174. **An**—if. **It**—the blow **Flat-long**—used for a blow given, not with the edge, but with the side, of the sword. Compare *flatling*, which convey the same sense :

“Tho’ with her sword on him she *flatling* stroke.”

—*Spenser : Faerie Queene*, V. 5. 18.

**An.. flat-long**—if the blow had not been misdelivered.

175. **Mettle**—spirit.

175-176. **Sphere**—orbit. An allusion to the Ptolemaic theory, according to which the earth was the fixed centre with the sun and stars, revolving round it. **You would .....sphere**—i. e., you would presume to direct the course of heavenly bodies.

176-177. **If she would.....changing**—if the moon remained unchanged for five weeks instead of making her regular revolution of four weeks. The idea is that if the moon departed from its normal course, Sebastian and Antonio would presume to tear it off from its orbit. It is just a sarcastic reproof of their impudence.

178. **Bat-fowling**—*N. B.* An elaborate description of the *bat fowling* is given by Gervase Markham in his *Hunger's Prevention*, 1621 : “For the manner of *Bat-fowling* it may be v<sup>s</sup>ed either with *Nettes*, or without *Nettes* : If you v<sup>s</sup>e it without *Nettes* (which indeed, is the most common of the two) you shall then proceede in this manner. First, there shall be one to cary the *Cresset* of fire (as was shewed for the *Lowbell*) then a certaine number as two, three, or foure (according to the greatnesse of your company), and these shall have poales bound with dry round wispes of hay, straw, or such like stuffe, or else bound with pieces of *Linkes*, or *Hurdes*,

dipt in Pitch, Rosen, Grease, or any such like matter that will blaze."

"Then another company shall be armed with long poales, very rough and bushy at the vpper endes, of which the Willow, byrche, or long Hazell are best, but indeed according as the country will afford, so you must be content to take."

"Thus being prepared and comming into the Bushy, or rough ground where the haunts of Birds are, you shall then first kindle some of your heis (fires) as halfe, or a third part, according as your prouision is, and then with your other bushy and rough poales you shall beat the Bushes, Trees, and haunts of the birds, to enforce them to rise, which done you shall see the Birds which are rayzed, to flye and play about the lights and flames of the tier, for it is their nature through their amazedness, and afright at the strangeness of the light and the extreme darknesse round about it, not to depart from it, but as it were almost to scorch their wings in the same; so that those who have the rough bushye poales, may (at their pleasures) beat them down with the same, and so take them. Thus you may spend as much of the night as is darke, for longer is not conuenient; and doublesse you shall finde much pastime, and take great store of birds, and in this you shall obserue all the obseruations formerly treated of in the Lowbell; especially, that of silence, vntill your lights be kindled, but then you may vse your pleasure, for the noyse and the light when they are heard and seene a farre of, (afar of) they make the birds sit the faster and surer."

179. Good my lord—"The possessive adjectives when unemphatic are sometimes transposed, being really combined with nouns like the French *monsieur*, milord"

—Abbott.

180. Warrant—assure. Adventure—risk.

180-181. I will .....weakly—put my character for discretion in peril by acting so foolishly. Will.....asleep—that is how Gonzalo estimates their laughter—it is to put him to sleep.

182. Heavy—drowsy. Go.....hear us—get yourself to sleep, and hear us laughing, which will make you more sleepy.

184. With themselves—as soon as they close. Shut...  
...thoughts—put a bar upon my thoughts.

185. They..... so—i. e., the eyes are inclined to close in sleep.

186. Please you—may it please you.

187. Omit—neglect. Heavy.....it—the offer of heavy sleep.

183. Sorrow—a person afflicted with sorrow.

188-189. When it..... .. comforter—when sleep comes to an afflicted person, it comes as a solace.

190. Person—body.

191. Watch.....safety—keep watch so that no harm can come to you. Wondrous—i. e., wonderfully.

192. What...them—they are all taken with a strange fit of slumber.

193. It .....climate—their drowsiness must be the effect of the languorous climate.

194. Why.....sink—if so, we might have been seized with drowsiness.

195. My spirits are nimble—I seem to have a lively and alert disposition.

196. Fell together—dropped down to sleep. Consent—agreement.

197. As by a thunder stroke—as if they had been struck by thunder. What might—what might happen N B. The plot which Antonio now hints at must have been germinating in his mind. He throws out a *feeler*, but he already knows that Sebastian will be a willing party to it, for the plot is to Sebastian's own interest. He first proceeds by indirect suggestions until he can *directly* involve Sebastian in it.

198. Worthy Sebastian—there is a peculiar force in 'worthy': if Sebastian would but realize his own worth (of which Antonio had no doubt), what might not happen! No more—Antonio stops short in his cogitations, just to inveigle Sebastian into it.

199. See it..... face—see your inmost thought in your face. 'It' is purposely indefinite; 'it' might mean both, (i) the image of kingship, and (ii) the reflection of your inmost thought (you wish that you were king instead of Alonso).

200 What.... be—he almost suggests you should rather be the king than Alonso The occasion .. .. thee—(i) the occasion speaks to you (summons you to act); (ii) the occasion proclaims your greatness.

201-202 My strong... head—Antonio begins to speak now more directly—still in hints and suggestions He sees with his imagination a crown descending upon his head. He implies that now is his opportunity to possess himself of the crown of Naples. What..... waking—Sebastian pretends not to understand Antonio. He puts it thus, "Are you talking in your sleep?"

204-205. Sleepy language—things that one might say in his sleep. Surely..... sleep—the point is this: When Antonio speaks of a crown dropping on Sebastian, Sebastian says, just to save himself the shock of hearing such treason, that Antonio must be talking in his sleep. It is just humbugging. What..... say—Sebastian wants Antonio to be more definite.

206. This... .. repose—Sebastian will still pretend that Antonio cannot be awake. It must be a strange sleep when Antonio is asleep with his eyes wide open. To save his conscience, Sebastian must say that Antonio must be asleep, for he is speaking the language of sleep.

207 Standing ....moving—Antonio is standing, speaking and moving about. Yet Sebastian must say that he is asleep—to excuse his language.

208. Yet.....asleep—i. e., Antonio must be presumed to be asleep and to be talking in his sleep—just to excuse what he says.

209. Thou..... sleep—this is no doubt a direct challenge to Sebastian's loyalty. Thou...rather—you let the opportunity of your life slip by you—you will rather let it be totally lost. Wink'st—i. e., close your eyes.

209-210. Wink'st ....waking—i. e., you deliberately close your eyes to the opportunity, when you see that

it has presented itself to you. Thou...distinctly—Sebastian still keeps up the show : Antonio is snoring in his sleep, but his snores seem to frame themselves into intelligent words. Sebastian pretends that he is vaguely aware of his meaning. Distinctly—with separate and articulate words.

211. There's meaning..... snores—equivalent to saying, "so you are driving at something."

212. I am ..custom—I mean what I say now, though at other times I may be jesting.

213 So—i. e., serious. If heed me—if you care to listen to me. Which.....do—listening to me.

214. Trebles.....o'er—makes you thrice as important as you are now. I.....water—I am neither flowing, nor ebbing, midway, passive, easily influenced. N.B. Sebastian speaks rather in an ambiguous way. He may mean that he prefers to be what he is—has no intention either of ebbing, or of flowing. He may also mean that he is prepared to be guided by Antonio's advice—he is prepared to be moved in either direction. Compare :

'Tis with him in *standing water*, between boy and man.

—*Tuelfth Night*, I. V. 108.

I'll .... flow—I will instruct you how to flow with the tide of opportunity. To ebb—i. e., to neglect the tide of opportunity.

216 Hereditary sloth—inherited indolence. Instructs—suggested by Antonio's 'teach' above.

217. Purpose—i. e., the purpose of supplanting Alonso. If you .....cherish—you are not aware how fondly you cling to the purpose (of displacing Alonso) in your inmost heart.

218. Whiles—while. Mock it—turn it into a jest. Stripping—i. e., divesting the words of their common meaning.

219. Invest it (i) cloth it with greater significance. (ii) "hug it closer to you, like a garment (*vestis*)" *Verity*.

217-219. O, If you but .....invest it—"O, if you but knew how much even that metaphor, which you use in jest, encourages to the design which I hint at ; how in stripping the words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adopt them to your own situation !"

If Verity's explanation of "invest" be accepted, then, "while you disown the purpose, you cherish it the deeper in your heart." **Ebbing man**—men who let the opportunities of life slip.

220. **Most..... run**—get often stuck fast (like a ship running aground by the ebbing of the tide)

219-220. **Ebbingman.....run**—Compare :

And the *ebb'd man*, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,  
Comes dear'd by being lack'd.

—*Antony and Cleopatra*, I iv 43-44.

221. **By .... sloth**—on account of their own timidity or indolence. **Say on**—go on ; I am listening to you.

222. **The setting**—the fixed look.

223. **Matter**—something of importance **Birth**—i. e., giving birth to the meaning in words.

224. **Throes**—pains or tortures. Compare :

With news the time's with labour and *th'oes* forth  
Each minute some.

—*Antony and Cleopatra*, III, vii 81-82.

**Yield**—bring forth. The difficulty or embarrassment in speaking out is compared to the pain of child-birth. **Thus, sir**—my point is this.

225. **This lord .....remembrance**—i. e., Gonzalo whose memory is failing in his old age.

226-227. **Who.....earth'd**—who, when he is buried, shall be remembered as little as he is able to remember things now **Earth'd**—buried.

228. **For he's .....persuasion**—he is good for nothing, he is good for persuasion—he is all persuasion

229. **Professes to persuade**—makes it his business to persuade. A fling at Gonzalo's position as *counsellor*. **The king .....alive**—(persuaded) the king that his son is alive.

230-231. **'Tis.....swims**—Antonio declares his firm conviction that Ferdinand is drowned. It is on the basis of Ferdinand's death that Antonio's plot is built. Ferdinand is no more ; Claribel is married to the king of Tunis—so there could have been no more favourable opportunity for Sebastian.

231-232. **I have.....undrown'd**—I have no hope that Ferdinand is alive.

232-233. **O' out of that..... have**—no hope in the direction of Ferdinand being alive must encourage you to hope for yourself. The fact of Ferdinand being drowned opens a great chance for you. **No.....way**—no hope so far as Ferdinand being alive is concerned

234. **Another way**—so far as your case is concerned. **So.....hope**—such immense possibilities.

235-236. **Ambition . there**—“this is the utmost extent of the prospect of ambition, the point where the eye can pass no further, but where objects lose their distinctness, so that what is there discovered is faint, obscure, and doubtful” —Johnson.

237-238. **Wink**—the smallest space; originally of time. **Will.....drown'd**—note that Antonio pursues the matter with ruthless logic.

240. **Ten leagues**—at a vast distance. **Beyond.. life--** i. e., it will take more than a man's life-time (to reach Tunis from Italy). ‘Shakespeare's great ignorance of geography is not more conspicuous in any instance than in this, where he supposes Tunis and Naples to have been at such an immeasurable distance from each other. —Stevens It may be pointed out that the words need not be taken too literally. To enforce his argument, Antonio exaggerates.

241. **Note**—news. **Post**—a carrier.

242. **The man..... moon**—some say it is a man leaning on a fork on which he is carrying a bundle of sticks picked up on a Sunday. The origin of this fable is from *Numbers*, xv. 32-36. Some add a dog also; thus the prologue in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* says, “This man with lantern, dog, and bush of thorns, presented moonshine;” another tradition says that the man is Cain with his dog and thorn-bush; some poets make out the “man to be Endymion, taken to the moon by Diana. **New-born chins**—chins of infants lately born.

243. **Rough**—rough with hair. **Razorable**—fit for shaving. **She that**—some would omit ‘that’. It is quite likely that Antonio began the sentence with ‘she that,’ and then turned to a new train of thought. **From whom**—in coming from whom.

244. Sea-swallow'd—drowned. Cast—i. e., cast ashore, the theatrical sense (giving a part in a play to an actor) is also intended, as suggested by 'act' and 'prologue' which follow.

245. By that destiny—i. e., by the destiny that saved us from being drowned. To perform—i. e., appointed to perform

245-246. An act .....prologue—an act (to be performed yet) to which the events that have taken place are but introductory. Prologue—introductory verses recited before the curtain rose on the play proper. So verses at the end of a play are known as the *epilogue*. What to come—i. e., the act to be performed

247. In.....discharge—waiting to be carried through by you and myself

243-247 She that... discharge—Antonio argues that Claibel (Alonso's daughter) lives in Tunis, and, therefore, too far away to substantiate her claim to the throne of Naples. Then he points out that in returning from Tunis, the shipwreck occurred, and that though some have perished, some have been saved by destiny. He reasons then that those who have been saved, are intended by destiny to perform an act to which all that has taken place is preliminary, but which is to be carried through by himself and Sebastian. On the one hand it is a hint of, and on the other, an incitement to the conspiracy. Compare :

Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme."

—*Macbeth*, I. iii. 128-130.

What ...this—what nonsense are you talking? How .....you—What do you mean?

249. So—as being his daughter and only child now. 'Twixt .....regions between Tunis and Naples.

250. There .....space—There is some distance. Sebastian discounts Antonio's exaggeration. Cubit—an English cubit is 18 inches.

252. Us—i. e., the cubits. Keep—remain.

253. Let.....wake—Let Sebastian realize his own advantage and turn it to account. Were—would be.



253-254. This.....them—it is sleep that possesses them, but their sleep can be converted into death. Were.....worse—would be no worse.

255. Then.....are—Let us pretend that their sleep is death—and one can be converted into the other. There be—there are. That.....N.ples—Sebastian is meant. That (who) can rule, etc. Prate—talk idly.

256. He.....sleeps—Gonzalo.

257. Amply—volubly. Unnecessarily—irrelevantly.

258-259 I myself..... chat—(i) I could make as good a talker as Gonzalo, repeating stale things over and over again ; (ii) I could teach a chough (a bird of the crow family) to talk like that Chough—applied to the small chattering species of the crow family, especially the jackdaw. Figuratively, a chatterer. Deep chat—profound talk Ironical.

259-260. O, that .... do—I wish you thought my way.

260-261. What . advancement—how you could turn this sleep to your advantage and rise high.

262 Methinks... .. do - note that Sebastian is still cautious and does not commit himself. Content—desire. Compare :

To whose high will we bow our calm contents.  
—Richard II, V. ii. 38.

263. Tender—regard.

262 263. How does .....fortune—How do your inclinations regard your good fortune ? Good fortune—i. e., in finding Alonso asleep now.

264. You ... Prospero—Sebastian implies that Antonio has played the game before Supplant—displace.

265. How well... ..me—how well the ducal robes fit me ! How well I fill the office of the duke.

266. Feater—more gracefully. Than before—than when I was a mere deputy of the duke. My brother's servants—the officers who served my brother (Prospero).

267. Fellows—companions. Men—servants.

268. But.....conscience—but does not your conscience trouble you ?

269. Where .....that—Conscience seems to be non-existent in me. Kibe—a chilblain on the heel.

270. 'Twould.....slipper—it would make me put on my slipper instead of my shoe. Antonio means to say that his conscience does not give him even as much trouble as a chilblain

271. This deity—i. e., the god of conscience. Bosom—the seat of conscience Compare :

Leave her to heaven

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
To prick and sting her.

—*Hamlet*, V. i 153-155.

271-273 Twenty...Milan—i e, if twenty consciences stand between me and the dukedom of Milan, they, though they be candied Candied—(i) sugared over, and so rendered insensible; (ii) congealed; “perhaps a better interpretation is ‘made sweet as sugar’, as in the phrase the candied tongue” Is Antonio possibly playing on ‘candied and ‘candid’ (a word not yet fully naturalized in the language, but probably familiar) ?

—*Israel Gollancz*.

Candied .... they—though they be candied. Molest—give me trouble. Twenty consciences molest—“Twenty consciences, such as stand between me and my hopes, though they were congealed, would melt before they could molest me, or prevent the execution of my purpose.” —*Johnson*. Similarly, though they be turned into sugar, they would melt before, etc.

274 No better.....upon—as insensate as the earth upon which he lies. A suggestion of murder.

275. If he were.....like—Sleep is the twin-brother of death; so Alonso asleep is as good as Alonso dead. Antonio makes repeated suggestions of murder.

276 Obedient steel—the sword obeying my will, or I can make use of my own purpose.

277 Can.....ever—can put to endless sleep. Doing thus—Antonio suits action to words. Previously in words, and now in gestures murder.

278. Perpetual wink—everlasting sleep. For aye—for ever. Redundant.

279. This ancient morsel—this human derelict (i. e., Gonzalo). This.....Prudence—this doting fool who is so

fond of giving advice, and who believes that his advice is the soundest.

280. **Upbraid**.....course—censure us for our action. Antonio wants to get rid of Gonzalo so that there will be no one left to censure them for their action, for he can easily manage others. **For**—as regards.

281. **Suggestion**—temptation. **As**—as readily as. **Laps**—licks up.

282. **Tell**.....clock—count the strokes of the clock. They will say it is any hour of the day we please if we consider it suitable to our purpose.

282-283 **They 'll** . hour—They will say ditto to anything that we do or propose ; they will be at our beck and call. **Thy case**—your case of supplanting Prospero.

284. **Precedent**—example that has been set before and may be followed or referred to in future. **Milan**—the dukedom of Milan.

285 **Com: by**—obtain or secure. **Naples**—the throne of Naples. **Draw etc**—Note that Sebastian prefers instant action to dilatory speech.

287 **I the king**—I being king of Naples in place of Alonso. **Draw together**—let us draw our swords together.

288 **Rear**—lift. **My hand**—my hand to strike. **Do** ... like—follow suit.

289. **Fall**—let fall. **O, out one word**—I have got something to tell you

280 **Art**—magic. **Foresees**—anticipates.

291. **You**—i. e , Gonzalo.

292 **Else**—otherwise. **His project**—i. e., the plan of reconciling the two houses of Milan and Naples by marrying Miranda to Ferdinand. **Dies**—falls through. **To keep** . ...living—to keep Alonso and Gonzalo alive.

294. **Open-eyed**—alert and watching. **Conspiracy**—personified.

295. **His time**...take—seizes the suitable opportunity.

296. **Keeps a care**—have a care.

297. **Beware**—be on your guard.

299. **Sudden**—swift. **Then**.....sudden—let us waste no more time. Antonio apprehends that the sleepers may wake up.

299-300. Now.....King—Gonzalo has evidently been dreaming about some harm that has befallen the King, and cries in his sleep, "Good angels, preserve the King !" This is the effect of Ariel's song

301. How now—what's up ? Ho, awake—the King rouses them from sleep. Why.....drawn—why have you your swords drawn ? Are—rather than *have*, as denoting a state not an action. Compare :

"Here, villain ; drawn and ready. Where art thou ?"

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, III ii 402.

302. Wherefore...looki g—why do you look so dazed with terror ? Guilty conscience makes Antonio and Sebastian look so terror-stricken.

302. What's the matter—now Gonzalo fully wakes up.

303. Whiles we stood, etc—note that Sebastian is ready with a plausible excuse. After all he is not so bad at the game as we imagined from the way Antonio tutored him. Securing your repose—guarding you while you were asleep.

304. A hollow.....bellowing—a most terrific roar.

305. Like.....lions—like that of bulls, or rather of lions. Did't.....you—did it not wake you ? Sebastian is very clever at inventing.

306. It.....terribly—it deafened my ear.

307. O, 'twas . ear—it was such a terrible sound that it might have frightened even a monster, not to speak of men. Din—continuous noise. Fright—frighten,

308 To.....earthquake—to let one suppose that an earthquake was happening

310 Upon.....honour—I swear by my honour. Humming—refers to Ariel's song.

311. A strange one—strange, unearthly music.

312. Shaked—shook

313. Weapons—swords.

314. That's verity—that is truth. Stand .....guard—be prepared for defence.

315 Quit—abandon.

316 Lead.....ground—the King is rather prepared to leave the place, and bids Gonzalo lead the party to some other place.

319-320. **Prospero**..... son—the only rhymed couplet in the play, (excepting the songs and the Masque in Act IV.)

## ACT II : SCENE II

**Analysis.** The scene reveals another part of the island and Caliban carrying a burden of wood. As Caliban proceeds, he curses Prospero. He is afraid that Prospero's spirits may overhear him, but he knows that they will not torment him until Prospero sets them on. Caliban sees Trinculo coming, and supposes him to be a spirit, sent by Prospero. He lies flat on the ground that he may remain unobserved.

Trinculo looks around him, seeking for shelter against the storm coming on. He discovers Caliban and supposes him to be an islander, struck by lightning. Trinculo creeps under his gaberline.

Next appears Stephano singing, a bottle in his hand. He too sees Caliban and four legs sticking out, and imagines that it must be some monster of the island. Caliban imagines that the spirit is tormenting him, and cries out now and then. Stephano is surprised to hear him speak his own language, and out of compassion for his ague, puts the bottle to his lips. Trinculo recognizes Stephano from his voice. Stephano drags him out from under Caliban's gaberline.

The taste of the wine enchants Caliban, and Caliban swears loyalty to Stephano. He imagines that this stranger will be able to protect him from Prospero's tyranny. Trinculo dislikes Caliban, and is amused by his simplicity and stupid devotion to Stephano. Caliban promises to do all the good offices to Stephano that he has once done for Prospero. Stephano lords it, hands the bottle to Trinculo and bids Caliban lead on. Caliban in his joy sings of his freedom.

**Critical Note.** It is a comic scene. The whole thing becomes vastly amusing, when Trinculo creeps under the gaberline of Caliban who is lying flat on the ground,

and who begins to tremble in fear. Stephano comes on the scene. He is drunk and sings a typical sailor's O chanty.

Stephano with his weakness for the bottle, is an exquisite study of an Elizabethan sailor's devil-may-care spirit, cool courage, and adaptability in the colonies across the sea. The scene is full of the echoes of the marvels of discovery and colonization. What a lot of significant observations are made on Caliban by Trinculo and Stephano ! Trinculo says : "Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver : there would this monster make a man ; any strange beast there makes a man : when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." As a matter of fact savages were brought over to England and exhibited in London

Caliban is a curious link with the maritime enterprise of Elizabethan England. He suggests problems and issues which were then rising importance in connection with the Colonies. The comic effect which is intended, can hardly obscure them. In fact Caliban is more than mere "monster of the isle with four legs." Similar tales, and even more extraordinary still, had been brought over to England by returning sailors. Shakespeare obviously seems to make a joke of such tales in this scene, but at the same time he gives a deeper complexion to the matter by representing Caliban's rebellion against Prospero.

So far as the action of the play is concerned, it may be noted that three distinct groups of characters are kept apart from one another. First Ferdinand is separated from the rest of the survivors. He meets Prospero and Miranda. They form the first group. Then Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, etc., form the second group. Through Ariel Prospero controls their destiny. The third group is formed by Caliban, Trinculo and Stephano. Prospero does not yet seem to have anything to do with their destiny. The first two groups are within Prospero's direct purview. The third group is allowed to act rather

independently till now. The three groups have not yet met.

1. **Infections**—pestilential vapours. **Sucks up**—absorbs.

2. **Bogs**—marshes. **Fens**—same as bogs. **Flats**—shoals.

3. **By inch-meal**—i.e., inch by inch. The adverb termination—*meal*, is from A. S. *mea'um*, the Latin of *meal*, a part. A disease—one rotten to the core: a mass of disease. **His spirits**—the spirits employed by Prospero. **Hear**—i.e., overhear.

4. **Needs**—necessarily. **Yet I.....curse**—yet I cannot help but curse him. **They'll**—i.e., the spirits. **Nor**—neither. **Pi ch**—Caliban mentions here the torments to which he is put.

5. **Frigat**—frighten. **Urchin-shows**—shapes of hedgehogs assumed by the spirits. **Pitch**—throw. **Mire**—mud.

6. **Like a firebrand**—an allusion to the will-o'-the-wisp, the marshy gas which often misleads travellers. Caliban is also misled by the 'firebrand'

7. **Unless.....bid 'em**—Caliban means that they will not trouble him unless they are set on him by Prospero.

8. **For every trifle**—for the least offence that I may be guilty of. **Are.....me**—the spirits are told off to torment me.

9. **Like apes**—in the shape of apes. **Mow**—make faces. Fr. *mowe*, a pouting, a wry face, hence the verb *mow*, to make faces. **Chatter**—make unintelligible sounds.

10. **After**—i.e., afterwards. **Like hedgehogs**—in the shape of hedgehogs.

11. **Tumbling**—rolling. **Barefoot way**—path that I walk barefooted; hypallage. **Mount**—rear.

12. **Pricks**—bristles. **At my footfall**—as soon as I put my step. **Sometime**—sometimes.

13. **All**—entirely. **Wound**—encircled. **Adders**—snakes. **Cloven**—forked.

14. **Hiss.....madness**—keep hissing till I am almost mad. **Lo, now, lo**—when Caliban sees Trinculo approaching, he supposes him to be a spirit, sent by Prospero to torment him.

15. **And to torment me**—and he comes to torment me.

17. **Perchance**—perhaps. **Mind**—notice.

Compare :

“My lord, you nod ; you do not *mind* the play.”

— *Taming of the Shrew*, I. i. 254.

18. **Bear off**—guard against ; give protection from.

19. **Any weather**—rather bad weather. **Brewing**—preparing.

19-20. **Sing i’ the wind**—refers to the whistling of the wind. **Yond**—yonder.

21. **Foul**—dirty ; stinking. **Bombard**—a large vessel, generally of leather, for holding liquor. The word also meant a piece of artillery, which meaning survives in the verb. **Shed**—discharge. **His**—its. Elizabethan genitive for the masculine as well as neuter.

23. **Cannot choose**... **pailfuls**—must descend in a heavy shower.

23-24. **What.....here**—Trinculo discovers Canibal lying flat on the ground.

25. **A very ancient.. smell**—just as a fish, salted long ago, will smell.

26. **Not.....newest**—so he says above ‘ancient’. **Poor-John**—hake, a salt-water fish, dried and salted. Compare :

“Tis well thou art not fish if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor-John”—*Romeo Juliet*, I. i. 37.

*N B.*—Trinculo speaks in terms of a sailor’s experience. The Elizabethan sailor often fed on poor-John. Naturally Trinculo thinks of it as an illustration. Compare the following from Thomas Nashe’s *Leuten Stuffe* (1599) :

“Voyages of purchase or reprisals, which are now grown a common traffic, swallow up and consume more sailors and mariners than they breed, and lightly not a slop of a rope-hauler they send forth to the Queen’s ships but he is first broken to the sea in the berring-man’s skiff or cock-boat, where having learned to brook all waters, and drink as he can out of a tarry can, and *eat poor-John out of sooty platters*, when he may get, without butter or mustard .....

27. **As once I was**—as I once visited the country. **Painted**—i. e., painted as an advertisement outside the booth or show at a fair to tempt people to go inside.



"To exhibit fishes, either real or imaginary, was very common about the time of our author.

So in *Maine's Com-dy the City Match* :—

"[ Enter Bright, etc., hanging out the picture of a  
strange fish. ]

'This is the fifth fish now  
That he hath shewn thus'."

—*Stevens.*

28. **Holiday fool**—a rustic out on a holiday. Not.....  
**silver**—every rustic out on a holiday would gladly pay  
the entrance fee for the show.

29. **Make a man**—i. e., make the fortune of a man.  
Compare :

There's enough to *make us* all.

—*Henry IV*, II. ii. 60.

It *makes us* or it mars us.

*Othello*, V. i. 4.

Compare the expression—"self-made man."

**Any strange beast**—any strange beast which is exhibited  
there.

*N. B.*—In *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. xii. 38-42, there  
is an allusion to such exhibitions being made :

Let him take thee,

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians :

Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot

Of all thy sex . *most monster-like, be shown*

For poor'st diminutives, for *doits*.

30. **Doit**—a former Dutch coin, equivalent to half a  
farthing, used as the type of a small sum.

31. **Lay out**—spend. **Ten**—i. e., ten *doits*. **A dead  
Indian**—i. e., an Indian of North America or the West  
Indies. *Dead* is proleptic i. e. the Indian dies of the  
cold of England.

"In the year 1577 was entered on the books of the  
stationers' company. 'A description of the portraiture  
and shape of those strange kind of people which the  
worthy Mr. Martin Fourbosier brought into England.'"

—*Stevens.*

32. **Legged**—having legs. **His fins**—*Trinculo* origi-  
nally thinks him to be a strange fish. Therefore, though

he sees Caliban's arms, he must think that they are fins, shaped like arms.

32-33. **Warm**—a fish cannot be warm. **O my troth**—on my troth (i. e. truth)—on my honour. **Let loose**—give expression. **I do.....opinion**—as if he had arrived at a definite opinion. **Hold**—withhold.

34. **This.....fis**—now Trinculo revises his first impression. **Hath lately suffered**—(i) rather has been touched by lightning and rendered senseless; (ii) has suffered death (*Wright*)

36. **Gaberdine**—a coarse frock or loose outer garment.

37. **Hereabout**—in the neighbourhood. **Acquaints.....with**—makes a man acquainted with.

38. **Bed-fellows**—Trinculo refers to Caliban whom he now concludes to be a native of the island. Though shrinking from him as a man of inferior status, he takes shelter under his gaberdine under unfortunate circumstances. **Shroud**—take shelter, used intransitively here. 'Shrouds' originally meant clothes, hence covering; thus the verb means sheltering or protecting. **Dregs of the storm**—the finale of the storm. 'Dregs' is suggested by the expression: "a foul bombard that would shed his liquor."

40. **No more to sta**—no more go to sea.

42. **Scurvy**—wretched. **At a man's funeral**—evidently he is thinking of Trinculo, whom he supposed to be drowned

43. **Here's my comfort**—the bottle is his comfort, and he drinks. Here we have a typical picture of the sailor.

44. **Swabber**—one who washes the deck of a vessel with a swab or mop.

46. **Mall**—diminutive of Mary. **Meg**—a diminutive of Margaret.

47. **Kate**—Kate is also the heroine of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

48. **Tang**—a sharp and shrill note.

49. **Go hang**—to hell with you!

50. **Savour**—smell. **Savour of tar**—the smell of tar is associated with the sailor. A sailor is also called *Tar* or *Jack Tar*, an abbreviation of tarpaulin, of which sailor's caps and overalls are made. Tarpaulins are

commonly used on board ship to keep articles from the sea-spray.

51. Let.....hang—we care not for her.

53. Do.....me—when Trinculo gets under the gaberdine of Caliban, Caliban thinks that a spirit has come to torment him. Oh—Caliban already winces with imaginary pain

54. What's.....matter—what do I see here? Have... here—Stephano sees four legs thrust out from the prostrate body.

55. Put.....upon 's—deceive us. Ind—i. e. India.

56. 'Scaped—escaped. Afeard—Afraid. To be afeared—that I may be afraid. Your—used in its indefinite and colloquial sense.

55-56 I have.....leg.—Stephano's courage is due to drink. He has escaped drowning—a heroic feat in his opinion; now he is not going to be afraid of any tricks played upon him by the devils.

57. Proper—handsome. As proper.....legs—the expression is ironical. A man who goes on four legs is a man who goes on crutches.

58. Make him—make Stephano. Give ground—yield.

59. Breathes at nostrils—is alive.

60. The spirit.....me—note that Caliban imagines that a spirit torments him.

61. This.....four legs—N. B. "Shakespeare's contemporaries were familiar with descriptions of strange four-footed creatures; perhaps Topsell's famous, 'Historic' was in Stephano's mind"—*Israel Gollancz*.

62. As.....it—as I suppose. Ague a fit of shivering. Where the devil—where in the name of goodness.

63. Give.....relief—the only relief that Stephano can give is to put the bottle of wine to Caliban's mouth.

64. If it.....that—because Caliban can speak my language. Recover—restore to health. The original meaning of the word is "to cover again," which was nearly equivalent to "to make new again," whence it came to mean "to restore to health."

65. Keep him tame—adapt him to the habit of a domestic animal. He's.....emperor—he is fit to be a present as a rare specimen to any emperor.

66. *Neat's leather*—ox-hide. 'Neat means cattle. Compare :

"And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf  
Are all called *Neat*."

—*Winters Tale*, I. ii. 125-126.

*Trod on neat's leather*—wore shoes.

67. *Do not torment*—Caliban imagines that he is being tormented.

69. *He's..... now*—he is in the fit of shivering. *After the wisest*—in the wisest fashion. *Does.....wisest*—is raving.

71. *Afore*—before. *It.....fit*—it may very nearly cure him of his fit.

72. *I will.....him*—I will take as much as I can get for him. Ironical.

73. *That hath him*—who owns him. *That soundly*—that he shall soundly (i. e., thoroughly).

74. *Thou.....hurt*—you do not inflict much pain upon me now. *Anon*—presently. *Thou... ..anon*—you will begin to torment me presently.

75. *By the trembling*—"This tremor is always represented as the effect of being possessed by the devil."—(*Steevens*) Compare :

"Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy !"

—*Comedy of Errors*, IV. iv. 54."

*Works.....thee*—puts his spell upon you.

76. *Come.....ways*—mind.

77. *Here.....cat*—an allusion to the proverb : "good liquor will make a cat speak. 'Cat' is a term of disparagement, often applied to a spiteful woman.

78. *Shake.....shaking*—cure your shivering fit.

79. *You.....friend*—he means that he is doing a friend's service to him. *Chaps*—jaws.

80. *I.....voice*—that voice seems to be familiar to me. *It should be*—it should be Stephano's voice.

80-81. *He...drowned*—Trinculo believes Stephano to have been drowned. So he concludes that it must be an evil spirit, imitating Stephano's voice. *O defend me !* 'o' is evidently substituted for God.

82. *A most delicate munster*—a fine and rare monster.

83. **His forward voice**—the voice nearest Stephano ; the voice he hears at a closer proximity. **To speak**..... **friend**—N. B. Stephano hears two voices—the voice of Caliban and the voice of Trinculo. But he imagines that he sees a monster with four legs and two voices. A monster (with two voices which Stephano distinguishes as ‘forward’ and ‘backward’) Stephano further imagines, will praise his friend with the ‘forward’ voice and with the backward voice, traduce his friend.

84. **Backward voice**—the voice coming from a little far off. **Utter**.....**speeches** – abuse. **Detract** – calumniate. **His backward voice**.....**detract**—his backward voice will traduce his friend. So we say “to talk behind a person’s back,” to backbite.

85. **Help**—cure. ‘Help’ in the sense of cure is common in Shakespeare. Compare :

“Come, offer at my shrine, and I will *help* thee.”  
— 2 Henry VI, II. i. 92.

86. **Amen**—that’s right ; that’s enough.

88. **Doth**.....**me**—when Stephano hears his name, called by the other mouth, he is naturally frightened. **Mercy, mercy**—may God have mercy on me.

88-89. **This**.....**monster**—it must be an evil spirit : a monster could not have known my name.

89-90. **I have**.....**spoon**—an allusion to the proverb : “He who eats with the devil must have a long spoon.” Compare :

“Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.”

— *Comedy of Errors*, IV. iii. 64.

N. B.—In the Morality plays the Devil and the Vice ate together with a long spoon between them.

91. **Touch me**—that will give Trinculo the most positive assurance that it is Stephano.

94. **Come forth**—remove yourself from the proximity of the monster.

95. **Lesser**—smaller. **If any**.....**they**—Stephano picks out the more human of the legs.

99. **Over-blown**—blown over.

100. **Moon-calf**—a monstrous creature ; an abortion.

101. **And.....Stephano**—Trinculo can hardly believe his eyes. **Living Stephano**—not the shade of Stephano, but Stephano in flesh and blood.

103. **Do.....about**—Trinculo must have caught hold of Stephano, and must have been turning him round to make sure that he is Stephano.

103-104. **My stomach.... constant**—as Stephano has drunk too much, a little shaking may make him vomit.

105. **These be—these are. Things—creatures. An if—if. Sprites—spirits.**

106. **Brave—beautiful. Celestial—heavenly. That's... liquor**—the savages often defied the Europeans landing in their country. Columbus and his men were hailed as gods by the savages of San Salvador.

109. **Swear by this bottle**—of course he will quaff at the bottle.

110 **Butt—cask. Sack—a dry Spanish wine. Heaved—threw. O'erboard—into the sea.**

111. **By.....bottle**—Stephano swears by the bottle.

112. **Since.....ashore**—after I had cast ashore.

113. **I'll.....bottle**—Caliban offers to swear by the bottle—that is to say, to have a taste of the liquor again.

114. **For.....earthly**—the taste of the liquor, and no other reason, induces Caliban to be the subject of Stephano.

115. **Here**—holding out the bottle to Trinculo.

116. **Swum**—we should say 'swam.'

118. **Kiss the book**—Stephano holds the bottle to the lips of Trinculo. A travesty of the custom of kissing the Bible in a law-court, when taking an oath to give true evidence.

119. **Thou.... goose**—you have the stupidity of a goose. Trinculo still seems to be non-plussed.

120. **Hast—i e., hast thou**

121. **Cellar—store-house for wine. My cellar..... rock**—I have stowed away the cask of wine in a cave.

122. **How now moon-calf**—up till now Stephano seems to have forgotten the existence of Caliban. Now he turns to Caliban and inquires about his ague.

123. **How.....ague**—is your ague gone ?

124. **Hast.....heaven**—Caliban is full of admiration for Stephano. The taste of the liquor has revealed a new world of pleasurable sensations to him, and in his simplicity he imagines that the liquor is heavenly, and that the giver of the liquor has come down from the sky.

125. **Out o' the moon**—Stephano is evidently much amused by Caliban, and just innocently bluffs him.

125-126. **The man i' the moon**—see above. **When time was**—once upon a time.

127. **I have.....thee**—Caliban simply changes masters. He believes that he will have an easy time—particularly that he will be able to taste the divine liquor—by transferring his service from Prospero to this stranger. Not the least does he believe that it is the way of escape from his servitude to Prospero.

128. **My mistress—i. e., Miranda. Thy dog.....bush**—the spots in the moon are sought to be explained by such myths. The man in the moon has been identified with (i) the man who broke the Sabbath ( *Numbers*, XV. 32-36 ) ; (ii) Cain ( *Genesis* III, 18 ) ; (iii) Isaac, sacrificing on Mt. Moriah ( *Genesis* ) ; (iv) Endymion ( of the classical mythology, with whom the moon-goddess was in love ).

129. **Swear to that**—swear that you will be faithful to me. Of course Stephano gives Caliban a further dose of wine. **Kiss the book—i. e., drink. Furnish**—fill.

130. **It—the bottle. With.....contents**—with fresh wine.

131. **By this good light**—a common oath. **Shallow**—unintelligent.

132. **Weak**—weak in brain.

132-133 **The man.....moon**—a credulous fool who believes in such fable as the man in the moon !

134. **Well drawn**—you have quaffed the wine well.

135. **In.....sooth**—in absolute truth.

136. **I'll.....island**—Caliban is prepared to render the same services to Stephano as he has done before to Prospero.

137. **I will.....god**—at Cuba the native savages crowded round Columba and his men, regarded them as more than human, touched them, and kissed their hands and feet in token of submission or adoration. Caliban seems to be a prototype of such savages.

138. **Perfidious**—treacherous (because Caliban has robbed Trinculo of his share of wine).

139. **When's god's asleep**—when his god (*i.e.*, Stephano) is asleep. **He'll.....bottle**—Trinculo sees plainly that Caliban has become a slave to drink, and that his devotion of Stephano proceeds from this weakness.

140. **I'll.....subject**—there is another motive too for Caliban's devotion to Stephano: his new master will give him protection from the tyranny of his old master (Prospero). **Down**—down on your knees. **Swear**—take the oath of allegiance.

141. **Laugh.....death**—be amused beyond measure **Puppy-headed**—(1) stupid: (2) fawning like a puppy.

142. **Scurvy**—wretched: rotten.

142-143. **Could.....heart**—would have felt inclined.

145. **But that**—were it not that. **Abominable**—detestable.

146. **Spring**—fountains. **Pluck thee**—'thee' is ethic dative.

147. **Wood**—*i. e.*, fire-wood.

148. **The tyrant.....serve**—*i. e.*, Prospero. Note that Caliban is prepared to do the same services for Stephano as he has done for Prospero, so that he may have Stephano to protect him against his old master.

149. **Bear him**—carry for him. **Sticks**—for fuel.

150. **Thou wondrous man**—Caliban evidently believes that this stranger will be more powerful than Prospero.

151. **Ridiculous**—*i. e.*, ridiculously stupid.

151-152. **To make...drunkard**—to idolize a wretched drunkard (*i. e.*, Stephano).

153. **Crabs**—*i. e.*, crab-apples.

154. **Pig-nuts** ground-nuts, so called because they are rooted up and eaten by pigs.

155. **Jay**—a chattering bird.

156. **Snare**—ensnare. **Marmoset**—a small monkey.



157. **Clustering**—growing in bunches. **Filberts**—fruit of the hazel tree.

158. **Scamels**—"the word is in all probability an error for 'scamells' or 'seamews' referred to in Strachey and Jourdan's account of the Bermudas :—'A kind af web-footed fowle of the bignesse of a sea-mew' (Quoted by W. G. Gosling). Many emendations have been made ; 'staniel' (a species of hawk) has been adopted by some editors : the word occurs probably in *Twelfth Night* (II. V. 124), though the editions read 'stallion'. Mr. Wright has, however, pointed out that according to Stevenson's 'Birds of Norfolk,' the female, 'Bar-tailed Godwit' is called a 'scamell' by the gunners of Blakeney."—*Israel Gollencz*. **Go**—used for 'come'.

162. **Inherit**—take possession. **Bear**.....**bottle**—Stephano lords over Trinculo and Caliban

163. **Fill him**—i. e., fill the bottle.

165. **A howling**.....**monster**—from the beginning Trinculo dislikes Caliban.

166. **Dams**—banks raised to keep back water. **No more dams**.....**fish**—an allusion to the condition in the colony : "When Raleigh's first governor of Virginia, Ralph Lane, detected in 1586 signs of hostility among the natives about his camp, his thoughts at once turned to the dams or weirs. Unless the aborigines kept them in good order, starvation was a certain fate of the colonists, for no Englishman knew how to construct and work these fish-dams, on which the settlement relied for its chief sustenance."—(*Sidney Lee*.)

167. **Firing**—firewood.

168. **At requiring**—when I am required to do so.

169. **Scrap**—rub in order to clean. **Trencher**—a platter on which to carve. Fr. *Trancher*, to cut.

170. **'Ban**—short for Caliban.

171. **New master**—i. e., Stephano. **Get**.....**man**—get a new servant. Addressed to Prospero.

172. **Freedom**—Caliban's cry of "freedom" seems to be absolutely meaningless. He has but changed one master for another. **Hey-day**—an exclamation of joy.

174. **Brave monster**—ironical.

## ACT III : SCENE I

**Analysis.** Ferdinand is engaged in carrying logs of wood. He hates the task ; yet he is doing it for a nobler end in view, *viz.*, the companionship of Miranda. Miranda is ten times more gentle than her father is harsh. Her company enlivens what would otherwise be a tedious and toilsome task. She weeps when she sees Ferdinand work. As a matter of fact the very thought of her keeps up his spirits. He is most busy when he thinks of her and least busy when he does his task. All these thoughts pass through Ferdinand as he piles up the logs of wood.

Miranda joins him now, and begs him to stop working, and to rest. She herself offers to carry the logs for him. But Ferdinand refuses to let her be so humiliated. Prospero watches the scene unseen from a distance. Ferdinand openly confesses his admiration of Miranda,—and admiration is little short of love. Miranda too responds to this and expresses her preference of Ferdinand. In fact a clear understanding is established between them. Ferdinand calls heaven and earth to witness his declaration of love. Miranda weeps in her joy, and declares emphatically that she will remain unmarried, but ever devoted to him, if he does not marry her. Ferdinand kneeling gives his promise. Then they part. Prospero watches unseen rejoiced at the result.

**Critical Note.** Now we begin to see why Ferdinand was landed by himself, and why Ariel lured him on by his music where he met Prospero and Miranda. It is a part of Prospero's plan, which is affected by the aid of magic ; or it is rather the main part of his plan. The three distinct groups of characters (which we have noted above) do not meet, but each group advances towards a climax by a separate path, and so each group is concerned with some action or other. Love and reconciliation (to which love finally leads) are the keynote to the action of the Prospero-Ferdinand-Miranda group.

The love between Ferdinand and Miranda is pre-arranged and foreseen. Miranda's character blooms into the perfection of natural simplicity and tenderness in

this idyllic scene. No false modesty deters Miranda from openly and frankly confessing her love for Ferdinand. Love follows its natural course—love unsophisticated but free from any smudge, and far removed from naked passion, thanks to Shakespeare's exquisite artistic sense. Conventions are made superfluous. To Ferdinand who has been brought up to the usages of artificial society, Miranda's simplicity and freedom are refreshing, and with his love—for he is in a position from his experience to judge between woman and woman—are united admiration and respect.

"I would suggest to the reader's consideration the curious felicity of the scene where Ferdinand and Miranda acknowledge their affection to each other. I mean in the harmonious contrast between a young prince, bred in a court, himself the centre of a sphere of the most artificial civilisation, and a girl, not only without any knowledge of the world and society, but even without previous knowledge of the existence of any created man but her father and Caliban."—*Mrs. F. A. Kemble.*

1. **There be—there are.** **Sports**—diversions. Ferdinand takes the task of carrying the logs of wood not as a serious occupation, but as some *sport*, which he does not really enjoy. Supply 'that' after 'sports.' **Painful**—tedious and toilsome. **Their labour**—the physical labour demanded by them.

2. **Delight in them**—delight in these toilsome tasks (not for their own sake, but for an ulterior motive—here the companionship of Miranda). **Sets off**—counterbalances. We make 'delight' subject, but the trouble is that Shakespeare does not elsewhere use 'set off' in the use of 'counterbalance.'

1-2. **Their labour.....sets off**—(i) delight in them acts as a set-off to the labour they require ; (ii) "the interest we take in them shows them to their best advantage, makes them look their best."—(*Deighton*). In both cases 'delight' is subject ; in (i) the sense of 'set off' is a little strained from the usual Shakespearean sense of the phrase, but in (ii) the Shakespearean sense of 'set off' is sought to be preserved ; (iii) "the very labour they

involve heightens the pleasure they give us.”—(*Verity*). The first explanation is favoured by most commentators. Compare :

“The labour we delight in physics pain.”

—*Macbeth*, II. iii. 35.

**Baseness**—mean task ; drudgery.

3. **Nobly**—(i) with dignity ; (ii) for a higher, but *ulterior* motive. **Undergone**—accepted and complied with. **Most poor matters**—(i) most insignificant affairs (or tasks) ; (ii) most of insignificant affairs.

4. **Point.....ends**—have a noble end or purpose in view. ‘Rich’ is antithetical to ‘poor.’ N. B. Ferdinand speaks of taking delight in mean tasks. But this delight is taken, not for the sake of the tasks themselves, but from an *ulterior* motive. For example, Ferdinand is taking delight in the task of carrying logs for the sake of Miranda’s companionship. **This..... task**—the task of carrying logs, in which I am engaged.

5. **Heavy**—tedious. **Odious**—hateful. **But**—were it not that.

6. **Which**—whom. ‘Which’ in Shakespeare often refers to a personal antecedent. **Quickens**—gives life to. **What’s dead**—what is dull and lifeless.

7. **Makes.....pleasures**—turns the tediousness of my task into a pleasure.

8. **Crabbed**—harsh.

9. **He’s.....harshness**—his very nature is full of harshness. **I must remove**—I must have to remove.

10. **Upon.....injunction**—under a threat of severe punishment if the task be not fulfilled.

11. **Baseness**—mean task.

12. **Like**—similar. **Executor**—performer. **I forge**—I pause in my task in thinking of her.

13. **These sweet thoughts**—the thoughts about my mistress. **Refresh... ..labours**—give me new strength in performing my task.

14. **Most busy.....it**—to explain the text as it stands : most busy (when thinking of her), least (‘lest’ used for ‘least’) busy when I do it (the task). The first Folio

reads 'lest' the others "least". As a matter of fact Shakespeare does not much differentiate the two.

Another explanation may be considered here. 'Most busy least' may be *least most busy*. His thoughts are most busy, but *least most busy* when he is doing the labour.

The explanation suggested by Furness is noteworthy :  
 "I am forgetting my work—But when I do thus forget, my mind so teems with thoughts that I am really most busy when I seem to be least busy, and by these sweet thoughts I am even refreshed for my work."

The following emendations have been suggested :

(a) *Least busie when I do it* (Pope)—I am not at all busy when doing the task.

(b) *Most busiest when idlest* (Spedding)—most busy in thoughts when I sit idle.

(c) *Most busy left when I do it* (Wright)—I am left most busy when I indulge in these thoughts.

(d) *Most busiless when I do it* (Theobald)—I am least occupied with my task because all I think of is my sweet mistress.

(e) *Most busied when I do it* (Beesley).

15. Pray you—I pray you.

16. I would—I wish.

17. Enjoined—set.

18. Set it down—leave the log alone. Rest you—rest yourself.

19. 'Twill weep—refers to the moisture that comes from burning wood. Miranda's fancy pictures such moisture from burning wood as tears of sympathy. She ascribes to the wood her own sympathy for Ferdinand. **Wearied**—exhausted.

21. Safe—i. e., safe out of the way. Prospero watches them unseen, which they think that they are safe from his intrusion. An instance of irony.

22. Discharge—perform.

24. I'll.....while—Miranda offers to carry the logs for him. Note that Miranda's love goes to the length of self-denial—a love compounded of tenderness and devotion. In true love there is some sort of voluntary slavery,

Miranda's love illustrates this. **The while**—during the time you rest. **That**—that log.

26. **Crack**—break. **Sinew**—muscles.

27. **You...undergo**—you should so humiliate yourself.

28-29. **It would.....you**—if it is not bad enough for you, it cannot be worse for me.

30. **For.....it**—for my heart will be in the task.

31. **And yours...against**—(i) your good will is against the work ; (ii) the work is against your good will. **Worm**—used for 'creature.' A term of pity. **Infected**—infected with love ( as if it were a disease ).

32. **Visitation**—visit. 'Visitation' is suggested by 'infected,' for the word also implies chastisement, as when we speak of God's wrath being visited upon the sinner. "Prospero adopts language which was familiar when the plague was of common occurrence." ( *Wright.* ) **Wearily**—tired. An adverb used for an adjective. In Shakespeare the parts of speech were interchangeable.

33-34. **'Tis...night**—when you are with me, you make night into day. This is of course the lover's exaggeration.

35. **Set.....prayers**—i. e., pray for you when I pray.

36. **Hest**—command. **To say so**—by saying so i. e., by telling my name.

38. **Admired Miranda**—*Miranda* is the feminine of the Latin gerundive, and means 'fit to be admired.' **The top of admiration**—the highest point to which admiration can go.

38-39. **Worth.....world**—nothing in the world can be more precious than you are.

40. **Eyed**—observed. **Best regard**—closest attention.

41. **Harmony of their tongues**—sweetness of their speech. **Bondage**—captivity.

42. **Diligent**—patiently listening. **Several**—separate.

43-44. **Never any.....some defect**—never liked any woman with such complete love as not to see that some defect.

45. **Did.....owed**—contradicted the noblest attribute she possessed. **Owed**—owned.

46. **Put.....toil**—defeated it. It should not be confounded with the 'foil,' which means the setting of a jewel.

47. **Peerless**—matchless ; unequalled.

47-48. **Are.....best**—are made up all that is best in every creature. Compare :

“Thus Rosalind of many parts  
By heavenly synod was devised,  
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,  
To have the touches dearest prized.”

—*As You Like It*, III. ii. 157-160.

50. **Save**—except. **Mine own**—i.e., the reflection of my face.

51. **That.....men**—this is the fitting language of one whose knowledge of men is so limited.

52. **Features**—bodily shape, and not merely the face. **Abroad**—outside the island.

53. **Skilless**—ignorant. **By my modesty**—I swear by my modesty.

54. **The jewel in my dower**—the best treasure in my possession.

55. **But**—except.

56. **Nor can.....shape**—nor can my imagination conceive a human figure.

57. **Besides yourself**—other than yourself. **To like of**—that I can like or admire. There are ten passages in Shakespeare where *like* is followed by *of*. **To like** in such a case may be construed as ‘to have a liking.’ **Prattle**—i. e., let my tongue run away with myself ( the idea of talking without reserve, and of never stopping ).

58. **Something**—somewhat. **Wildly**—irrelevantly. **Precepts**—instructions.

58-59. **My father’s precepts.....forget**—Prospero must have been tutoring Miranda for this interview. But Miranda is so simple that she gives away the show whenever she remembers that she is going against her father’s instructions. **Condition**—rank.

61. **I would.....so**—I wish it were not so. He wishes that his father were alive, and that he were not the king in his place. **Endure**—go through.

62. **Wooden slavery**—slavery consisting in carrying logs. **Suffer**—allow.

63. Blow—infect. Flesh-fly—infect meat. Speak—declare its love.

65. Fly.....service—it is love at first sight. Service—N. B. The word had a peculiar significance in the code of chivalry. It not only connotated love and devotion, but the oath of the knight to serve his lady and win glory for her sake. Resides—stay (the idea of being vowed to the service of Miranda).

66. To make.....it—to make me absolutely subservient to the purpose of loving and exalting my lady. For.....sake—on behalf of my love for you.

67. Log-man—wood-bearer. Am.....log man—I am ready to carry wood without complaining. Do.....me—the direct and straightforward question (there is no fencing about it as in modern parlance of love) speaks of the purity and innocence of Miranda's soul.

68. O heaven.....sound—Ferdinand is delighted to know that Miranda is not unresponsive to his love. He calls heaven and earth (i. e., all heavenly and earthly powers) to testify to his love which he has formally declared.

69. Crown—bless. What.....profess—love that I declare. Kind event—favourable result.

70. If.....true—if my declaration of love is sincere. If hollowly—i. e., if I speak hollowly. Hollowly—insincerely. Invert—reverse; prevent. Compare :

“An experience so obstinately strong  
That both *invert* the attest of eyes and ears.”

—*Troilus and Cressida*, V. ii. 122-123.

71. What.....me—whatever good fortune may be in store for me. In modern English ‘bode’ is used in connection with something evil. Mischief—misfortune.

72. Beyond.....world—i. e., beyond all measure. What—equivalent to ‘anything.’ Compare :

“And, in conclusion, wins the king from her  
With promise of his sister, and *what* else.”

—*Henry IV*, III. i. 51-52.

73-74. I am.....of—another supremely natural touch. Miranda is happy to know that Ferdinand loves her, and sheds tears of joy.



75. **Encounter**—meeting. In Shakespeare 'encounter' has neutral meaning ; means either hostile or friendly meeting. **Two.....affections**—i. e., two loving each other most innocently and tenderly. **Heavens... ..grace**—may God pour blessings.

76. **That.....between 'em**—the love which is growing between them. **Wherefore—why.**

77. **At..... ..unworthiness**—love teaches humility. Miranda's love which is sincere and ardent, makes her think that she is not good enough for Ferdinand.

78. **What.....give**—my love.

79. **What.....want**—what I am dying to have i. e., Ferdinand's love. **To want**—through wanting ; in the absence of. **But ..trifling**—but why should I worry about it.

80. **It—i. e., love.** All the more.....**itself**—N. B. It is a very womanly instinct to conceal her feeling. It is but a trick of love which a woman picks up even without being in society.

81. **The bigger..... shaws**—the more it reveals itself. **Hence—away. Bashful cunning**—false and affected modesty.

82. **Prompt me**—help in speaking out my mind. **Plain .....innocence**—discarding false modesty. Miranda resorts to her natural innocence and simplicity.

84. **If not**—if you will not marry me. **Maid**—(i) unmarried ; (ii) servant. Note the pun. **Fellow**—companion ; equal.

85. **Deny me**—refuse me (the right of being your companion).

86. **Whether.....no**—whether you wish it or not.

87. **Thus**—Ferdinand kneels. **Humble ever**—your servant for ever. Note 'service' in line 65. **My.....then**—you are then prepared to marry me ?

88. **Ay**—indeed.

89. **Bondage**—a prisoner Abstract for concrete. **As .....freedom**—as a prisoner is willing to be free. **Here's my hand**—he puts forth his hand as a pledge of his love and loyalty. N. B. The custom of shaking hands in confirmation of an oath or bargain has been common to all nations and in all ages. But here evidently is an allusion to the feudal ceremony of the vassal putting his hands

in the hands of his overlord on taking the oath of fidelity and homage. The same ceremony was repeated by a knight swearing love and service to his mistress.

90. And mine—Miranda also offers her hand to Ferdinand. With.....in't—it confirms the oath of my heart—the pledge of love.

91. Till...hence—i. e., for the coming half an hour. A thousand etc.—i. e., a thousand farewells.

92. So glad.....be—Prospero brought them together, expecting this result, therefore, at their falling in love he could not have been so delighted as the two lovers—for Prospero there was no element of surprise in it.

93. Who—refers to 'they' in the above line. Withal—in addition.

93-94. But my rejoicing.....more—nothing pleases me more than their falling in love. I'll.....book—I will have recourse in my book of magic.

96. Much business appertaining—i. e., many particulars connected with my plan.

### ACT III : SCENE II

**Analysis.** The scene brings before us Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo. All three are drinking, and are far from being steady. Trinculo seems to have a less fuddled brain, and observes, and comments (as a jester) on the conduct of Caliban. Stephano would not stop drinking until the cask was empty, and bids Caliban drink. Caliban's eyes are now staring out of his sockets, and he seems to be struck dumb. However at the repeated request of Stephano he loosens his tongue. He quarrels with Trinculo, and appeals to Stephano. Stephano bids Trinculo behave. Then Caliban proceeds to repeat his 'suit' to Stephano.

Ariel now enters invisible. He interrupts and contradicts Caliban again and again as he goes on with the story of Prospero. They suppose that Trinculo is interrupting the story, till at last Stephano beats Trinculo, while Trinculo who does not evidently hear Ariel interrupting, protests in vain. Caliban complains that Prospero has robbed him of the island, and begs Stephano to avenge his wrongs. He suggests that Stephano should

knock out Prospero's brain while he is asleep in the afternoon as his habit is, but warns him that he must seize his books first, for without his books no spirit will obey him. Then he speaks of Prospero's daughter whom he (Caliban) has heard Prospero describe as a paragon of beauty. Stephano decides to make her his queen while he will be the king of the island. Trinculo approves of the plan.

At Caliban's request Stephano sings—to a false tune. The correct tune is played by Ariel on a tabor and pipe. Both Stephano and Trinculo hear this Aerial tune, and are frightened. Caliban assures them that the island is full of such music, and that it is harmless. Then they follow the direction of Ariel's music.

**Critical Note.** The scene is like a comic interlude in which Stephano gets Caliban to drink again and again, and in which there is something like a row between Caliban and Trinculo, when Ariel plays his tricks upon them. Trinculo plays the jester, but he seems to show a sort of superior aloofness from the other two. His shrewd comments on Caliban and Stephano are a noteworthy contribution to the appreciation of the comic interlude. But there is also the revelation of Caliban's evil nature in this scene. We have already seen a plot being formed against Alonso,—but it was foiled (by the supernatural agency). Now a plot is formed against Prospero by Caliban and Stephano. But it gives no thrill to the reader, knowing as he does the result of the more serious plot against Alonso. The element of suspense is almost at a discount in *The Tempest*, owing to its use of the supernatural machinery.

1. Tell.....me—don't talk rot. Trinculo has evidently been suggesting to Stephano a more sparing use of the wine lest there would be nothing left. Butt—cask of wine. Out—empty.

2. Not.....before—I will drink not a drop of water until the cask is empty. Bear up—put the helm up and keep the vessel off her course. A nautical phrase. Compare :

Yet do they all confirm

A Turkish fleet bearing up to Cyprus."

—*Othello*, I. iii. 8.

3. **Board**—attack a ship. **Bear**.. .. board 'em—i. e., make another attack upon the bottle. Stephano, a sailor, speaks in nautical terms. **Drink**..... me—drink my health.

4. **Servant-monster**—Ben Jonson makes a satirical allusion to this: "If there be never a *servant-monster* in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques? he is loth to make nature a afraid in his plays, like those that begat tales, *tempest*, and such like drolleries."

—*Induction to Bartholomew Fair*.

**The folly**.....**island**—(i) "what a deal of folly there must be!"—*Verity*; (ii) proposed as a toast by Trinculo—**Drink to the folly of this island**; (iii) 'whether a toast or no, the phrase is a sly reflection on sundry follies or fallacies connected with contemporary plantations whose state often tottered.'—*Morton Luce*.

5. **Five**.....**isle**—the three of them are here, but Trinculo has not yet seen the other two—Prospero and Miranda.

6. **Brained like us**—have fuddled brains as we have. The three have been drinking. **The state**—a reference to Stephano's contemplated sovereignty of the island. **Totters**—collapses. The word is suggested by his own reeling state.

7-8. **Set**—fixed, implying the vacant stare of a drunkard. Compare:

"Oh, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago, his eyes were set at eight i' the morning."

—*Twelfth Night*, V. i. 205-206.

9. **Where**...**set else**—Trinculo plays upon the word: Where should they be set else i. e., placed. **Brave**—fine.

10. **If they**.....**tail**—there may be a reference to the story told by Rowe of a whale thrown ashore near Ramsgate, "a monstrous fish, but not so monstrous as some reported—for his eyes were in his head, and not in his back."

11. **Man-monster**—servant-monster. 'Man' in the sense of *servant*. **Drown'd**..... **sack**—as the effect of drinking Caliban can hardly speak now.

12. For.....part—as for myself. The sea—(i) in the literal sense ; (ii) the sea of sack. Drown—(i) in the literal sense ; (ii) overpower (i. e., a sea of sack cannot overpower Stephano).

13. Recover—reach. Off and on—(i) more or less (*Deighton*) ; (ii) continuously—with pauses now and then.

14-15. By.....light—a mild oath. Standard—i. e., a standard-bearer. Similarly Shakespeare uses 'trumpet' for a *trumpeter*.

16. If you list—if you please. He's no standard—Trinculo puns on 'standard.' (i) He is no standard-bearer ; (ii) he is unable to stand (he is staggering in his drunkenness).

17. Run—run away from the enemy.

18. Nor go neither—nor shall we be able to walk. Trinculo is still joking upon drunkenness. Lie—(i) lie on the ground ; (ii) tell a lie.

19. Say.....neither—keep quiet. 'Neither' is for *either*.

20. Moon-calf—a monster. Once—for once.

20-21. If thou.....Moon-calf—Stephano seems to coax Caliban.

22. How ....honour—how is your lordship ? Let.....shoe—note Caliban's servility. His tipsy condition may have something to do with it.

23. Him—i. e. Trinculo. Valiant—courageous. He .....valiant—as if Caliban can admire valour.

24-25. In case—in a condition. Justle—jostle ; knock down. Deboshed—debauched ; drunken. Fish—Trinculo returns to his original conception of Caliban as a fish. Or is he referring to the proverbial expression—*to drink like fish* ?

26-27. Was there.....to-day—according to Trinculo the test of one's valour is the amount of liquor one can swallow. He says that he cannot be a coward because he has drunk a lot of sack. Monstrous lie—(i) a big lie ; (ii) a lie such as a monster may tell. Caliban tells a *monstrous* lie when he says that Trinculo is not brave.

28. **Being..... monster**—Caliban, according to Trinculo is partly a fish and partly a monster. Why should he then tell a monstrous lie?

29. **Wilt.....him**—will you let him mock me.

31. **Lord..... he**—Trinculo sneers at Caliban for calling Stephano 'lord.'

32. **Natural**—idiot. Compare :

A great *nature* that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole."

—*Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv, 96-97.

33. **Lo..... again**—look here again. **Bite.. ...death**—bite him till he dies.

34. **Keep . ...head**—speak civilly ; behave.

35. **Mutineer**—a rebel. **The next tree**—I will hang you on the next tree. A summary procedure of justice like that was necessary in the early career of a colony.

36. **Indignity**—insult.

38. **Hearken**—listen. **Suit**—petition.

39. **Marry**—by the Virgin Mary. **Stand**—a reference to this tipsy condition and to his inability to stand firmly on his legs.

42. **Sorcerer**—a magician. **Cunning**—skill in magic.

42-43. **Hath.....island**—Caliban is too conscious of his rights. He constantly harps upon this subject of his being deprived of the island by Prospero.

45. **Thou.....monkey**—Trinculo does not evidently hear the interruption. Caliban imagines that Trinculo interrupts him and turns round to face Trinculo. **Jesting**—in his character as a jester.

46. **Would**—wish. **My valiant master**—Stephano. Note that Caliban knows how to flatter, when it suits his purpose.

48. **Trouble.....tale**—interrupt him any more in his narrative.

49. **By.....hand**—I swear by this hand. Stephano lifts his hand, and also implies that he will teach Trinculo a lesson by beating him. **Supplant**—knock out.

51. **Mum**—hush ; keep quiet. No more—say no more. **Proceed**—go on. Addressed to Caliban.

52. **Got.....isle**—possessed himself of this island.

53. From .....it—note again Caliban's consciousness of his right. Thy greatness—your lordship.

54. Revenge.....him—avenge my wrong on Prospero. For.....darest—Caliban knows how and when to flatter with effect. In spite of his bestial ignorance, he has a sort of uncanny shrewdness.

55. This thing—this creature. Caliban points to Trinculo. By disparaging Trinculo Caliban enhances the value of his flattery.

56. That.....certain—Caliban's flattery produces effect.

58. Compassed—accomplished.

59. Party—i. e., Caliban's master.

60. Yield.....asleep—make him over to you when he is asleep. Note again Caliban's shrewdness. He does not suggest that Stephano, in spite of all his admiration of Stephano's yet unproved valour, should tackle Prospero in an open encounter.

61. Knock.....head—N. B. Similarly Jael (*Judges*, IV. 21) killed Sisera by driving the tent-peg into his head.

61. Thou.....not—certainly Ariel will prevent this brutal form of death.

63. Pied—refers to the motley dress, worn by Trinculo as a professional fool. 'Pied' means variegated like the plumage of a pie or magpie. Ninny—fool. This—i. e., Trinculo. Scurvy—wretched; rotten. Patch—a fool, supposed to be so called from his parti-coloured dress. Douce points out that several fools in the sixteenth century bore the nickname of *Patch*.

64. Beseech—pray. Thy greatness—your lordship.

65. Take..... him—deprive him of his bottle, and he will be harmless. A shrewd suggestion from Caliban.

66. He shall....brine—he will have to content himself with salt-water.

67. Quick freshes—living springs of fresh water.

68. Run.....danger—incur no more risk of my displeasure.

70. Turn.....doors—expel all mercy from my heart. Make...thee—beat you as a dried cod is beaten before it is boiled. 'Stockfish' is dried cod fish.

71. **Why.....I**—certainly Trinculo is innocent, and cannot understand the cause of Stephano's wrath. **Go... of**—move away.

73. **Thou liest**—this interposition of Ariel is most amusing.

74. **Take.....that**—this is what you deserve.

75. **As you—i. e., if you. This**—this treatment. **Give .....lie**—contradict me.

76-77. **Out.....too**—you seem to have lost your head and cannot hear too. **A plague.....bottle**—Trinculo blames the wine for this result (he puts down Stephano's perversity to his drunkenness).

78-79. **This can... do**—this is what your sack and your drinking have done. **Murrain**—plague. **The devil... fingers**—Trinculo curses Stephano's fingers for having beaten him.

80. **Ha, ha, ha**—Caliban enjoys Trinculo's discomfiture and annoyance.

81. **Forward.....tale**—go on with your story. **Stand... off**—move farther away. Addressed to Trinculo.

83-84. **After.....too**—ere long I shall assist you in beating him. **Proceed**—go on with the story.

85. **Custom**—practice.

86. **There**—on that occasion. **Brain him**—knock out his brain. Perhaps Caliban feels that Prospero's brain gives him such superiority and power. His brain, therefore, is the most offensive part of him. Caliban thinks first of bashing in his brain.

87. **Having.....books**—his magic books must be secured, or he cannot be coped with.

88. **Batter**—break to pieces. **Paunch**—disembowel; rip up the belly. **Stake**—piece of wood with a sharp and pointed end.

89. **Wezand**—wind-pipe.

90. **Possess**—secure.

91. **Sot** fool. The modern sense is 'drunkard.' "Caliban's speech is not that of a man so deep in drink that his eyes are almost set in his head; and we may suppose that the word "sot" has its French meaning of



"fool," without any reference to what ought to be Caliban's very drunken condition." — *Morton Luce.*

Nor...not—double negative for the sake of emphasis.

92. **One.....command**—without his magic books he cannot get a single spirit to serve him. Caliban knows too that the spirits will not obey Prospero if he is without his magic books.

93. **As rootedly**—with as deep-rooted a hatred. **Burn.....books**—(i) only be sure to burn his books, (ii) burn nothing but his books.

94. **Brave utensils**—a lot of fine stuff. Caliban is not definite about what he means. He seems to have learnt the word from Prospero. Verity explains the word as *goods, implements*, and refers to I. ii. 164 :

"Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessities,"

**He.....them**—Prospero calls them 'utensils'.

95. **Deck**—decorate. **Withal**—equivalent to 'with'.

96. **That.....consider**—the point that should be seriously considered.

98. **Nonpareil**—a paragon of beauty ; one who has no equal.

99. **She**—used for 'her'.

100. **Surpasseth**—excels.

101. **As great'st.....least**—there is as much difference between Sycorax and my master's daughter as there is between the greatest and the least. **Brave**—beautiful. Still used in this sense in Scotland. **Lass**—girl.

102. **Become...bed**—befit the position of the wife to you. **Warrant**—assure you.

103. **Bring.....forth**—bear you. **Brood**—offspring.

105. **Save...graces**—i. e., God save our graces. 'God' is omitted for the sake of the Act forbidding profanity on the stage. **Our graces**—i. e., our gracious majesties. The word is used as a sort of complimentary periphrasis. Compare :

"I am thy lover's grace (i. e., thy lover)."

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. i. 199.

108. **Give.....hand**—a pledge of good faith and friendship.

109. **While** .....**head**—behave for the rest of your life. Stephano plays the bully. Perhaps his ownership of the cask of wine gives him the right to play the bully.

111. **On**...**honour**—I give you my word of honour.

112. **This** .....**master**—Ariel seems to have natural human affection. He feels for his master, and he is anxious to save his life.

113. **Thou**...**merry** you make me feel so light and gay.

114. **Jocund**—merry. **Troll**—run over (a song)—to move circularly or volubly and hence to sing or take up in succession. **Catch**—a song the parts of which are “caught” up in succession by different singers.

115. **While-ere**—erewhile ; a little while ago.

116. **Do reason**—i. e., do anything reasonable.

118. **Flout**—mock at. **Scout**—ridicule.

120. **Thought is free**—“probably the burden of a song, quoted by Maria in *Twelfth Night* (I. iii. 73) in a way that points to its meaning of unfavourable or critical or hypercritical thought, and the freedom of such thought, as we gather from the whole play, is assumed only by such irresponsible bondage as that of Caliban, or by such moral bondage as that of his associates”—*Morton Luce*.

121. **That's**...**tune**—it is not the correct tune. **Tabor**—small drum (*Stage direction*).

122. **What**... **same**—what is this I hear—the same tune it seems ?

124. **Picture of Nobody**—a common sign which consisted of a head upon two legs, with arms. There was also a woodcut prefixed to an old play of *No-body and Some-body*, which represented this personage.

The figure which is copied in Knight's Shakespeare was a ludicrous figure with one head, arms and legs, but no body. Underneath was sometimes the scroll—

“Nobody is my name,

That beyreth everybody's blame.”

There was the same engraving on the ballad of “*The Well-poken Nobody*.”

125. **Likeness**—visible form.

126. **Take't**.....**list**—(i) take any shape you please ; (ii) take my remark as you will please yourself.

# C. P. BROWN

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[ ACT III

127. <sup>As</sup> O, forgite. as—Trinulo yields to superstitious fears. He believes that he is persecuted by the il for his sins, and prays God to forgive his sins.

128. He.....debts—he who es can fear nothing worse. Death is the last debt we pay. I defy thee—Stephano is fortified by wine against superstitious fears.

129. Mercy... ..us—may God have mercy upon us! Though Stephano defies the invisible being; he at last seeks the mercy of God.

130. Afeard—i. e., afraid.

131. No.....I—Stephano puts on a brave face before Caliban—does not want to give away the show. Just a question of a colonial maintaining his “prestige” before the natives.

132. Noises—musical sounds.

133. Airs—tunes. Hurt not—are harmless.

134. Twangling—an imitative word, describing the sound of stringed instruments.

135. Hum.....ears—sing in my ears.

137. Will.....again—have soporific powers.

138. Methought—it seemed to me.

139. Ready...me—in the act of descending upon me.

140. Cried...again—wished I could go on dreaming.

132-140. The isle is .....dream again—N. B. Caliban has been described as “the barbarian child of nature... .. whose language is half picture and half music.” The truth of this remark is illustrated in this most poetical of passages, put into Caliban’s mouth

The passage seems to have been suggested by descriptions of Bermuda. Somers and his men heard “mysterious” noise which led them to imagine that spirits and devils had made the island their home.”

141. This.....me—it will be nice to rule here.

142. Music for nothing—music free of cost.

144. By and by—presently. I ..... story—note the patronizing airs assumed by Stephano. Stephano plays the role of the typical colonist of the day in his relations with the “natives.”

145. Sound—i e., Ariel's music. After—afterwards.

146. Do..... . work—carry out our plan.

148. Taborer—player on the tabor. A tabor is a small side-drum, generally associated with the pipe. The word is not elsewhere used by Shakespeare. Spenser uses the word in *The Shepherd's Calender* :

“Before them rode a lusti *tabrere*,  
That to the many a hornpype play'd.”

149. Wilt come—addressed to Stephano. But if the comma is omitted after ‘follow,’ then Caliban will be meant.

### ACT III : SCENE III

**Analysis.** Both Gonzalo and Alonso are tired, wandering about in a maze as it were, on the island. They propose to rest. Antonio and Sebastian whisper together and arrange to re-attempt their plot that night when they, being tired, cannot keep any strict watch. Then strange music sounds in the air, and several strange shapes enter, bringing in a banquet. They beckon the King and his companions to eat, and depart. This is a very strange happening, and they are now inclined to believe all the wonderful things that travellers tell. Sebastian is now prepared to believe that there are unicorns, and that there is, in Arabia, one tree which is the abode of the phoenix. Antonio thinks that travellers, though discredited at home, relate but facts. Gonzalo considers the islanders—for he takes the strange shapes that brought in the banquet to be the people of the island—gentler and more courteous than most men.

Gonzalo urges the King to partake the feast. He believes that the feast is but a part of the strange experience which happen to travellers and remarks in this connection that when he was a boy, he would not believe that there were mountaineers with a fold of loose skin hanging from the throat like that of a bull, or men whose heads grew in their breast. When they prepare to sit down to the feast, Ariel enters in the shape of a harpy, preceded by thunder and lightning, and flaps his wings upon the table and the banquet vanishes.

Ariel who is invisible now denounces Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian for having replaced Prospero and put him out to sea, and bids them repent before it is too late. Prospero commends Ariel and his fellow-spirits for having played their parts nicely. He then withdraws. Gonzalo who has not heard the airy voice warning the three, is astonished to see the King distraught. The three seem to be in a fit of madness and wildly rush forward. Gonzalo bids the younger fellows follow, and keep an eye on them.

**Critical Note.** The supernatural machinery of the play is fully brought into action in this scene. Of course the proper and genuine interest that we might take in a drama—a drama of human motive and human action is considerably discounted by the supernatural intervention: yet the leading motive of the play is kept steadily in view, and is made to develop by the very supernatural machinery. To Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian their guilt is brought home by supernatural means. *Forgiveness* and *reconciliation* are the leading motives of the play. The airy voice that warns the three who have wronged Prospero, also promises the withholding of the doom for “heart-sorrow and a clear life ensuing” The scene, however, is the most effective of all in the play. The fit of desperation into which the three are thrown, however artificially produced, seems to be the natural reaction of guilt and impresses the reader most. So Moulton writers, “The whole past stands out before them as no more than the story of one foul deed and its avenging; the very sea which they had made the innocent accomplice of their crime had bided his time to requite them, and the shores, yea, every creature, are incensed against them . . . . . All space and time seem to have resolved itself into a trap of fate for them; and there is but one avenue of escape hinted at in ‘heart-sorrow and a clear life ensuing.’”

1. *By'r lakin*—by our ladykin (*i. e.*, ‘little lady’)—a term of endearment for the Virgin Mary. I.....further—I am too tired to go any farther.

2. **My old bones**—i. e., my limbs and joints which are those of an old man. **Ache**—are full of pain. **Maze**—a network of intricate passages. **Trod**—trodden ; traversed.

3. **Forth-rights**—straight paths. Compare :

“If you give way,

Or hedge aside from the direct forthright.”

—*Troilus and Cressida*, III. iii. 158.

**Meanders**—winding passages, so called from the winding river of Phrygia—the *Meander*. **By your patience**—with your leave.

4. **Needs**—necessarily. **Me**—myself. **I.....thee**—you are perfectly justified in what you say.

5. **Who**--goes with ‘I’ in the previous line. **Attached**—seized. The word is still used as a law term. **Weariness**—fatigue.

6. **To**—denotes result. **To.....spirits**—with the result that I am very depressed in mind.

7. **Put off**—abandon. **My hope**—my hope to find my son (Ferdinand).

8. **For...flatterer**—as my flatterer i. e., as a false hope.

9. **Stray**—roam about. **Mocks**—(i) smiles ; (ii) baffles.

10. **Frustrate**—i. e., frustrated ; fruitless. Abbott notes “Some verbs ending in *te*, *t*, and *d*, on account of their terminations, do not add *ed* in the participle.” **Let...go**—I must give him up for lost.

11. **He’s . hope**—he abandons all hope about his son.

12. **Repulse**—defeat. **Forgo**—renounce. **Purpose**—the purpose of supplanting Alonso.

13. **Effect**—carry out. Note that Antonio plays the instigator again. **Advantage**—opportunity.

14. **Will.....thoroughly**—we will make the proper use of it without bungling. **Thoroughly**—i. e., thoroughly. **Let.. be**—let it be done.

15. **Oppress’d**—worn out. **Travel**—the exhaustion of wandering about.

16. **Vigilance**—watchfulness.

17. **Fresh**—untired. **No more**—let us tell no more of it now.

18. **Harmony**—music. **Hark**—listen.

19. Marvellous - i. e., marvellously. Above—in the balcony at the back of the stage (*stage-direction*).

20. Kind keepers—i. e., angels to watch over us. What...these—what these shapes would likely to be !

21. A living drollery—a dumb-show, enacted by living beings

“Shows, called *drolleries*, were in Shakespeare’s time performed by puppets only. From these our modern drolls, exhibited at fairs, took their name”—*Stevens*.

In a *living* drollery, therefore, the fingers will be living people instead of puppets.

22. Unicorns—the unicorn is a fabulous animal. It was supposed to be about the size of a horse with a white body, red head, and blue eyes, having a horn on the forehead a cubit long, part being white and black in the middle and red at the extremity.

23. One tree—a single tree which is the abode of the phoenix. The phoenix throne—the seat or habitation of the phoenix.

N. B. The *phoenix* is mentioned in Lyly’s *Euphues* : “For as there is but one Phoenix in the world, so is there but one tree in Arabia, where-in she buyldeth.”

A detailed description is in Holland’s *Pliny*. “The *Phoenix* of Arabia passes all other birds. By report he is big as an Aegle : for colour as yellow and bright as gold (namely, all about the neck) ; the rest of the body a deep red purple ; the taile azure blue, intermingled with feathers among of rose carnation colour : and the head bravely adorned with a crest and penach finely wrought ; having a tuft and plume thereupon, right faire and goodly to be seen. Manilius..... reported that never man was known to see him feeding...that he liveth 660 years and when he groweth old and begins to decay, he builds himself with the twigs and branches of the Canell or Cinamon and Frankincense trees, and when he hath filled it with all sort of Aromaticall spices yeeldeth up his life thereupon. He saith, moreover, that of his bones and marrow there breeds at first as if it were a little worme, which afterward proueth to be a prettie bird. And the first thing this yong new Phoenix

doth is to perform the obsequies of the former Phoenix late deceased."

24. **Reigning**—dwelling in solitary splendour. **Both**—the story about unicorns and the story about the phoenix.

25. **What.....credit**—whatever else seems to be incredible. **Come to me**—let it come to me: when I happen to hear it.

26. **I'll...true**—the idea is that their own experiences are no less extraordinary than those related by travellers. Of course all this is meant to be a playful satire on travellers' tales, which were broadcasted in Shakespeare's day, and which were discredited as pure fabrications. **Travellers.....lie**—judging by our own experience we must say that travellers did not invent those stories.

27. **Fools at home**—i. e., those who have not gone abroad, and, therefore, have limited knowledge and experience. **Condemn 'em**—accuse the travellers of telling lies.

28. **This**—our own experience on this island.

30. **Certes**—certainly. A genitival adverb. **These.....island**—Gonzalo refers to the strange shapes that brought in the banquet.

31. **Who, though they, etc.**—an instance of loose syntax which is often excusable in speech, as here. **Note**—observe.

32. **Gentle-kind**—(i) gentle and kind; (ii) gently kind. **Than of**—than the manners of.

33. **Human generation**—mankind.

32-34. **Their manners.. any**—their manners are more gentle and courteous than you would find those of many, I might almost say, of any, of mankind.

35. **Thou.....well**—your remark is true. **There**—because they are standing a little farther away from Prospero (who remains invisible).

36. **Are.....devils**—are more malicious than the evil power themselves. **Muse**—wonder at.

36-37. **I cannot...sound**—I am filled all with wonder at such shapes, at the signs they make and at the music I hear. He means to say that the things that happen on



the island are really such marvels as travellers can talk of. The King also is beginning to feel sympathy for the travellers who are so much discredited for their tales.

38. They.....tongue—they cannot speak.

39. Dumb discourse—talking by signs. Praise in departing—do not praise your host or his entertainment too soon ; wait till the end before you praise. A proverbial expression. Compare :

“Stay your thanks awhile,  
And pay them when you part.”

—*The Winter's Tale*, I. ii. 9-10.

40. No matter—it does not matter.

41. Vlands—food. We.....stomachs—we are hungry.

42. Not I—at first Alonso is not willing to partake the feast ; but Gonzalo soon persuades him to believe that there can be no harm in the feast.

43. Faith—i.e., in faith.

45. Dew-lapp'd—with a fold of loose skin hanging from the throat. At 'em—at them.

46. Wallets—bags.

45-46. Dew-lapp'd.....flesh—evidently an allusion to the sufferers from *gout* among the Alps and other mountainous districts.

46-47. There were.....breasts—Compare :

“The Blemmyi, by report, haue no heads, but moths  
and eies both in their breasts.”

—Holland's *Pliny*.

“On that branch which is called *caora* are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders.

They are reported to have their eyes in there shoulders and their mouths in the middle of their breasts.”

—Hakluyt's *Voyage*.

Shakespeare refers to these also in *Othello*, I. iii. 144-145.

“The Anthropophagi and men whose heads

Do grow beneath their shoulders.”

48. Each putter out of five for one—i.e., a traveller who invested money before going abroad—the condition being that for one pound deposited, he would get five pounds on return.”

A more pointed allusion to this practice occurs in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of His Humour* :

"I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel ; and (because I will not altogether go upon expense) I am determined to put some five thousand pounds, to be paid five for one, upon the return of my wife, myself, and my dog from the Turk's Court in Constantinople. If all or either of us miscarry in the journey, 'tis gone ; if we be successful, why, there will be twenty-five thousand pounds to entertain time withal.

49. Warrant—testimony. Stand to—fall to work.

50. Although...last—although it will be my last meal.

51. The best—i. e., the best part of my life.

Enter Ariel, like a harpy, etc. (*stage-direction.*) A harpy (in classical mythology) is a winged monster with the head and breasts of a woman, very fierce, starved-looking, and loathsome, living in an atmosphere of filth and stench, and contaminating everything it comes in contact with.

A parallel to this is Virgil's *Aeneid*, III, where the Harpies snatch away the food of the Trojans in one of the islands of the Strophades :

"But sodenly from downe the hills with grisly  
fall to syght,

The harpies come, and beating wings with great  
noys out their shrigh.

And at our meate they snatch."

Milton adopts the same device in *Paradise Regained*, II. 401-403 :

"Both tables and provisions vanish'd quite,  
With sound of harpies' wings and talons heard."

S.D. With aquaint device—"Probably by means of machinery such as was used at the performance of Masques."

—*Verity*.

53. Three men of sin—Alonso, Antonio, Sebastian.

54. To—for.

54-55. This.....in 't—i. e., all earthly powers, Never-surfeited—never fed to satisfaction ; hence ever hungry,

56. **Caused**—the object is 'never-surfeited sea'. **Belch up**—cast ashore (so that the three sinners may be reserved for a more direful punishment). **You**—the object of 'belch' is repeated for the sake of clearness—the original object being 'whom' in line 53.

56-57. **On this... inhabit**—*i. e.*, you have been cast up on this island which is uninhabited (because you are unfit to live in human society). **'Mongst men**—*i. e.*, in human society.

59. **Such-like valour**—*i. e.*, Such desperation into which I have driven you.

60. **Proper**—own. **Fellows**—comrades.

61. **Ministers**—agents. **Elements**—material.

62. **Whom**—equivalent to 'which'. **'Elements'** are regarded as active agents; hence 'whom.' **Temper'd**—of steel when it is brought to a proper degree of hardness and elasticity by heating and chilling.

63. **Loud**—howling. **Bemock'd at**—laughed to scorn.

64. **Still-closing**—always closing up. **Diminish**—lessen.

65. **Dowle**—fibre of down in a feather. **Fellow-ministers**—comrades who are the ministers of Fate.

66. **Like**—alike. **Invulnerable**—incapable of being wounded. **If.....hurt**—if you could use your swords for the purpose of striking.

67. **Massy**—massive; heavy. **Strengths**—plural because it is the strength of more than one individual.

68. **Uplifted**—raised.

69. **That's.....to you**—that is the communication I am to make to you.

70. **Supplant**—displace.

71. **Which...it**—which has turned your foul deed upon you; which has paid you off for the crime (by wrecking your ship.)

72. **His...child**—Miranda who was then a mere child.

73. **Powers**—*i. e.*, the powers above. **Delaying**—postponing (the punishment). **Not forgetting**—as crime cannot go unpunished.

74. **Incensed**—stirred up. **Creature**—created things.

75. **Against...peace**—to persecute you; to give you no peace of mind.

76. **Bereft**—deprived.

77. **Lingering Perdition**—a slow destruction. Worse—more painful.

77-78. **Than.....at once**—than any immediate death can be. **Attend**—‘perdition’ is subject.

78-79. **Shall.....ways**—refers to the pangs of haunting remorse. **Whose wraths**—the ‘powers are like avenging Fates or *Erinyes* of Greek mythology. Their wrath will pursue the sinners until they repent and totally reform themselves.

80. **Falls**—As Abbott points out, the relative in Shakespeare often takes a singular verb, though the antecedent is plural.

81. **Is nothing**—there is no remedy. **Heart-sorrow**—sincere repentance.

82. **Clear**—blameless. **Life ensuing**—life in future. (*Stage-direction*). **Mows**—grimaces.

83-84. **Bravely.....perform’d**—nicely you have played the role of the harpy. **Grace**—neatness ; delicacy. **Devouring**—when consuming the banquet. It is explained by some as ‘fascinating,’ qualifying grace.

85. **Bated**—abated ; omitted.

86. **In.....say**—i. e., in the speech that you were instructed to make. **So**—similarly. **With.....life**—with most accurate fidelity ; in the most life-like manner.

87. **Observation strange**—particular attention to the details. **Meaner ministers**—lesser spirits who do my bidding.

88. **Several kinds**—respective duties.

83-88. **Bravely the figure.....done**—“You made a very good harpy Ariel, and played your part to perfection. You are always a dainty spirit, and there was something graceful even in your raid upon the banquet ; and in your speeches you omitted none of my instructions. My inferior spirits, moreover, acted their respective parts to the life, and with a remarkably exact performance of every particular.”

—Morton Luce.

**High charms**—potent magic. **Work**—are acting satisfactorily towards attaining my object.

89. **All**—completely. **Knit up**—entangled.

90. **Distractions**—confusion and bewilderment. They .....**power**—they are absolutely under my control.

91. **These fits**—fits of desperation. Shakespeare uses the plural abstract noun when it refers to more than one person.

92. **Whom**.....**drown'd**—two constructions are involved : (i) who, they suppose, is drown'd ; (ii) whom they suppose to be drowned.

93. **His**.....**darling**—i. e., Miranda.

94. **I' the name**.....**holy**—a mild and innocent oath.

95. **In**.....**stare**—with your eyes so wildly fixed on vacant space. **Monstrous**—most strange ; unnatural.

96. **Methought**—it seemed to me. **Told**.....**it**—told me of my offence against Prospero.

98. **Deep**.....**organ-pipe**—with a voice as deep and solemn as that of an organ. Compare :

“This pale faint swan.

Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death.

And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings

His soul and body to their lasting rest.”

—King John, V. vii. 21-24.

99. **Prosper**—Prospero. **Bass my trespass**—proclaim in a deep and loud voice my offence against Prospero.

100. **Therefore**—since this has happened, it is clear to me that. **Ooze**—mud at the bottom of the sea. **Bedded**—embedded. **My**.....**bedded**--my son lies at the bottom of the sea, (stuck in the mud).

101. **I'll seek**—I will have to seek. **Plummet**—sounding line. **Sounded**—measured the depth.

102. **Mudded**—buried in the mud. **But**.....**time**—let there be but one devil at a time.

103. **I'll**.....**o'er**—I will fight the whole lot of them. **Second**—assistant. N. B. Perhaps ‘second’ is suggested by the idea of duel. In fighting a duel the challenger and the challenged each chose a second (a supporter or backer) to make arrangements for and be present at the duel.

104. **Desperate**—in a violent mood.

105. **Like poison**.....**after**—“The native of Africa have been supposed to be possessed of the secret how to

temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered."—(Steevens).

106. 'Gins—i. e., begins. To bite the spirits—the effect of remorse.

197. Suppler—nimblar ; quicker.

198. Ecstasy—Shakespeare uses *ecstasy* for any alienation of mind, a fit or madness. In Shakespeare, as Nares observes, *ecstasy* "stands for every species of such mental affection, whether temporary or permanent, proceeding from joy, sorrow, wonder, or any other exciting cause."

109. Provoke—excite.

#### ACT IV : SCENE I

**Analysis.** Prospero has already promised Ferdinand Miranda's hand in marriage. He now warns Ferdinand to be cautious enough to preserve love from being defiled by lust, which would make a hell of their married life. Ferdinand replies by taking a solemn vow to respect the sanctity of love.

Prospero now summons Ariel. And Ariel calls up an illusion in which the inferior spirits take part. First comes Iris, the goddess of the rainbow. As the messenger of Juno, the queen of heaven, summons Ceres (the goddess of agriculture). Iris tells Ceres how Venus and her son, Cupid, have failed to kindle in Ferdinand and Miranda lustful desires, and departed disappointed. First, Juno and then, Ceres bless the couple.

Iris then summons the nymphs and reapers. They appear and dance. Prospero now suddenly recalls to his mind the plot of Caliban and his associates, and impatiently dismisses the spirits, apologises to Ferdinand for his temper, and commenting on the vision that he had called up, remarks that the material world, and all that it holds, lofty towers, stately palaces, sacred temples, etc., will pass away like the vision and leave no trace behind. He dismisses also Ferdinand and Miranda to his cell.

Ariel appears again, and reports to Prospero that he had, by his music, lured on the conspirators (Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo) and left them struggling in a dirty pool beyond Prospero's cell. Prospero now bids him hang out the "trumpery" in his cell as a decoy to these thieves.

Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo now draw near Prospero's cell. The latter two regret the loss of their wine-bottles in the pool. Stephano wishes that he would go back and recover them. But Caliban earnestly begs him to advance and do the murder that would give him (Stephano) the possession of the island. Stephano warms up to the task. Then they behold the trumpery, hung out for them. Caliban would not touch it, but Stephano begins to pull off the apparel, and hand it to Trinculo, and also bids Caliban help in removing the clothes.

Suddenly several spirits, in the shape of dogs, begin to hunt them. Prospero and Ariel set them on by their cries.

**Critical Note.** The masque in which Ariel's fellow-spirits take part, is a digression. But it fills up a necessary pause during which the plot of Caliban and his associates matures. The masque, however, is connected with the main action of the play in the sense that it is part of the scheme of uniting the two houses of Milan and Naples on which Miranda's happiness seems to hang.

The plot of Caliban and his associates awakens but a faint interest. The issue is foreseen. The interest of the play will not revive until the groups of characters that are up till now kept separate, are brought together and the final motive of the action is fully demonstrated.

The masque has an interest of its own. It is full of the fragrance of the country side. It shows that Shakespeare was familiar with, and delighted in, the scenes of the English country-side, which are painted with such tersely picturesque expressiveness here.

1. Austerely.....you—severely punished, you making you carry logs of wood,

2. **Your compensation**—the reward that you receive for your labour (*i. e.*, the hand of Miranda.) **Makes amends**—*i. e.*, makes it up to you.

3. **Thrid**—(i) thread, a fibre in the very thread of my own existence ; (ii) a third part. 'Thrid' is 'third' by a metathesis (*i. e.*, transposition of sound). The three parts of his life are his studies, his dukedom and Miranda. The folios read 'third.' Theobald suggested 'thread', and Tollett read 'thrid which may be either a variant of 'thread', or 'third' by metathesis.

4. **Or that.....live**—equivalent to "mine own life." One commentator suggest this explanation : "Miranda may well be considered *literally as a third part of Prospero's life*, when she is given to Ferdinand ; Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda, being the *three thirds*, which Prospero might well say so to make up "mine own life, or that for which I live." **Who**—for 'whom.'

5. **Tender**—offer. **Thy vexations**—annoyance that you suffered, or to which you were subjected.

6. **Trials**—tests. **Were.....love**—were intended to test the strength of your love for my daughter.

7. **Strangely**—in a remarkable degree. **Stood the test**—endured the trial. **Afore**—before. **Afore Heaven**—I call God to witness.

8. **Ratify**—conform. **This.....gift**—my daughter who is the richest gift that I can offer.

9. **Do not... ..me**—do not think me ridiculous. **Boast her off**—(i) best of her ('off' being equivalent to 'of') ; (ii) 'boost' her or advertise her.

10. **Outstrip**—outdistance. Metaphor of a race between Miranda and praise **Thou ...praise**—you shall find her superior to all praise (she is too high for all praise).

11. **Make.....her**—the idea is that praise, running to come up with Miranda will stop exhausted behind.

12. **Against an oracle**—though an oracle (*i. e.*, the voice of the gods) were to declare the contrary. The oracle was the reply given by the gods to the questions of the mortals. Among the famous oracles of antiquity were those of Zeus at Donoma, and Apollo at Delphi.

13. **As my gift**—as the father has the right of giving his



daughter in marriage. **Thine...acquisition**—Ferdinand has also earned Miranda by his own sincere love and devotion.

14. **Worthily purchased**—i. e., won by your love. His love is the price he paid for Miranda.

15. **Virgin-knot**—an allusion to the zone or sacred girdle worn by maidens in classical times as the symbol and safeguard of chastity before marriage. This girdle was untied by the husband at the wedding. If thou..... **virgin-knot**—if you possess her.

16. **Sanctimonious**—sacred. Not used here in a disparaging sense as in the passage :

“Thou concludest like the *sanctimonious* pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.”

—*Measure for Measure*, I. ii. 7-9.

**Ceremonies**—formal celebrations.

17. **Minister'd**—performed.

18. **Aspersion**—“in the threefold sense of starry influence, the balmy dew and the sprinkling of holy water.” —(*Morton Luce*). ‘Aspersion’ is used here in its primitive sense of sprinkling, from the Latin *aspergere*. Compare :

“Straightway Jesus went up out of the water, saith the Gospel : He came up, therefore he went down. Behold an immersion not an *aspersion*, said Jeremy, the Patriarch”—Jeremy Taylor’s *Rule of Conscience*.

The word has deteriorated in meaning—and now it means calumny or detraction.

19. **Contract**—betrothal. **Grow**—lead to a happy marriage. **Barren hate**—hate caused by the barrenness of the wife.

20. **Sour-eyed disdain**—contempt expressed in bitter, angry looks. **Discord**—strife. **Bestrew**—sow.

21. **The union of your bed**—your marriage. **Loathly**—loathsome ; hatred.

22. **That you.....both**—that you both shall hate it. **Take heed**—be cautious. **As**—(i) as sure as ; (ii) so that.

23. **Hymen**—god of marriage. As **Hymen’s lamps...you**—the holy dictates of marriage shall guide you ; “as you hope to be happy in your married life.”—(*Deighton*). **N. B.** Why ‘Hymen’s lamps ?’ Hymen was generally

represented as crowned with flowers, chiefly with marjoram or roses, and holding a burning torch in one hand, and in the other the vest of a purple colour.

24. **Fair issue**—(i) lovely children : (ii) children born in wedlock.

25. **With.....now**—i. e., which such as I feel now. **Murkiest**—darkest.

26. **The most.....place**—the darkest cave is the most opportune (i. e., favourable) place. **Suggestion**—temptation.

27. **Worser**—instance of double comparative. **Genius**—an allusion to the belief that a man is attended by a good and a bad angel from the birth. **Can**—is able to make.

27-28. **Melt.. ..lust**—change my honourable sentiment towards her into a physical desire. **To take away**—so that it may take away. **Celebration**—consummation, rather than the celebration of the marriage.

30. **Or**—either. **Phoebus' steeds**—the horses of the Sun-god. **Founder'd**—broken down. Cotgrave explains the *foundering* of the horse as "heating of his feet by over much travell."

31. **Chain'd below**—chained in a cave.

30-31. **When I.....below**—when he will be very anxious for the night for then he can have the bride to himself and will think that either the sun is slow in going down, or the night is slow in coming up. **Spoke**—spoken.

33. **What, Ariel**—ho, there ! Ariel.

34. **Potent**—powerful. **What... . master**—what does my powerful master desire of me ?

35. **Thy meaner fellows**—inferior spirits who are your companions. **Last service**—driving the three men of sin into madness.

37. **Trick**—deception. **Rabble**—band of spirits. Not used in a disparaging sense in Shakespeare's day.

39. **Incite.....motion**—hurry them.

41. **Vanity**—illusion. Dr. Schmidt explains it as 'trifle'.

42. **Presently**—immediately.

43. **With a twink**—in the twinkling (of an eye).

46. **Tripping on his toe**—dancing lightly.

47. **Mop and mow**—i. e., making grimaces. In *King Lear*—IV. i. 64, Flibbertigibbet is the prince of mopping and mowing.

48. **No**—i. e., don't you love me ?

50. **Conceive**—understand. Compare :

"Plainly *conceive*, I love you."

—*Measure for Measure*, II. iv. 141.

51. **Look.....true**—take care that you keep your vow.

51-52. **Do not.....rein**—do not freely indulge in amorous sports (e. g., kissing, cuddling, etc.)

52-53. **The strongest oaths.....blood**—the strongest oaths are consumed in the heat of passion as easily as straw is burnt in fire. **Abstemious**—temperate ; self-denying.

54. **Good.....vow**—talk no more of your vow. **Warrant**—assure.

55. **The white.....heart**—Ferdinand compares his honour which restrains his passion to snow.

56. **Abates**—lessens. **The ardour.....liver**—the fiery passion of which the liver is the seat. The liver was the supposed seat of love and violent passion. Compare :

"If ever love had interest in his *liver*."

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, IV. i. 233.

55-56. **The white.....liver**—Morton Luce explains : her pure breast on mine must subdue my passion.

57. **Corollary**—surplus (of spirits).

58. **Pertly**—quickly.

59. **No tongue.....silent**—"those who are present at incantations are obliged to be strictly silent, or the spell is marred."—(*Johnson*). **No tongue.....eyes**—do not speak but only look.

**S. D. Iris**—the goddess of the rainbow and the messenger of the gods.

60. **Ceres**—Greek, *Demeter*, the goddess of agriculture and of all the fruits of the earth. **Bounteous**—generous, **Leas**—pasture land.

61. **Vetches**—plants of the bean family, including several wild and cultivated species for forage.

62. **The turfy mountains**—the mountain sides which are used as pasture lands. **Nibbling**—grazing.

63. Meads—meadows. Thatch'd—covered. Stover—the coarser sort of hay kept for the winter food of cattle. Them to keep—i. e., to feed the sheep.

64. Thy banks...brims—"Dr. Johnson gives piony as another form for *peony*. Milton, whose poetical language is so much allied to Shakespeare's as often to afford a good comment upon him, has in his *Arcades* the line. "By sandy Ladon's liliated banks;" which, as Warton says, is "an authority for reading *liliated* instead of *twilled* in a verse of the *Tempest*;" and he adds, "*liliated* seems to have been no uncommon epithet for the banks of a river." White and Rolfe prefer *liliated*: Hudson (Harvard ed.) has *peoned* and *twilled*. The Cambridge editors following the old text, are supported, in respect to their interpretation of *Twilled* ("covered with reeds or sedges") by a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1872, quoted by Hudson: *Twills* is given by Halliwell as an old provincial word for *reeds*, and it was applied, like *quills*, to the serried rustling sedges of river reaches and marshy levels. It was indeed while watching the masses of waving sedge cutting the water-line of the Avon, not far from Stratford church, that we first felt the peculiar force and significance of the epithet." Some take *pioned* in the sense of covered with *pion-es*, a provincial name in Warwickshire for the marsh marigold. One writer mentions that this flower is found to grow among reeds and rushes.

Others take *pioned* in the sense of "dug." The note in the *Henry Irving Shakespeare* is interesting:

"Now it is quite clear that, if the banks of this stream exhibited the extraordinary phenomenon of being armed with *peonies*, a flower which, whatever any writer may say, has never been really found wild in England—the only quasi-wild ones being, undoubtedly, casual plants escaped from cultivation—what need was there for "spongy April" to betrim them further? Shakespeare was too observant, at least of the superficial features of the country—and, indeed.....he often looked a long way below the surface—to represent such a monstrosity a masses of *peonis* occurring by the side of an ordinary,

English stream. *Lilied* might perhaps be allowed—if flags were lilies; but even the lily of the valley does not grow by the side of English streams; while the only member of the *Lilium* family found wild in England (*Lilium Martagon*, or Turk's-cop lily), is not native, and grows only in woods. Shakespeare had often walked alongside the streams of Warwickshire; and he had observed how the action of the water, as well as that of the water-rats or water voles, makes holes in the banks; and by constantly turning fresh earth up to the surface, which fresh earth is kept moist by the action of the water, furnishes the most fertile ground for wild flowers to grow. Who has ever gone botanizing near a river, and has not instinctively sought for the richest and most luxurious specimens nearest the bank? Nature there supplies of itself the labour of tillage, which I take to be Shakespeare's exact meaning in this passage; namely, that the ground, prepared for the reception of the flowers, is filled with flowers by April, the first month in which our beautiful wild flora really commences to bloom.

As far *pioned* used for *digged*, see Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, book II, c. II:

"Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings  
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound."

*Twilled* presents far more difficulty than *pioned*; it does not seem to appear in any of the old dictionaries, from the *Promptorium Parvulorum* downwards. It is not even to be found in Johnson; and "was first added by Todd," according to Skeat, who further says: "The word is Low German, and has reference to the peculiar method of doubling the warp-threads, or taking two of them together; it was probably introduced by Platt-dentsch workmen into the weaving-trade, which connected us so much with the Low countries." I have not succeeded in finding any instance of the use of the word in any other of the Elizabethan writers, or even in those of the seventeenth century. Richardson gives *Tewell*. Written by Holland, *twill*. Fr. *Tuian*, *tuijan*, a pipe, quill, cane, reed, canel (Cotgrave)." The Imperial

Dictionary gives : “[Perhaps a corruption of *quill* ; comp. *twilt* for *quill*], a reed ; a quill : a spool to wind yarn on. [Provincial]” Compare *quill*...If we take this derivation of the word, it might mean “banks covered with reeds,” of banks “in which holes of tubular shape had been made ; “either sense would agree with our explanation of the passage.”

65. **Spongy**—showery. **Hest**—behest ; command. **Betrims**—bedecks.

66. **Cold**—chaste. **Chaste crowns**—i. e., crowns to be worn by chaste nymphs. **Broom-groves**—‘Broom, in this place, signifies the *Spartium scoparium* of which brooms are frequently made. Near Gamlingay in Cambridgeshire it grows high enough to conceal the tallest cattle as they pass through it ; and in places where it is cultivated, still higher : a circumstance that had escaped my notice, till I was told of it by Professor Martyn.’

— (Steevens).

67. **Dismissed**—rejected.

68. **Lass-lorn**—forsaken by his lady-love. **Pole clipt**—(i) the vineyard in which the poles are *embraced* by the vines ; (ii) the vineyard where the tendrils of the vines are *clipped* or *cut* on the poles ; (iii) the vineyard hedged in or surrounded by poles.

69. **Sea-marge**—the sea-coast. **Sterile**—barren. **Rocky-hard**—refers to cliffs forming the coast.

70. **Air**—take the air. **Queen of the sky**—Juno.

71. **Watery arch**—rainbow.

72. **These**—your favourite haunts. **Her sovereign grace**—i. e., Juno.

74. **Her peacocks**—the peacock was sacred to Juno. She is represented as sitting in a chariot, drawn by peacocks. **Amain**—at full speed.

76. **Many colour'd messenger**—Iris.

78. **Saffron wings**—compare Phaer's translation of Virgil (Book IV) :

“Dame Rainbow down therefore with saffron  
wings of dropping shours.

Whose face a thousand sundry hewes against  
the sunne deuours,

From heaven descending came."

79. **Honey-drops**—moisture as sweet as honey to the flowers.

80. **Crown**—arch.

81. **Bosky**—covered with bushes. **Acres**—fields. **Unshrub'd**—barren. **Down**—upland.

82. **Rich scarf**—the rainbow is a rich scarf to the earth. **Proud earth**—'proud' because of the honour paid to her by the rainbow.

83. **Short-grass'd green**—i. e., a trim lawn.

84. **Contract**—betrothal.

85. **Donation**—gift (i. e., blessing). **Freely**—liberally. **Estate**—bestow.

86. **Blest lovers**—'blest' is proleptic—implying the result of Cere's blessing.

87. **Venus**—the goddess of love. **Her son**—Cupid.

88. **Queen**—Juno.

89. **That.....got**—that got my daughter for dusky Dis. **Dusky Dis**—Dis is Pluto, the king of the underworld. 'Dusky' is a classical epithet of Pluto. **My daughter**—Prosperine. While gathering flowers in the plain of Enna in Sicily, she was carried off by Pluto.

90. **Blind boy**—Cupid. Love is said to be blind. Verity explains 'blind' as "blind-folded ; a symbol that Cupid acts blindly, inspiring love without respect of difference of rank, etc., between people," **Scandal'd**—scandalous.

91. **Forsworn**—renounced.

92. **Her deity**—i. e., Venus, As we say "her majesty," "her ladyship," etc.

93. **Cutting the clouds**—flying through the air. **Paphos**—a famous city of the island of Cyprus—a chief seat of the worship of Venus. The inhabitants were very effeminate and lascivious, and the young virgins were permitted by the laws of the place to get a dowry by prostitution.

94. **Dove-drawn**—the above was sacred to Venus, Compare :

"O ten times faster than Venus' pigeons fly  
To seal lover's bonds new made."

—*Merchant of Venice*, II, iv. 5-6.

**Thought**—intended. **Done**—exercised.

95. **Wanton charm**—spell or enchantment that would rouse lust in Ferdinand and Miranda.

96. **Bed-right**—i. e., bed-rite (physical union).

97. **Hymen's torch**—see above. **Till.....lighted**—till they are married. **But in vain**—i. e., Venus and Cupid were not successful.

98. **Mars's hot minion**—i. e., Venus. She was married to Vulcan, but she was the mistress of Mars, the war-god. **Hot**—lewd.

99. **Waspish-headed**—irritable. "A curious epithet ; in the multiple accounts of Cupid there is nothing quite like this, though his arrow are often said to be fiery."—(*Morton Luce*). **Broke**—broken. **Arrows**—two kinds of arrows—one to inspire love, and another to repel love. **Broke.....arrows**—i. e., broken his arrows in a fit of Temper.

100. **Play with sparrows**—the sparrows was sacred to Venus.

101. **Right out**—(i) thoroughly ; (ii) atonce. **Of state**—i. e., of stately dignity.

102. **By her gait**—Juno is known for her majestic bearing.

103. **Bounteous sister**—'bounteous' because Ceres is, so to speak, the mother-earth who feeds her teeming millions. **How.....sister**—how are you doing, my bountiful sister ? **Go**—come.

105. **Honour'd**—glorified. **Issue**—children.

106. **Marriage-blessing**—N. B.—Juno was the queen of the heavens ; she protected cleanliness, and provided our marriage and child-birth, and particularly patronized the most faithful and virtuous of the sex, and severely punished incontinence and lewdness in matrons. From her presiding over marriage, she was called *Juga* or *Jugalis*, and had a variety of other names, such as *Pro-nuba*, *Lucina*, etc.

107. **Long continuance**—i. e., duration. **Increasing**—i. e., increasing of these gifts.

110. **Earth's increase**—all that is produced by the earth—material goods. **Compare** :



"Then shall the earth yield her *increase* ; and  
God, even our own God, shall bless us."

—*Psalm*, LXVII, 6.

**Foison**—abundance. **Plenty**—*i. e.*, plentiful.

111. **Barns and garner**s—store-houses for grain.

112. **Clustering bunches**—*i. e.*, thick bunches of grapes.

113. **Goodly burthen**—*i. e.*, heavy weight of fruit.

**Bowing**—bent.

114. **At the farthest**—at the latest.

115. **In.....harvest**—*i. e.*, as soon as autumn is gone  
(there being no winter).

116-117. **Scarcity.....you**—Ceres so blessing you that  
you shall never be troubled by want and dearth.

119. **Harmonious**—accompanied by song. **Charmingly**  
—by the potency of some magic charm. **May.....bold**—  
may I be so bold as.

121. **Confines**—the borders to which they are confined.

**Compare** :

"The extravagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine."

—*Hamlet*, I. i. 155.

**Enact**—perform.

122. **My present fancies**—the whims that possess my  
mind at the moment.

123. **So rare...father**—(i) a father (*i. e.*, father-in-law)  
able to perform such wonders ; (ii) a father so greatly to  
be admired. **Wise**—conjectured to be 'wife'.

"If we have to strike a balance between the reading  
"wise" and "wife," it should be in favour of "wife," for  
the rhyme of *Paradise* with *wise* is a blemish ; and it  
could hardly have been intentional ; besides *Ferdinand*  
could live there ever. Nor do I see that "wise" adds to  
"wondered," but *Miranda*,—most sure the goddess on  
whom these airs attend,—"she surely would help to  
make the palace a *Paradise*."—*Morton Luce*.

124. **Sweet.....silence**—they are bidden to be silent  
lest the spell should be marred.

126. **There's...do**—something else is going to happen.

128. **Naiads**—nymphs of fresh water. **Windring**—  
(i) wondering ; (ii) winding.

129. **Sedged crowns**—"made of sedge, the usual adornment of river-deities, being symbolical of their character and abode."—(*Verity*).

130. **Crisp**—(i) winding ; (ii) curled with the ripple of the water. **Green land**—corn-fields.

131. **Answer.....summons**—appear in answer to the summons.

132. **Temperate**—chaste.

134. **Sicklemen**—reapers. **Of August weary**—*i.e.*, weary of their labour in the fields in the month of August.

"August is an appropriate time for Ceres ; it was possible near the time of the poet's own harvesting during this year of 1610."—(*Morton Luce*.)

135. **Furrow**—*i. e.*, furrowed field.

136. **Rye-straw hats**—"it is a remarkable fact that *straw hats* are not mentioned by English writers before the time of Queen Elizabeth. Spenser has 'some plaid with straws.' Then we have the present passage, and in 'Complaint of a lover', we read of a fickle maid wearing 'Upon her head a platted *hive of straw*,' to preserve her complexion from the sun. In the reign of James I, we read of Lord William Howard paying three pounds six shillings—a large sum in those days—for two straw hats. And it was not till the reign of Queen Anne that 'Leghorn chips' came into vogue, their popularity being brought about by those famous beauties, the Misses Gunning. The ordinary straw-hat of today is still generally made of *rye-straw*."

137. **Fresh nymphs**—(i) fresh-water nymphs ; (ii) nymphs lately summoned.

138. **Footing**—dance.

**Stage-direction.** **Habited**—dressed. **To**—in accompaniment to. **Heavily**—gloomily.

140. **Confederates**—associates.

141. **The minute.....plot**—the precise moment when they would execute their plot.

142. **Avoid**—be gone. Compare :

"Descend to darkness ; and the burning lake :  
False fiend, *avoid* !"

—2 *Henry*, IV. iv. 43-44.

143. **Passion**—state of excitement.
144. **Works**—moves ; agitates.
145. **Distemper'd**—out of moderation ; excessive violent.
146. **In .....sort**—as if you are worried or upset.
147. **Dismay'd**—frightened.
148. **Revels**—diversions.
150. **Melted..... air**—gone back to the air. The idea is this : these spirits had no material existence, and they took shapes, but now they are no more—they have become air again.
151. **Baseless**—without a foundation ; immaterial. **Fabric**—structure. **Vision**—illusion.
152. **The cloud-capp'd towers.....palaces**—i. e., such material objects as towers and palaces. **Cloud-capp'd**—capped or crowned by cloud i. e., very lofty.
153. **Solemn**—sacred. **The great globe**—the universe.
154. **Inherit**—possess. **Dissolve**—melt and vanish.
155. **Insubstantial**—immaterial. **Pageant**—show. Like this.....pageant—"an even more effective simile than now, because Shakespeare's hearers would be reminded of the splendid city 'Pageants' and 'Shows' (Verity). **Faded**—from the Latin *vado* : it means *vanished*.
156. **Rack**—a mass of fleecy clouds or cloudlets. "It has always been a subject of marvel to me that it could have ever entered the mind of any person to alter the word *rack* in this sublime passage : yet such sound Shakespearian critics as Hanmer and Malone—the latter of whom Dyce, in some moment of mental aberration, follows—wilfully substituted *track* in the first case, and in the latter case *wreck*. It is difficult to say which is the worse suggestions of the two, perhaps, *wreck*, as it seems to introduce a more jarring element of shipwreck or other violent convulsion which is entirely out of and remote from the beautiful picture that Shakespeare has here drawn. It will be noticed by the careful reader, or reciter, that it is the *cloudy* or vapourish element which dominates the passage, and is emphasized by the word *insubstantial*. *Rack* is a word so commonly used in connection with clouds, even to the present day, that it

will suffice to recall the beautiful passage in *Antony and Cleopatra* (IV. xiv. 2-11), which we must quote at length in order to show that Shakespeare undoubtedly uses *rack* in the sense demanded by the text.

"Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish ;  
 A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,  
 A tower'd citadel a pendent rock,  
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
 With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,  
 And mock our eyes with air : thou hast seen  
 these signs ;  
 They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
 The *rack* dislimns, and makes it indistinct,  
 As water is in water."

Compare also *Hamlet*, II. ii. 506.

For the benefit of those who believe in the eccentric myth that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, we may add from the former the following passage : "The winds in the upper regions which make the clouds above, (which we call the *rack*), and are not perceived below, pass without notice."—*Henry Irving Shakespeare*.

156-157. We...on—we, in spite of material existence, are as unreal and fleeting as dreams. The transitoriness of life is emphasized here. On—of.

158. Rounded—finished.

157-158. Our little.....sleep—brevity of life is emphasized here.

156-158. We are such stuff.....sleep—N. B. This is the most poetical and imaginative expression of the philosophy of subjective idealism. Carlyle quotes the lines at the end of his chapter on "Natural Supernaturalism" in *Sartor Resartus*. From Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, we may quote the following as an excellent comment on the whole passage :

"There rolls the deep where grow the tree.

O earth, what changes hast thou seen !

There where the long street roars, hath been  
 The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow  
 From form to form, and nothing stands ;  
*They melt like mist the solid lands,*  
*Like clouds they shape themselves and go."*

Of course it should be noted that Tennyson is stating a scientific fact, transfigured by his poetical imagination. With Shakespeare it is vision that shapes and expresses the conception—a conception that should have proceeded from philosophy and abstract thought. Yet in the expression of the two different standpoints the language becomes almost identical.

151-158. And, like the baseless fabric.....sleep—N.B. Steevens thinks that the source of this passage is in *The Tragedy of Darius* (1603), by William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterling :

"Let greatness of her glassy scepters vaunt,  
 Not scepters, no, but reeds, soon bruised, soon broken :  
 And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,  
 All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.  
 Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,  
 With furniture superfluously fair.  
 Those stately courts, those sky-encount'ring walls,  
 Evanish all like vapours in the air."

Sir—Prospero becomes apologetic to Ferdinand.

159. Bear.....weakness—have patience with me for my short temper. Prospero begs to be excused for his want of self-control. My.....troubled—old as I am, I am upset.

160. Be...infirmity—do not mind my weakness.

161. Retire—withdraw.

162. Repose—have rest.

163. To still.....mind—to compose my distracted thought. "And we may here trace further the causes of Prospero's emotion ; they are threefold : first, the strictly dramatic, as explained in V. 25, "with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick" ; second, and akin to the former, the problem of evil, as in "whom to call brother would even infect my mouth" (V. 130), or "that a brother should be so perfidious" (I. ii. 67-68) ; and third, the burden of existence ; "But thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here

about my heart" (*Hamlet*, V. ii. 219), is what Shakespeare say—or my other man—when the fit is on him, as it was on him when he wrote this speech."—*Morton Luce*.

**We.....peace**—we wish that you may soon recover peace of mind.

164. **With a thought**—*i. e.*, as quick as thought.

165. **Thy.....to**—Ariel means that he obeys and acts upon Prospero's thought before it is born in his mind—he can anticipate Prospero's mere wish before it is expressed in words. **What's thy pleasure**—what do you want me to do?

166. **Meet with Caliban**—*i. e.*, counteract or oppose Caliban. Compare :

"He knows the temper and pulse of every one in his house, and accordingly either *meets with* their vices, or *advanceth* their virtues."

—Herbert's *Country Parson*.

167. **Presented**—represented.

168. **Thought**—intended.

170. **Varlets**—rogues. Originally *varlet* (from *vaslet*, *vassalet*) meant a young vassal, a youth ; hence a servant—and now it is used as a term of reproach.

171. **Red-hot**—inflamed.

172. **Valour**—courage (here born of drink).

173. **For...faces**—because it blew into their faces.

174. **For.....feet**—for being in contact with their feet.

174-175. **Yet.....project**—yet never for a moment losing sight of the plot they had in mind—*i. e.*, the plot to murder Prospero.

176. **Unback'd**—unridden ; not broken in. **Colt**—a young horse. **Prick'd**—reared.

177. **Advanced**—lifted.

178. **As**—as if. **So.....ears**—such was the effect of my enchanting them by my music.

179. **Calf-like**—as a calf follows the lowing of its dam.

180. **Tooth'd**—*i. e.*, prickly. **Goss**—*i. e.*, gorse.

181. **Frail**—weak. **Shins**—*i. e.*, legs. The *shin* is the forepart of the leg between the ankle and the knee.

182. **Filthy-mantled**—covered with filth, as with a mantle. Shakespeare uses 'mantle' with reference to *Scum* gathering on the surface of stagnant water. Compare :

"There are sort of men whose visages  
Do cream and *mantle* like a standing pool."  
—*Merchant of Venice*, I. i. 89-90.

Beyond.....cell—on the farther side of your cell.

183. O'erstunk—smell more foully than. One commentator explains: "stank over their feet", with the added idea of preventing the smell from their feet from rising. Bird—a term of endearment.

184. Thy shape.....still—keep yourself invisible for sometime still.

185. Trumpery—gaudy apparel; something showy but deceptive.

187. Stale—in the art of fowling, this term signified a bait or lure to decoy birds (properly a decoy fowl). I go, I go—the repetition indicates Ariel's promptitude.

188. A born devil—one whose wickedness is inborn and incredible.

189. Nurture—education.

188-189. On whose nature...stick—whose perversity rejects all efforts at educating him; whose nature is incapable of being improved by education.

190. Humanely—from kindly considerations.

192. Cankers—grows worse (*i. e.*, baser and more malicious). As Malone thinks, the poet may have in mind what Lord Essex said of Elizabeth—"That she grew old and canker'd, and that her mind has become as crooked as her carcase." Plague—torment.

193. { To roaring—till they roar in pain and fear.  
Hang them on this line—the line may be either the lime-tree (for later we read "the line-grove which weather-fends your cell"—V. i. 10), or the plain clothes-line. Morton Luce argues in favour of the lime-tree: "Certainly such trees do not easily lend themselves to the purpose, but the clothes might yet be suspended from some of the lower branches. Further the appellation (line 232) "Mistress line" is almost significant enough to disprove the clothes line hypothesis; and, it seems to be due partly to the mythical association of the tree (the Ocean nymph Philyra, who was changed into a

linden tree), and partly to the botanical distinction (Gerarde, *Herbal*, 1298). "The female line or linden tree."

194-195. **The blind mole**—Caliban means Prospero. **The blind mole.....fall**—the popular notion is that the mole is blind, but it has very tiny eyes, and is known to have strong hearing.

"These Moles have no ears, and yet they heare in the earth more nimbly and perfectly than men can above the same, for at every step or small noise, and almost breathing, they are terrified and run away."—Topsell's *History of Four-footed Beasts*, (1608).

196. **Your fairy**—referring to the airy music they had heard, and which was played by Ariel. **Played the Jack**—(i) played the knave (played dirty tricks upon us); (ii) played the Jack o' lantern (by which traveller are misled).

198-199. **If I should.....you**—if I should be offended with you. **Look you**—be you warned.

200. **Thou....monster**—i. e., (in the event of Stephano's being displeased) you might very well give yourself up for lost. **Lost**—doomed.

201. **Good my lord**—my good lord. **Give.....still**—do please continue your favour to me

203. **Hoodwink**—blindfold; then cover, conceal. The metaphor is from hawking: "mischance is to be hoodwinked like a hawk, and so rendered incapable of further harm-doing, and also put of sight and remembrance." **Mischance**—misadventure (refers to their ducking in the pool). **Softly**—in a whisper.

205. **Ay, but to lose .....pool**—Trinculo feels that the loss of the wine-bottles in the pool makes the "prize" rather dubious. In his opinion what Caliban speaks of the "prize" cannot make up the loss of the bottles.

206-207. **There is.....loss**—Stephano is thinking of the "mischance." It involved not only insult (the ducking in the pool), but the injury (the loss of the wine bottles). **Infinite loss**—a loss that cannot be repaired.



208. **That's . . . wetting**—the loss of bottles is more to me than my drenching.

208-209. **Yet this . . . . . monster**—yet you say that the fairy (who played a tune and lured us on) was harmless.

210-211. **Though . . . . . labour**—though I risk my life in trying to recover the bottles.

212. **Be quiet**—do not upset yourself.

213. **No noise**—make no noise.

214. **Good mischief**—i. e., murder of Prospero, which would give Stephano the possession of the island.

215. **I—for 'me.'**

216. **Foot-licker**—i. e., a slave. Caliban can speak the language of most abject humiliation.

217. **Give . . . . . hand**—Stephano approves Caliban's plan, and so asks for his hand. **Bloody**—blood-thirsty.

219. **O King Stephano ! O peer**—the allusion is to the song quoted in *Othello*, II. iii. 80-83 :

"King Stephen was a worthy peer,  
His breeches cost him but a crown,  
He held them sixpence all too dear,  
With that he call'd the tailor lown."

220. **Wardrobe**—a suit of clothes.

221. **Let . . . . . alone**—do not bother about it. **Trash**—worthless stuff. Prospero calls it "trumpery."

222-223. **We . . . . . frippery**—we need not learn from you what is trash. **Frippery**—old clothes shop.

224. **Put . . . . . Trinculo**—Trinculo had pulled off a gown and put it on. Stephano bids him put it off. **By this hand**—I swear by this hand. It also implies that he will snatch off the gown with his hand.

226. **Thy grace**—Trinculo evidently imitates Caliban's servile form of address.

227. **The dropsy . . . . . fool**—may this fool be seized with dropsy and perish !

228. **To dote**—i. e., by doting. **To dote . . . . . luggage**—to be enamoured of such trash. *Luggage* is something to be lugged (dragged on as a burden). **Let's alone**—let us go alone and leave Trinculo behind with the "luggage." Some propose to read 'along' for 'alone.' Some would read 'let it alone' (see line 241).

230. **From...crown**—i. e., from head to foot. **Pinches**—marks of pinches.

231. **Make.....stuff**—turn us into queer creatures. **Stuff**—(i) spotted cloth ; (ii) swollen appearance from the pinching.

232. **Mistress line**—the ocean nymph Philyra was changed into a linden tree ; so “mistress line.”

233. **Jerkin**—a close-fitting jacket often made of leather, worn by men in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. **Under the line**—the jerkin is taken down from the line. The *line* also means the equator. So there is a play on the word.

“An allusion to what often happens to people who pass the line (i.e., the equator). The violent fevers they contract in that hot climate make them lose their hair.”—(*Steevens*).

Some commentators see in it an allusion to the game of tennis.

234. **Like**—likely. **Lose .... jerkin**—see above.

235. **Do, do**—(i) “that will do ; i. e., an excellent jest.” (*Morton Luce*) ; (ii) “that’s right ! good ! that’s just what I expected of you ; said with jeering applause.”—(*Deighton*). **By line and level**—according to rule ; systematically. *Line and level* is either a nautical metaphor, for ‘line’ is the plumb-line by which perpendiculars are ascertained and ‘level’ is an instrument to find a horizontal line ; or it is a metaphor from carpentry.

235-236. **An’t.....grace**—if it may please your majesty.

237. **Here’s .....for’t**—take this garment as a reward for your jest.

238-239. **Wit..... country**—as king of this island I shall ever patronize wit and learning.

240. **Pass of pate**—a witty sally. A metaphor from fencing. ‘Pass’ is a lunge or thrust in fencing : Compare :

“I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck-in with such a mortal motion that it as inevitable ; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.”—*Twelfth Night*, III. iv. 305-310.

241. **Lime**—i. e., bird-lime. The lime catches the feet of the bird.

“Poor bird ! thou’dst never fear the net or lime.”  
—*Macbeth*, IV. ii. 34.

242. **Away...rest**—draw away the rest of the clothes.

243. **I will.....on’t**—I do not want any of the clothes.  
**On’t**—of it. **Lose**—waste.

244. **Be turn’d**—shall be turned. **Barnacles**—barnacle geese. It was formerly thought that the barnacle shell-fish, which is found on timber, exposed to the action of the sea, became, when broken off, a kind of goose. Sometimes it is related that the barnacles grew on trees and thence, dropping into the sea, became geese.

“There stand certain trees upon the shores of the Irish Sea, having fruit like unto a gourd, which doe fall into the water, and become birds called *Bernacles*.”—(*Hakluyt’s Voyages*).

“*Bernacles* is the common name of the shell-*Lepas anatifera*. There are also *bernacle* geese-birds that about two hundred years ago ; were believed to be generated out of wood, or rather a species of shell that often adheres to the bottom of ships, or fragments of them, and were called Trees.”—(*Pennant*.)

245. **Villanous low**—i. e., villainously or miserably low.

“Low foreheads were anciently reckoned among deformities.”—(*Steevens*.)

246. **Lay to your fingers**—apply your fingers (give a helping hand.)

247. **Or**—otherwise.

248. **Go to**—a common phrase in Shakespeare, expressive of impatience, or exhortation, as here.

251. **Mountain**—the name of a dog (it is the spirit which has assumed the appearance of a dog).

252. **Silver**—name of another dog.

254. **Goblins**—spirits. **Grind**—fill with acute pain.

255. **Dry convulsions**—“Schmidt explains this as having reference to the flaccidity of age : it seems to me to refer rather to the racking pains in the joints which would move with greater difficulty from being deprived

of the natural lubricating oil."—(*Deighton*). **Shorten up**—contract. **Sinews**—muscles.

256. **Aged cramps**—cramps of old age. **Pinch-spotted**—marked with the blue spots, caused by pinching.

257. **Pard**—leopard. **Cato' mountain**—any small animal of the leopard or panther tribe.

258. **Soundly**—thoroughly.

259. **Lies**—a singular verb with a plural nominative (generally when subject follows the verb, and is yet uncertain.)

261. **At freedom**—to make a free use of. **Little**—i. e., little while.

#### ACT V : SCENE I

**Analysis.** Ariel describes to Prospero the condition in which he finds the King (Alonso) and his companions. Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio are raving mad, and the rest mourn over them. Ariel is particularly moved by the grief of one whom Prospero calls the good old lord, Gonzalo. Ariel expects that Prospero's heart will be moved to pity if he sees them now.

Prospero admits that he feels pity for them as it is natural that he should. He now forgives them the wrong they have done him. He is satisfied that they are truly repentant. He bids Ariel go and release them from the spell. Ariel departs to fetch them.

Prospero now addresses the fairies of hills, streams, motionless lakes and groves, whose aid he has so long employed by means of magic. He is proceeding to abjure this magic. He will just employ it for the last time in producing heavenly music to restore the sanity of the three mad men, and then he will have no more to do with it. He will break his staff and bury it in the earth, and sink his magic book in the sea.

Ariel now brings up Alonso and his companions. Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio still make mad gestures. They stand in the circle made by Prospero. First Prospero expresses gratitude to Gonzalo for his past kindness. Then he addresses himself to Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio, and reminding them of the wrong they had done him, he forgives them. Ariel sings and

the enchantment that holds the reason and senses of the three sinners is gradually lifted.

Ariel next departs to bring in the Boatswain and the Master. Gonzalo and Alonso still think that it is all an illusion. Alonso renders back to Prospero his dukedom. Prospero welcomes them all. In an aside he recalls to Sebastian and Antonio their late conspiracy against their King, but he lets them off with a warning.

When Alonso tells Prospero of the loss of his son (Ferdinand), Prospero says that he had lost his daughter in the late tempest. They all look amazed and dumb-founded. Prospero assures them that he is none but Prospero, the very duke himself, who was expelled from Milan. Then Prospero recalls Ferdinand and Miranda playing chess. Ferdinand kneels to his father, and introduces Miranda to him as his bride. Both Alonso and Gonzalo bless the couple.

Ariel now brings in the Master and the Boatswain. They are as much amazed as others, and do not clearly remember all that has happened to them. However they tell the company that they have found the ship in a tip-top condition. Alonso begins to think that the events that have happened, are most extraordinary, and must have more than the natural causes to account for them. Prospero promises to explain everything to him at some convenient leisure in future.

Next Ariel brings in Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo. All express astonishment at the sight of Caliban. Prospero tells them of the origin and wickedness of Caliban. Caliban promises to mend himself, realizing his folly in accepting a drunkard and fool (Stephano) as his master and God. Prospero bids them all welcome, and invites them to lodge in his cell for the night, proposing that they should all sail next morning. He discharges Ariel from his service to him.

Then in an epilogue Prospero begs to be released and requests the audience to pray for his soul for his sin in practicing magic. The noise of their clapping can only break the spell, and then he (Prospero) would be

free. In fact in the epilogue the dramatist craves the indulgence of the audience.

**Critical Note.** The last scene of the play is noteworthy as the first scene. The different groups of characters which have been kept apart so long, are now brought together. Prospero acts as Providence—as the presiding genius of the action of the play, and the play, therefore, is more a romance than a human document. The love-scenes between Ferdinand and Miranda are idyllic—and these love-scenes, we may say, strike the keynote of the play. Of course they are complicated by the two conspiracies—(i) the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian against Alonso ; (ii) the conspiracy of Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo against Prospero. But from the beginning we know that they will be defeated—and they are defeated. But they serve to emphasize the motive of the play—forgiveness and reconciliation.

In working out this scheme of forgiveness and reconciliation certain ingenuity is shown—rather a reverting back to the manner of Shakespeare's earlier comedies. This ingenuity is hinted in Gonzalo's speech (*ll.* 208-13).

“In one voyage

Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,  
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife  
Where he himself was lost ; Prospero his dukedom  
In a poor isle ; and all of us ourselves  
When no man was his own.”

The return voyage from Tunis to Italy is, therefore, the turning point of the play. From it springs the very action of the play and flow the diverse interests that engage our attention, while the previous history of the characters and of their relation to each other is gradually unfolded as the action and motive of the play develop.

The action takes up a short space of time. More than once the time-element is emphasized in the last scene. It is barely three hours. This time-limit secures the happiest unity and concentration of effect in spite of the action being reasonably diversified. The last scene is very skilfully managed, in which all the different strands are gathered up into the most artistic conclusion.

1. **Gather to a head**—mature. The metaphor of the ripening, or coming to a head, of a suppurating boil or ulcer.

2. **Crack not**—are not failing. **My spirits obey**—spirits or *familiars* as they are called, are impatient of human control and always chafe and fret (take the case of Ariel). These spirits, attending on a magician or witch, have often to be coerced into submission.

3. **Upright**—i. e., without bending under the weight. **Carriage**—burden ; that which is carried. 'Carriage' originally meant, (i) that which is carried ; (ii) that which carries ; (iii) the act of carrying. For (i) Compare :

"Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me : if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage."

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, II. ii. 179-181.

2-3. **Time.....carriage**—"Time is usually represented as an old man bending under his load. Here he is painted as in great vigour, and walking upright to denote that things went prosperously on."—(*Warburton*.) **How's the day**—what is the time of the day ?

4. **On .....hour**—it is on the stroke of six ; it is going to be six.

4-5. **At which.....cease**—Ariel indirectly reminds Prospero of his promise to release him as soon as the present business is finished.

7. **How fares.....followers**—how are the King and his companions doing ? **Fares** is a singular verb with a plural nominative. **Confined together**—i. e., kept together under restraint.

8. **Gave in charge**—ordered.

9. **Just.....them**—in the same state of mind as they were in.

10. **Lime-grove**—grove of lime-trees. **Weather-fends**—protects from rough weather.

11. **Budge**—move from where they are under restraint now. **Till your release**—till you release them from your spell. The word *release* is now used in the passive sense of being released.

12. **Yours**—your brother. **Abide**—remain. **Distracted**—bewildered and in a state bordering on madness.

13. **Remainder**—the rest.

14. **Brimful of**—overwhelmed with. **Dismay**—terror.

15. **Him that**—he whom. **Term'd**—called.

16. **Winter's drops**—(i) “melting icicles which drip off the eaves of thatched building.—(*Deighton*) ; (ii) rain in winter.

17. **Eaves of reeds**—a thatched roof. **Works 'em**—acts upon them ; influences their spirits.

18. **Affections**—feelings.

19. **Become tender**—soften ; melt into pity.

20. **Mine**.....human—though a spirit, Ariel is susceptible to human feelings. We have noted above that Ariel has a natural affection for, and devotion to, Prospero.

21. **Air**—a spirit of the air. **Touch**—affection ; feeling or sensation. Compare :

“He wants the natural touch.”—*Macbeth*, IV. ii. 9.

22. **Afflictions**—pain and misery.

23. **Kind**—race. **Relish all as sharply**—taste or feel joy or sorrow as acutely as they.

24. **Passion**—feel emotion. In the third and fourth folios the comma is omitted after ‘sharply,’ which makes ‘passion’ a noun. But Shakespeare uses ‘passion’ elsewhere as a verb :

“Madam, 'twas Ariadne *passioning*

For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight.”

—*Two Gentleman of Verona*, IV. iv. 172-173.

**Kindlier**—(i) more kindly ; (ii) more in accordance with the *kind* or race of which I am one.

21-24. **Hast thou**.....**art**—“if you, a spirit of air, can be touched by their distress and sympathise with them, shall not I, who share human nature, whose feelings are as keen as theirs, who experience their emotions, be more ready to sympathise with them than you are ?” —(*Morton Luce*.)

25. **Their high wrongs**—the grievous wrongs they have done me. **Quick**—i.e., the vital part. **Struck to the quick**—most deeply hurt.



26. Nobler reason—(i) reason which is nobler than vengeance ; (ii) reason which dictates compassion and forgiveness. 'Gainst—i.e., against. Fury—i.e., the desire of vengeance.

27. Take port—side.

26-27. Yet with.....port—yet I am rather inclined to follow the dictates of reason (which recommends forgiveness) than the impulse of my desire (which demands vengeance). Rarer—the more excellent.

28. Virtue—goodness. In virtue—in showing mercy ; in forgiving wrongs.

27-28. The rarer action.....vengeance—the keynote of the play. Penitant—repentant.

29. Drift—scope.

29-30. Doth...further—does not go so far as even the slightest expression of displeasure ; totally abandons the idea of punishing the wrong-doers. Release them—set them free from my charms.

31. My charm I'll break—I shall withdraw my enchantment. Their.....restore—I shall restore them to sanity.

32. They shall be themselves—i.e., they shall be their normal selves.

33. Ye elves of hills, etc.—this speech is suggested by Golding's *Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses*, (1576). The original is interesting :

“Ye Ayres and Windes : ye Elues of Hilles, of  
Brookes, of Woods alone.

Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approche ye  
euerychone.

Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much  
wondering at the thing)

I have compelled streames to run cleane backward  
to their spring.

By charmes I make the calme seas rough, and make  
the rough seas playne,

And couer all the Skie with clouds and chase them  
thence againe.

By charmes I raise and lay the windes, and burst  
the Vipers law.

And from the bowels of the earth both stones and  
trees to draw.

Whole woods and Forrests I remooue : I make the  
Mountaines shake,  
And even the earth it selfe to grone and fearefully to  
quake.

I call up dead men from their graues and thee, O light-  
some Moone.

I darken oft, through beaten brasse abate thy perill  
soone.

Our Sorcerie dimmes the Morning faire, and darkes  
the Sun at noone.

The flaming breath of fierie Bulles ye quenched for  
my sake,

And caused their unwieldy neckes the bended yoke  
to take.

Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortall warre  
did set,

And brought asleepe the Dragon fell whose eye were  
neuer shet."

Elves—tiny spirits ; fairies. Standing—motionless.

34. With printless foot—i.e., leaving no trace. Compare :

"Whilst from off the waters fleet

Thus I set my *printless feet*,

O'er the cowslip's velvet head

That bends not as I tread."

—Milton's *Comus*, 897.

35. Chase—pursue. Ebbing Neptune—the receding sea.  
Neptune is the god of the sea in classical mythology.

36. When.....back—when the tide flows towards the  
shore. Demi-puppets—(i) smaller than puppets shown at  
drolleries ; (ii) "half inanimate like dolls, and half animate  
like living beings."—(*Percival*).

37. Green sour ringlets—popularly known as fairy  
rings—patches of a deeper green supposed to be caused  
by the dancing of fairies. Now they are known to be  
growth of fungi.

38. Whereof—of which. Whereof.....bites—which  
is left uneaten by sheep. Pastime—sport.

39. To make midnight mushrooms—i.e., to make  
mushrooms grow at midnight. The mushroom is an  
umbrella-shaped edible fungus. Mushrooms grow from

tiny particles, called spores, and may spring up in a single night. **That**—should go with ‘you’ in the above line.

40. **Curfew**—a bell ordered by William I to be rung at eight o’clock in the evening, at which time all fires and light were to be put out. The enactment was repealed in 1100, though to this day the bell is still rung in many parts of England.

39-40. **That rejoice.....curfew**—the popular superstition was that spirits left their graves after the curfew and wandered about till cockcrow. Compare :

“This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet ; he begins at curfew and walks till the first cock.”

—*King Lear*, III. iv. 120.

41. **Weak.....be**—(i) “Ye are powerful auxiliaries, but weak if left to yourselves.”—(*Blackstones*) ; (ii) “Though you are but inferior masters of these supernatural powers, though you possess them but in a low degree—(*Steevens*). ‘Master’ may also be taken in the sense of little fellows as rather a term of jesting familiarity. **Bedimm’d**—darkened.

42. **Noontide**—midday. **Mutinous**—contending.

43. **Azured vault**—the light blue sky.

43-44. **Twixt.....war**—see Miranda’s speech, describing the tempest in I. ii. 3-5. **Roaring war**—refers to the roar of the storm and waves. **Dread**—i.e., dreaded. **Rattling**—rumbling.

45. **Have..... fire**—a thunder cloud is meant. **Rifted**—riven. **Jove’s stout oak**—(i) refers to the oak at Dodona, the seat of the oracle of Zeus ; (ii) the oak is sacred to Jove.

46. **With...bolt**—Jove is the thunder bearer. **Strong based**—having a strong basis or foundation. **Promontory**—headland.

47. **Spurs**—roots of a tree. Compare :

“I do note  
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,  
Mingle their spurs together.”

—*Cymbeline*, IV. ii. 55-57.

49. **Their sleepers**—i.e., those who lie in the graves. **Oped**—opened.

50. **By.....art**—in consequence of my powerful magic. **Rough magic**—magic dealing so arbitrarily with the ordinary processes of nature—interfering with the laws of nature.

51. **Abjure**—renounce. **Required**—asked for.

53. **To work mine end**—to produce the result I aim at. **Their senses that**—the senses of those that.

54. **Airy charm**—(i) a spell wrought by the spirits of the air ; (ii) “a spell that binds them in invisible chains.” —(*Percival*). **Staff**—magic wand.

55. **Certain**—explained by some commentators as a definite number of fathoms, which Prospero knows from his magic books—“at which depth if he buried his staff, it would never more be discovered, so as to be used in enchantments.”

56. **Plummet**—sounding-line. **Sound**—measure.

54-57. **I'll break.....book**—*N. B.* This passage is taken as Shakespeare's farewell to the stage.

“The splendour of sunset in *The Tempest* can escape no one, and the sternest opponent of guess work must admit the probable presence of a designed allegory in the figure of Prospero and the burying of the book, the breaking of the staff, at the close.”—(*Saintsbury*.)

58. **Solemn**—stately. **Air**—music. **And**—that is. **Comforter**—balm.

59. **Unsettled fancy**—troubled imagination. **Cure thy brains**—restore you to sanity.

60. **Useless**—because incapable of their proper function. **Boil'd.....skull**—*i. e.*, seared by insanity. **There stand**—*i. e.*, within the magic circle, drawn by Prospero.

61. **Spell-stopp'd**—prevented from moving by magic.

62. **Holy Gonzalo**—‘holy’ in the sense of virtuous, just.

63. **Sociable.....thine**—sympathetic to the mere presence of yours. ‘Show of thine’ is also explained as tears shown by your eyes.

64. **Fellowly**—sympathetic. **Drops**—tears.

63-64. **Even.....drops**—“so sympathetic that as soon as your eyes show tears, mine follow the example.” —(*Deighton*). **Dissolves**—breaks. **Apace**—soon.

65. **Steals**—encroaches almost unperceived.
66. **Melting**—dissolving. **Rising senses**—senses reviving from the effect of enchantment.
67. **Ignorant fumes**—fumes of ignorance (*i.e.*, delusions). **Mantle**—cover and obscure.
68. **Clearer reason**—(i) 'clear' as contrasted with 'ignorant fumes'; (ii) a proleptic use—*i.e.*, getting clearer as 'ignorant fumes' are dispelled.
69. **My true preserver**—one to whom I owe my life. Gonzalo helped Prospero with a supply of food and clothes when he and his daughter were put out to sea in a frail boat. **Loyal**—devoted. **Sir**—gentleman.
70. **Pay thy graces**—reply your acts of kindness.
71. **Home**—thoroughly. **Both...deed**—both by verbal acknowledgment and by a substantial return.
72. **Use**—treat.
73. **Furtherer**—accomplice.
74. **Thou .....for't**—you suffer pangs of remorse for it. **Flesh and blood**—one of same flesh and blood.
75. **Brother mine**—Antonio. **Entertain'd**—cherished.
76. **Expell'd**—cast off. **Remorse**—pity. **Nature**—natural feeling.
77. **Inward pinches**—pricks of conscience.
78. **Your king**—Alonso.
80. **Begins to swell**—understanding is compared to the flow of a tide. **Approaching tide**—*i. e.*, the flow of understanding.
81. **Reasonable shore**—the shore of reason. **Will..... shore**—the idea may be thus explained: understanding receded from the shore of mind (when they were under the power of enchantment), and the mind lay inert like a shore foul and muddy; now understanding is surging back into the mind. **Ebb'd consciousness** is returning in full tide.
82. **That.....muddy**—refers to the distracted state of their mind, which is compared to a shore left foul and muddy by the receding of the wave.
- 82-83. **Not one of them.....me**—there is not one of them who looks at me, or would recognize me, if he saw me. Prospero is in his magic robes.

84. **Rapier**—a long two-edged duelling sword of the sixteenth century, often used with the dagger or the cloak, and adapted almost as much for cutting as for thrusting.

85. **Discease me**—remove from me my magic robes.

86. **Milan**—Duke of Milan.

87. **Ere long**—soon.

88. **Sucks**—i. e., sucks honey.

89. **Bell**—the bell-shaped cup.

90. **Couch**—"Couch does not mean "sleep" nor "sleep at night"; its meaning is nearly conveyed by "Couch for fear" (*Titus Andronicus*, V. ii. 38), even as, again in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (II. i. 30), "the elves, for fear, creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there". These elves, moreover, are directed by their queen to keep back.

"The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders  
At our quaint spirits (II. ii. 5)"—*Morton Luce*.

91-92. **On the bat's back**.....merrily—the bat is the vehicle of Ariel. Ariel, riding on the bat, goes where summer is. Of course the bat does not migrate, but the bat is associated with summer evenings.

Theobald reads 'sunset' for 'summer'; then it will mean that at night after sunset Ariel flies on the bat's back.

Morton Luce explains thus: "In pursuit of summer," or, "and when summer is over in—say England—I fly off to find it again in some other island." The point is that Ariel cannot live without summer.

93. **Now**—after I am set free.

95. **That's**.....Ariel—my delicate Ariel will certainly be like that.

96. **But yet**.....freedom—as Prospero feels that Ariel will pine away for want of freedom. So, so, so—that's right, thank you. Prospero thanks Ariel for attiring him.

97. **To**.....ship—go to the king's ship.

99. **Under the hatches**—in the hold of the ship with the trap-door fastened on.

100. **Enforce**—bring by force.

101. Presently—at once. Drink the air—"an expression of swiftness."—(Johnson.) Compare :

"He seem'd in running to devour the way."

—2 Henry IV, I. i. 47.

103. Or ere—before.

104. Amazement—a state of bewilderment, bordering on terror.

105. Inhabits—a singular verb because all the nouns seem to express a singular idea. Some heavenly power—i. e., may some heavenly power.

106. Fearful—abounding in terrors. Active sense.

107. The wronged.....Milan—i. e., the Duke of Milan who was expelled from his dukedom.

108. For more assurance—for a great positive proof. A living prince—not a spirit, but the actual Duke of Milan.

111. Whether.....no—whether you happen to be the Duke of Milan or not.

112. Trifle—phantom. Enchanted trifle—a phantom, called forth by enchantment. Abuse—deceive.

113. Late—lately.

114. As .... blood—as the pulse of a human being.

115. Affliction—sorrow. Amends—heals. With—in addition to.

116. A madness..... me—I was in the grip of insanity. Alonso felt grief for his drowned son. On top of it, he fell into a sort of madness (which was produced by Prospero's magic). Crave—demand.

117. An if .....all—if this be a reality as distinguished from an illusion.

116-117. This must crave.....story—if what I see now be not an illusion like all the rest, you must have a very strange story to tell as regards all the happenings,

118. Thy dukedom..... resign—the dukedom of Milan was made by Antonio a vassal state of the crown of Naples. Now Alonso gives it back as an independent state to Prospero.

119. My wrongs—the wrongs that I have done you.

119-120. But how should.....here—that is the story Alonso wants to hear from Prospero. Noble friend—Gonzalo.

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SCENE I ]

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NOTES

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121. Thin —you, a reverend old man Abstract  
for concrete. our—honesty. A H.  
121-122. | Cannot . . . confined —is without measure or  
limit.

122-123. Whether . . . swear—I cannot assert whether  
what I see and hear is a reality or illusion.

124. Subtilities—phantoms; deceptions. “A phrase  
adopted from ancient cookery and confectionary: when  
a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really  
was, they called it a *subtlety*. Dragons, castles, tress,  
etc., made out of sugar, had the like denomination.  
Froissart complains much of this practice, which often  
led him into mistakes at dinner.”—(Steevens.)

125. Things certain—realities as distinguished from  
illusions.

126. Brace—pair. Very significantly used in view of  
their being accomplices in crime. Were I so minded—if  
I intended.

127. Pluck...you—draw the king's displeasure upon  
you.

128. Justify—prove. ‘Justify’, nearly always in Shakes-  
peare, meant to prove. Now it means to prove to be just.  
At this time—at this time of forgiveness and reconciliation.

129. Tell no tales—disclose no secrets. Refers to  
their treachery. The devil speaks in him—he must be  
possessed by the devil, or how could he otherwise know  
of the conspiracy. No—(i) contradicts Sebastian's aside,  
which he must have heard by his magic; (ii) confirms  
his promise to tell no tales; (iii) ‘now’ may be read  
for ‘no’, for Prospero now addresses his brother Antonio.

130. Wicked sir—vile gentleman.

131. Infect—taint; corrupt.

132. Rankest—most evil-smelling. Compare:

“O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven.”

—Hamlet, III. iii. 36.

All of them—i.e., all the magnitude of your most serious  
offence—(i) your conspiracy with Alonso: (ii) your put-  
ting me and my daughter out to sea in a frail boat;  
(iii) your usurpation.



133. **Perforce**—necessarily.

135. **Particulars**—details. **Of thy preservation**—how you have been saved.

136. **Since**—ago.

138. **How sharp**.....is—how poignant is the memory of the loss of my son. **Point**—prick. **This remembrance**—the memory of the loss of my son.

139. **Woe**—sorry. *I am woe* might easily originate from *woe is me*, which is used even now, and which occurs in the Authorized Version, Psalms, cxx. 5.

140. **Irreparable** is the loss—there is no remedy for the loss.

141. **It**....cure—i. e., patience can do nothing to help me in my sorrow.

142. **Her help**—the help of patience. **You have**.....help—you have not tried patience. **Grace**—favour.

143. **Like loss**—similar loss. Prospero has lost his daughter to Ferdinand. **Sovereign aid**—most excellent assistance.

144. **Rest**.....content—do not grumble: Prospero may thus playfully allude to his loss of Miranda (to Ferdinand) but it is quite different for Alonso, who is yet unaware that his son is alive.

145. **As great**.....late—(i) as great as yours, and has happened to me as recently; (ii) as great as it was recent. **Supportable**—endurable.

146. **Dear**—grievous. **Means**.....weaker—"Alonso still has his daughter Claribel to comfort him, whereas Prospero has just "lost" his only child."—(*Capell*).

147. **Call**—requisition.

149. **O heavens**.....**Naples**—I wish to God that they both were living in Naples.

150. **That they were**—that they were living.

151. **Mudded**—buried in mud. **Oozy bed**—the bed of soft, clammy mud at the bottom of the sea.

153. **In**.....**tempest**—Prospero can certainly make the tempest (that he lately raised by magic) responsible for the loss of his daughter. The 'tempest' landed Ferdinand on the island, and Ferdinand won off the daughter from the father.

154. **Encounter**--meeting. **Admire**--wonder. **Compare**;  
 "Wonder not, nor *admire* not to thy mind."

—*Twelfth Night*, III. iv. 165.

155. **Devour**....**reason**--seem to have lost their reason or judgment (they stand hopelessly befuddled). The figure is suggested by their open-mouthed wonder.

156. **Do**.....**truth**--see truly; do not deceive them.

156-157. **Their words**.....**breath**--that the words they utter are their own, and come naturally from them. Some read "these" for "their", "thou" will refer to Prospero's words.

153-157. **I perceive**.....**breath**--I see that at this strange and unexpected meeting these lords are so bewildered that their reason seems to be paralysed, that they hardly believe what they see and hear to be anything but an illusion, that the words they utter are their own, and are not due to some supernatural power.

Malone adopts 'these' for 'their,' and explains thus: "The lords had no doubt concerning themselves. Their doubts related only to *Prospero* whom they at first apprehended to be some 'enchanted trifle to abuse them.' They doubt whether what they see and hear is a mere illusion; whether the person they behold is a living mortal; whether the words they hear are spoken by a human creature."

158. **Justled**--swept off.

157-158. **You**.....**senses**--your senses have been befogged.

160. **Which**--for 'who.' **Thrust**..... **Milan**--expelled from Milan. **Who**--antecedent is 'I.'

162. **To be**.....**on't**--that I might be the master of it. **No**.....**this**--the rest of the story may wait for some future time.

163. **Chronicle**.....**day**--a story that should be told from day to day

164. **Relation**--narration. **Not**...**breakfast**--i.e., not a story for the breakfast table.

165. **Befitting**--suitable to.

166. **This**...**court**--Prospero is again the Duke, and his cell must serve as his court in the present circumstances.

167. **Subjects.....abroad**—i. e., no subjects on the island. **Look in**—peep inside the cell.

169. **Requite**—reward. **With.....thing**—with a thing as good as my dukedom (Prospero means Ferdinand, Alonso's lost son, and his bride to boot).

170. **Bring forth**—produce. **Wonder**—miracle. **Content**—satisfy.

171. **As much.....dukedom**—as much as my dukedom contents me.

172. **You.....false**—you cheat me in game. N. B. Rolfe quotes from Professor Allen, who points out that Shakespeare may have introduced *chess* here because he knew "that there was a special appropriateness in representing a prince of Naples as a chess-player, since Naples, in the poet's day, was the centre of chess-playing, and probably famed as such throughout Europe."

173. **For the world**—to win the world itself.

174. **For a score.....wrangle**—you might quarrel for a score of kingdoms (without going so far as to be playing for the whole world). "There is perhaps a play on the older meaning of *score*, viz., a 'reckoning kept by notches'; it would then mean that each notch, or *score*, or as, we say, stake, was a kingdom. If they were playing for a stake of a kingdom a game Miranda would call his cheating fair."

"I take the sense to be only this: Ferdinand would not, he says, play her false for the world; yes, answers she, I would allow you to do it for something less than the world, for *twenty kingdoms*, and I wish you well enough to allow you, after a little *wrangle*, that your play was fair.—(Johnson)"

**You should wrangle**—"you should be at liberty to dispute out of all reason." "*Wrangle*" again in two senses—(1) contend in a game or wager; (2) argue with me in reference to the contest. The sense intended is clearer than the sense expressed: "I would not cheat you for the world," says Ferdinand. "Nay," replies Miranda, "I love you so much that if we were playing for some high stake, you would be quite at liberty to cheat me."  
—Morton Luce.

176 **Vision**—illusion.

177. **Shall.....lost**—*i. e.*, the grief would be as great as losing my son twice over again. **A.....miracle**—a very great wonder.

178. **Though.....merciful**—after all the seas have spared Ferdinand's father—and though the seas wrecked the ship, they were merciful to Ferdinand.

179. **I have..... cause**—I have blamed the seas unnecessarily.

180. **Compass ...about**—surround you so that you might be protected from any further evil.

182. **Goodly**—handsome. **How many...here**—Miranda expresses her natural wonder at the sight of so many men.

183. **How beauteous mankind is**—compare in this connection Hamlet's apostrophe :

"What a piece of work is a man ! How noble in reason ! How infinite in faculty ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! and, yet, to me , what is this quintessence of dust ?"

In Hamlet there is the note of disillusion ; in *Miranda* the note of unsophisticated wonder and simplicity. But each is equally thrilled by beauty.

**Brave**—beautiful. **New world**—a new world is unfolding itself before the eyes of Miranda. From what she sees now, she can but dimly picture the new world, peopled by such "goodly creatures."

184. **'Tis new to thee**—"may there not be in this comment of Prospero's somewhat of a sad irony ? "When this world has ceased to be new, it will no longer, perhaps, appear to you so brave, its creatures so goodly, mankind so beauteous."—(*Allen*).

185. **What is this maid**—"what" is used for 'who' with little sense of *what quality* or *kind*.

186. **Eld'st**—oldest ; longest. **Cannot...hours**—must be less than three hours. A hint of duration of the action of the play.

187. **Sever'd**—separated. The point is that now both father and son find themselves to be alive, and that, therefore, the father imagines that the maiden must have kept the son apart from him. And this is in a sense true, Ferdinand was landed (by Ariel) by himself so that he might meet Miranda, with the result that his father thought him drowned.

188. **And . together**—Alonso's heart is full of happiness and gratitude, which naturally express themselves in this hyperbole. **Sir.....mortal**—father and son make the same mistake as regards Miranda. Ferdinand, when he first saw Miranda, thought that she was the goddess of the world. Alonso repeats the same mistake. An hour or so of the son's priority of acquaintance with Miranda, enables him to correct his father.

190. **But.....Providence**—by the grace of God. **She's mine**—she is pledged to be my wife.

191. **Thought I had one**—thought that my father was alive.

193. **Renown**—(i) fame ; (ii) report. Allen says that the word used in the primary meaning of "repeated or loud mention, common report."

194-195. **Of whom...life**—i. e., I owe my life to him. **Second father**—as father-in-law he becomes his second father.

196. **I am hers**—I am her second father (of course as father-in-law).

197. **How.....sound**—how inconsistent it will be.

199. **Burthen**—burden.

200. **A heaviness...gone**—i. e., a past grief. Shakespeare always uses 'heaviness' in figurative sense. **Inly**—inwardly. Compare :

"Sit patiently and *inly* ruminate

The morning's danger."

—Henry V, IV. Chorus, 24-25.

201. **Spoke**—spoken. **Look down**—in the sense of blessing Ferdinand and Miranda.

202. **Blessed crowa**—a crown attended by happiness and prosperity.

203. **You**—the gods. **Chalk'd forth**—marked out. **The way**—the way across the sea.

203-204. For it is you.....hither—note the piety of Gonzalo. Amen—be it so !

205. Issue—i. e., grandchildren.

205-206. Was Milan...Naples—now Gonzalo realizes that Prospero's banishment from Milan is a blessing in disguise.

207. Beyond.....joy—beyond the measure of an ordinary joy.

207-208. Set.....with gold—i. e., inscribe it in letters of gold. Lasting - enduring.

208-210. In one voyage.. wife—so after all the voyage was not a disastrous one, as it at first seemed to be, for all that has happened. Gonzalo finds good reason to be grateful to the gods. All's well that ends well.

212. In a poor isle—"How is this to be taken ? Perhaps Gonzalo means that in this out of the way spot, where he could least expect it, Prospero is once more recognised as Duke of Milan."—(*Morton Luce*).

All.....ourselves—all of us are restored to our senses.

213. When.....own—when everyone was off his head.

214. Embrace—cling to. His heart—i.e., the heart of him (that).

216. Here is more of us—here are more of our company.

217. I prophesied—Gonzalo prophesied that the Boatswain was destined to die a dry death (by hanging). Now he points to the fact that his prophecy has been partly fulfilled in that the Boatswain is not drowned.

218. Blasphemy—an evil speaking fellow or a fellow given to swearing. Abstract for concrete.

219. Swear'st grace o'erboard—the idea is that because of the Boatswain's swearing God's mercy was withdrawn from them, and the ship was wrecked. Grace—mercy of God. Not.....shore—don't you no more swear while you are on land ?

220. Hast.....land—Have you lost the use of your tongue ? The point is that the Boatswain keeps his mouth open in astonishment.

221. Safely—(i) having come by no harm themselves ; (ii) the king and his company unharmed.

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221. Safely—(i) having come by no harm themselves ; (ii) the king and his company unharmed.

223. Glasses—hours (as measured by hour-glasses). Gave out—declared. Split—shattered to pieces.

224. Tight—water-tight; not leaking. Yare—ready (to sail again). Bravely—nicely. Rigged—fitted out.

225. All this service—i. e., the fitting out of the ship.

226. Tricky—full of tricks and devices. "Here used only half-contemptuously, and almost in the sense of 'resourceful'; with a further reference to grace of form and action."—(*Morton Luce*).

227. These.....events—things that have happened cannot have natural causes. Alonso hints at supernatural intervention. Strengthen—grow.

229. If.....I awake—the Boatswain doubts whether he was fully awake—fully in possession of his senses.

231. Clapp'd—shut in.

232. Several—different.

234. Mo—more. Diversity—variety.

235. Straightway—at once. At liberty—i. e., set at liberty.

236. In...trim—in all her equipment. Freshly—that the ship was fresh.

237. Royal—(i) belonging to our king; (ii) stately. Gallant—goodly.

238. Capering—dancing. To eye her—at seeing the ship. On a trice—in an instant.

239. Divided .... them—separated from the rest.

240. Moping—in a state of semi-unconsciousness. Was't .....done—do you approve of it.

241. Bravely—nicely. Diligence—diligent spirit.

242. Maze—a labyrinth: a network of intricate passages. This.....trod—refer to their most bewildering experience. "Note that the Hampton court maze, the earliest in England had recently (1608) been made."—(*Verity*).

243. In this business—in all that has happened. More .....nature—a hint of supernatural means, or magic.

244. Conduct—conductor. Abstract for concrete. Oracle—the voice of the gods.

245. Rectify our knowledge—correct the deficiency in our knowledge.



242-245. This is as strange...knowledge—Alonso hears the experience of the Boatswain. This experience is as strange as his own. Anxious as he is to find a clue to the whole affair, he finds that things are becoming darker still. He is rather inclined to think that no natural causes could have anything to do with all these happenings, that there is more than meets the eye. He cannot get at their bottom, until some god will volunteer an explanation.

Allen's explanation is a little different: The meaning of 'conduct' here must be determined, apparently, by considering it in connection with the word 'maze'—to which 'rectify' also has evident reference. "This is a *maze* in which *nature* cannot be a competent *conductor*; and therefore we must resort to a *divine* source—to an oracle—for the knowledge how to go right in it."

Note that Allen takes 'nature' in the sense of the natural human understanding, which, unless aided by divine power, will be unable to get at the bottom of these happenings.

Liege—sovereign lord. The duchy of Milan was reduced to a vassal state to the crown of Naples by Antonio. Of course Prospero is now declared to be an independent duke; yet out of courtesy he addresses Alonso as his liege-lord.

246. Do not *infest*.....on—do not worry pondering over. For this sense of *infest*, compare:

"For, all I seeke, is but to have redrest,  
The bitter pangs, that doth your heart *infest*."

—Spenser: *Faerie Queene*, Bk. II, c. 1.

Beating on—puzzling over.

247. The strangeness.....business—the mystery of all that has happened. Pick'd—chosen.

248. Single—when you are alone. Resolve you—make everything clear to you; enlighten you. Compare:

"Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way  
Though mightest deserve, or they impose, this usage."

—*King Lear*, II. iv. 25-26.

249. Which - i. e., the explanation (the act of 'resolving').

249-250. **Of every.....accidents**—of every one of these events which have happened. **Accidents**—incidents ; events. **Happen'd**—a Latin use. **Till when**—till the moment of explanation comes.

253. **Untie the spell**—dissolve the enchantment. **How .....sir**—how is it with you, my sovereign lord ?

255. **Odd**—(i) strange ; (ii) unnoticed.

256-257. **Every man.....himself**—the proverb is : Every man shift for himself, and let no man take care for the rest. Stephano's brain is fuddled by wine and he cannot deliver himself of the proverb in its proper order of words. But Morton Luce takes Stephano literally : "I am disposed to attach a real importance to Stephano's announcement to the assembled company, especially at this climax of the play ; if it is not covertly serious, it has surely no point at all ; the thought is left perfectly clear, while the utterance is barely grotesque enough to disguise it." **All is but fortune**—everything depends on chance or fortune. **Coragio**—courage (*Italian*). "Italian Terms were in vogue among the common tavern wits of Shakespeare's day."—(*Morton Luce*.)

258. **Bully-monster**—*bully* : "a cant word in frequent use in Shakespeare's time."—(*Wright*).

259. **Spies**—observers (*i.e.*, eyes). *True* used here in the sense of honest."

260. **Here's .....sight**—here is a sight that pleases my eyes.

261. **Be**—are. **Brave spirits**—Caliban sees so many men and thinks them to be spirits.

262. **Fine**—dressed in the ducal robes.

263. **Chastise**—punish.

264. **Things**—creatures (here funny creatures).

265. **Will.....buy 'em**—the idea is that of exhibiting them as strange monsters or savage Indians **Like**—likely.

256-266. **One ..... fish**—Caliban is meant. **Plain**—downright. **Marketable**—(i) in the fish-market : (ii) as a monstrosity at a show.

267. **Badges of these men**—(1) "the silver badge, engraved with the master's crest ; (2) the stolen apparel with which they are laden. The first proves them ser-

vants of Alonso and Prospero.....; the second proves that they are *not* "true men."—(*Morton Luce*).

Furness points out that in Shakespeare's time household servants usually wore on their arms, as a part of their livery, silver 'badges', whereon the shield of their masters was engraved.

268. **Mis-shapen**—grotesque. **Knave**—in Shakespeare's time it had no derogatory sense, but meant a boy (*A. S. Knafa*), but the modern meaning (*i. e.*, a rogue) seems to be partly anticipated here.

269-270. **One.....moon**—it was a popular superstition that magicians and witches could have control over the moon and the other heavenly bodies. **That could**—*i. e.*, that she could. The pronoun is omitted here. **Make flows and ebbs**—cause the sea to ebb and flow.

271. **Deal.....power**—(i) "exercise the same influence as the moon, and act as her vicegerant *without being empowered*—to do so."—(*Malone*) ; (ii) "wield the moon's authority altogether beyond the moon's power to control her."—(*Morton Luce*) ; (iii) "command the moon to do things, though she had not power to do them."

272. **Demi-devil**—half-devil because his father was the devil and his mother was a witch.

273. **Bastard one**—the illegitimate issue of the devil and a witch.

274-275. **Two..... own**—two of them are your men (*Stephano and Trinculo*). **This thing of darkness**—this creature born of the devil.

276. **Acknowledge mine**—*i. e.*, is my servant. **To**—denotes result.

277. **Is not.....butler**—Alonso recognizes Stephano in spite of his transformation in the stolen apparel.

279. **Reeling ripe**—so drunk that he cannot be steady on his legs.

280. **Grand liquor..... gilded 'em**—'grand liquor is the elixir of life (*aurum potabile*) which, the alchemists claimed, could restore youth and confer immortality. It was a preparation of gold ; so the verb "gilded." 'Gilded refers also to being made red in the face as

drunkards are. 'Gild' is also used in the sense of making (one) drunk. Compare :

Duke : Is he most drunk, too ?

2 Con. : A little gilded o'er, sir."

*Beaumont and Fletcher : The Chances*, IV. iii.

281. Pickle—literally brine or vinegar which preserves fish, flesh, vegetables ; here the reference is to their ducking in the pond. Stephano, Trinculo and Caliban have been pickled, so to speak, in the mud of the pond.

282. In such a pickle—Trinculo hints rheumatism or Ariel's pinches.

283. That.....bones—that it, I fear, will never go out of my bones (that it will ever make my bones ache). The verb of motion is omitted.

283-284. I shall.....fly-blowing—pickling preserves meat from fly-blowing.

286. Touch... not—because he is full of pain all over. Cramp—a mass of cramps.

287. Sirrah—fellow. A word used in addressing inferiors.

288. Sore—(i) feeling pain ; (ii) grievous ; oppressive.

290. Disproportion'd—clumsy and awkward.

291. To my cell—go to my cell.

292. Look—expect.

293. Trim—tidy.

294. Wise—sensible.

295. Seek.....grace—(i) try to deserve kindness or mercy ; (ii) try to correct my faults and be virtuous. Thrice-double ass—a confounded fool.

296. This drunkard—i. e., Stephano.

297. Dull fool—i. e., Caliban does not mean Trinculo, and now finds Stephano is not better than the fool, Trinculo. Go to—a cry of impatience.

298. Bestow—replace. Luggage—stolen apparel.

300. Your highness—i. e., Alonso. Train—company.

302. Part of it—i. e., part of the night. Waste—spend.

303. Discourse—narrative. Not doubt—do not doubt. Make it—make the night.

304. Go quick away—pass quickly.  
 305. Accidents—incidents. Gone by—that had happened.  
 307. Bring—conduct.  
 308. Nuptial—wedding. We use the plural form.  
 309. Solemnized—celebrated.  
 310. Retire me—withdraw.  
 311. Every third.....grave—part of my thoughts will be given to next life.  
 313. Take—captivate. Deliver—relate.  
 314. Auspicious—favourable.  
 315. Expeditions—speedy. That shall—that it shall.  
 316. Your royal fleet—part of the fleet that was not destroyed, and was reported by Ariel to have sailed for Italy. Chick—a term of endearment.  
 317. That is thy charge—you are to look to this matter. To the element—you are dismissed to the free air.

## EPILOGUE

An *Epilogue* is a short address in prose or verse, employed to round off a dramatic performance. The manager of a theatre got somebody else than the dramatist to write the epilogue. That was the usual practice. So some critics think that the epilogue has not been written by Shakespeare.

"Students of the English Drama are familiar with the fact that its Prologues and Epilogues are generally written by other persons than the authors of the plays. Shakespeare's is no exception to this general rule, and it is White's opinion that this Epilogue, although appearing in the Folio, was certainly not written by the author of *The Tempest*. It is enough only to note the poor and commonplace thoughts and the miserable and eminently un-Shakespearian rhythm. It now seems plain to nearly all Shakespearians that this Epilogue was written for the theatre by some person other than Shakespeare. As Hudson remarks, "The whole texture and grain of the thing are altogether unlike him." Other Epilogues which appear not to have been written by Shakespeare are that to 2 *Henry IV*, and that to *Henry VIII*."

Morton Luce, on the other hand, contends that the epilogue is written by Shakespeare: "I attach much importance to the course of their thought, which could hardly have proceeded from any other mind than that of the author of *The Tempest*; as may possibly be judged from the following paraphrase: "After requiring that heavenly music (V. 52), I duly broke my magic staff, and therefore I am again the weakest of mortal men. Indeed the positions are some of them reversed; the liberator seeks his freedom, the magician is at the mercy of magic. For the Naples or the Milan to which I would withdraw are my Stratford-on-Avon; but this stage is now the enchanted island, and I require your favouring send-off; yet here I must remain spell-bound until you break the spell by kind applause ....., and the assurance of your good will. And I have yet another favour to ask at your hands; I the pardoner in this play must also implore pardon. Although I have abjured this rough magic, yet has my nature been too deeply subdued to that it worked in, and like any other necromancer, I need—I crave your prayers. Let only him who is without sin among you refuse my last request."

1. Now.....o'erthrown—Prospero means that he has discarded magic.

2. And what.....own—I have no other strength (e. g., the strength of coercing his enemies) than mine own.

3. Which.....faint—as an old man his strength is of no count.

4-5. I must.....Naples—the idea is that he has discarded magic, but that magic has still power upon him and holds him captive (the spell can be broken by the clapping of the audience).

7. Deceiver—Antonio.

8. Bare—barren. By.....spell—until the audience dismiss him (and so he says that he is still held by their spell). The audience can break their spell by clapping their hands.

9. Bands—fetters.

10. **With.....hands**—*i. e.*, by clapping. The noise of clapping hands would break the spell. Compare :

“No tongue ! all eyes ! be silent” (so as not to break the spell).

11. **Gentle breath**—the approval or praise of the audience.

11-12. **My sails.. ...fill**—must give me a hearty send-off. **Project**—*i. e.*, the object of the dramatist (for whom Prospero speaks now) to please the audience.

13. **Want**—lack.

14. **Enforce**—carry out my commands. **Art**—magic.

15. **My ending is despair**—I shall die in despair. Refers to the fate of a magician who after his death would be carried off to hell by the Devil.

16. **Relieved by prayer**—unless others pray for a magician, his soul after his death would be taken possession of by the Devil.

“This alludes to the old stories told of the despair of necromancers in their last moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them.”—(*Warburton*).

17-18. **Pierces**—penetrates into the heart of mercy. **Assaults.....itself**—*i. e.*, causes the throne of Mercy itself to shake. **Mercy**—divine mercy. **Frees**—(i) condones ; (ii) absolves men from all sins. **Which pierces.....all faults**—“which has such pervading power that it prevails with the All Merciful on the Throne, and frees men from all faults.” —(*Morton Luce*).

## APPENDIX A

### 1. History of the Elizabethan Drama

The story of the birth and early development of English drama is rather complicated, if traced in all its details. But the various stages and transitions through which it passed can be clearly followed. Before the Norman conquest there is no drama in English literature. It should be remembered that the bulk of Old English writings is overshadowed by the influence of Latin Christianity. The Latin Church has always feared the powerful appeal that drama will make to the eye and ear—an appeal to the senses being a direct challenge to its spiritual authority. Since the decadence of the pagan drama of Rome, the Church has done nothing to encourage the stage. But strangely enough the Mass in Latin Christianity is in reality a sacred drama—and contained at any rate dramatic possibilities. Thus under the shadow of the Church the drama is to rise again phoenix-like from its ashes.

First, on the continent as early as the tenth century the clergy requisitioned the most elementary kind of dramatic representation—a sort of *tableau*—to bring home to the spectators the simple truths of Christianity. From the continent it passed over to England with the Normans. To this source may be traced the origin of both Miracle Plays and Moralities. A distinction is made between *Miracles* and *Mysteries*. The Miracles are plays dealing with incidents in the lives of Saints and Martyrs. The mysteries are stories taken from the Scripture narrative. The Church services at Easter and Christmas, and particularly the responses in which the clergy and choristers took part, first showed the possibility of the dramatic representation of the truths of religion. While developments in this direction had been taking place, the Latin plays of Plautus and Terence were studied and imitated in the monasteries. Thus Hrotsvitha, abbess of the Benedictine convent in Ganderslem (Eastphalia), wrote in the tenth century six Latin plays modelled on the comedies of Terence.



The earliest extant Miracles, written probably by an Englishman are three composed by one Hilarius about the time of Stephen. They are in Latin, with refrains in Old French. Not until the next century plays began to be written in the vernacular. But a lost Miracle on the subject of St. Katharine is referred to, and its performance might have taken place towards the end of the eleventh century. It was the work of a certain Geoffrey, settled at Denestable. In the latter half of the twelfth century these performances had become quite common.

The important point that should be noted is that the earliest dramatic performances arose in connection with the Church ritual, and were celebrated within the Church itself. The plays were written by the clerics and presented by the clerics. But for reasons which are stated below they gradually passed out of the hands of the clergy into those of the laity, from the church into the churchyard and then into the street. Now first, as the plays began to be popular, the overcrowding of the spectators led to the desecration of the graveyards. Secondly, the comic element and horse play began to predominate over the religious element, and the clergy who took part in the performances, began to feel scandalized. Thirdly, the trade-guilds started celebrating the feasts of their patron saints and began to perform mysteries on the occasion.

Outside the church these plays were represented upon what were called pageants i. e., movable platforms, which were steered round the town, halting at different stations where the performance was repeated. The Council of Vienna in 1311 revived the feasts of Corpus Christi, which had been instituted by Pope Urban IV in 1264. This festival, falling usually in June, was observed by trade-guilds as a public holiday ; it was also absorbed into the dramatic representations of the day. The Christmas and Easter scenes, which were the original repertory, were now expanded until a complete cycle was formed, starting from the Creation and Fall of Man, dealing with the principal events in the life of

Christ and terminating with the Judgment. Four such cycles have been preserved—the York, Townley, Chester, and Coventry plays.

The York cycle numbers forty-eight plays and dates from the middle of the fourteenth century. To different guilds were assigned different sets of plays:—

1. *Barkers*—(i. e., Tanners). ‘The Creation. Fall of Lucifer.’ 2. *Plasters*—‘the creation of the Fifth Day.’ 3. *Card-makers*—‘God creates Adam and Eve.’ 4. *Fullers*—‘Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.’ 5. *Coopers*—‘Man’s disobedience and Fall.’ 6. *Armourers*—‘Adam and Eve driven from Eden.’ 7. *Glovers*—‘Sacrifice of Cain and Abel.’ 8. *Shipwrights*—‘Building of the Ark.’ 9. *Fishers and Mariners*—‘Noah and the flood.’ 10. *Parchmyners and Bookbinders*—‘Abraham’s sacrifice.’ 11. *Hosiers*—‘The Israelites in Egypt, the Ten Plagues, and Passage of the Red Sea.’ 12. *Spicers*—‘Annunciation and visit of Elizabeth to Mary.’ And so on.

The Towneley or Wakefield cycle belongs to about the same date. They are thirty-two in number, and five of them correspond to five in the York cycle. The comic and realistic element is more highly developed in these plays. A typical example is the farcical episode in the scene of the visit of the shepherds to Bethlehem—and we find how a certain Mak puts the simple shepherds to sleep by using a spell, steals a sheep and passes it off as a baby to which his wife Gyll has lately given birth, and that when Mak’s fraud is discovered and a commotion follows, an angel appears singing ‘Gloria in excelsis.’

The Chester plays are twenty-five in number. They were acted at Whitsuntide instead of at Corpus Christi. The Chester plays more than any other cycle kept the object of religious instruction steadily in view. The Coventry cycle numbers forty-two plays. They are connected with Coventry by a doubtful tradition, and they were performed by a company of strolling players. Abstract personifications are introduced in the Coventry plays; so there are such characters as Veritas, Misericordia, Justitia, Pax, etc. The Coventry play are evi-

dently of a later date, and the feature of abstract personifications links the cycle with the earlier Moralities.

These plays continued to be performed till the close of the sixteenth century. The last performance of the York plays was in 1579. We have mentioned the pageants above. The pageant may be described as a moving play-house. It was a high scaffold with two rooms, a higher and a lower, upon four wheels. The lower room served as the green room, and the higher served as the stage, being all open on the top, so that spectators might hear and see everything. They played all along the street. Thus they begin first at the Abbey gates, and when the first pageant was played it was wheeled to the High Cross before the Mayor, and so to every street. So every street had a pageant playing before it at one time, till all the pageants appointed for the day had been played. At the end of the performance all the pageants in different streets assembled.

The exact relation of the *Miracles* to the Shakespearean drama has been thus stated by Courthope: They prepared the ground in the first place, by spreading a taste for theatrical exhibitions among the people; in the second place, by furnishing opportunities, in many of the Scriptural scenes, for the direct imitation of human nature; and in the third place, by importing into the representations foreign materials and characters, which led to the invention of plots beyond the range of Scripture invention. 'These early dramatists, too, furnished the hints for all the nameless generic characters, which figure so prominently in Shakespeare's plays. His First and Second Citizens, Carriers, Gentlemen, and Soldiers have all of them prototypes in the pageants of the craftsmen; and from the familiar talk by which the actors helped the townsfolk to realise the Scripture narrative was generalised the style made classical in the mouths of Bottom, Dogberry, and Falstaff.' There were other elements too, which influenced the later history of the drama—the pathetic situations in the scene between Abraham and Isaac and in the story of Christ; the comic element in the character of Lucifer, developing

later into the colour ; the unmelodramatic character of the bombastic Herod ; the pastoral element in the scene of the annunciation to the shepherds, etc.

The Morality plays represent the intermediate stage between the Miracle play and the true drama. The Coventry cycle first introduced, as we have noted above, allegorical characters. The Moralities develop on this line. The oldest Morality play in England seems to have been what is called a *Pater-noster* play, one of a cycle of seven plays, based upon the assumption that each of the seven clauses of the Lord's Prayer is directed against one of the Seven Deadly Sins. The play was performed at York, probably in the fourteenth century, and a guild was formed to ensure the regular performance of this cycle.

Of the moralities of the fifteenth century we have two examples—*Pride of Life* and *Castle of Perseverance*. In general interest of dramatic power the moralities fall far below the miracles. But there were advances in other respects. The miracles drew their themes from the Scripture narrative, and, therefore, had ready-made plots. But the writers of moralities had to invent a plot, and try every ingenuity of construction to create interest, there being otherwise none in the allegorical characters themselves. Every possible source was to make the shows interesting. Scene-painting, of course, of an elementary kind, was attended to, and dramatic 'properties' were freely introduced. A distinct advance was made towards unity of construction by grouping the incidents of the play round a central figure. In the attempt to individualize allegorical characters, some real characters were depicted under moral nicknames. The barrier was finally broken when actual historical or contemporaneous people were substituted for abstract virtues and vices—and so the form and substance of the true drama already appear.

The miracle plays are not of great literary value. Thus much of importance attaches to them—they popularized the desire for dramatic representation, and especially by the intermingling of the comic element

with the tragic, prepared the way for the romantic plays of Shakespeare. The morality plays are more important in this respect. They appear first in the fifteenth century. They gradually develop into didactic interludes and other dramatic compositions. They advanced the dramatic art by making for individuality of characterization and realism of dialogue.

The next stage in the development of drama is the *Interlude*. The interlude differs from a morality in dealing with secular and comic subjects, and may be said to anticipate the early form of comedy. With the performance of the interludes is connected an important feature of the Elizabethan drama. The interludes were acted by household servants and retainers. This led to the custom, among noblemen of wealth, of maintaining a band of more or less well-trained actors. So in the later part of Elizabeth's reign we find theatrical companies, attached to noblemen, *e. g.*, the Earl of Leicester's servants, the Queen's players, and so on.

The Masque is another form of dramatic art, which requires a brief notice here. The masque seems to have been in its origin merely a spectacle or pageant with a certain amount of pantomime thrown in. It has a dual character. Dancing and concerted movements made it resemble the modern ballet; songs and dialogue made it resemble the modern opera.

In the development of English drama we may trace three influences—(1) the native tradition; (2) the Latin, and (3) the Italian. In many of the works of the later Elizabethans these three elements often blended. The Mystery and the Miracle, the Morality and the Interlude represent the development of the native tradition. From the latter two develop the rough force and chronicle play, partaking of the nature of them both. The later Elizabethan historical play and the jesters and fools owe much to this development. So far as the development of the Latin influence is concerned, Seneca was taken as model in tragedy; Plautus and Terence supplied the hints and suggestions for comedy. Even the comical or farcical elements of older plays owe something to

Plautus and Terence. Udall first wrote a comedy, thoroughly English in plot, incident, tone and dialogue, but followed the classical principles of construction. The Italian influence is marked in tragedies like Gascoigne's *Jocasta* and Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra* and in comedy such as Gascoigne's *Supposes*.

We may note here some examples of the early form of drama. The interludes as we have pointed out above discarded the abstract personification of the Morality plays in favour of the living types. Heywood made this innovation, and he might have been influenced by the contemporary French *stoic* or *force*. The names of some Heywood's interludes are *A Play of Love*, *The Four P's*, *John the Husband*, *Tyb the Wife* and *Sir John the Priest*, and *A Merry Play between the Pardoner and the Friar, the Curate and the Neighbour Pratt*. They are all more or less realistic sketches. *The Four P's* will serve as a typical example. It has but a single incident and more dialogue. It is concerned with a dispute as to which of the three of the P's ('Poticary, Par, doner, and Palmer) can tell the biggest lie, the fourth P (Pedlar) being appointed judge. The 'Poticary begins by calling the Pedlar an honest man, but the Pedlar lets it pass, and bids them each tell (in the form of a narrative apiece) a specimen lie. The 'Poticary tells the story of a marvellous cure. The Pardoner easily beats him by telling the story of the release of a woman's soul from hell, representing that the devil was too glad to get rid of the woman. The Palmer expresses his marvel at the story of the Pardoner, and protests in good-humoured sarcasm that he has never seen any one woman out of patience. He wins easily.

Nicholas Udall is the author of the first regular English comedy, *Ralph Roister Doister*. He followed Latin models. His play is divided into acts and scenes, and is written in rhyming couplets: the action is cleverly developed, the dialogue is lively, and the plot has some substance, and the *dramatis personae* are live characters. *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, traditionally attributed to Bishop John Still, but now assigned to William Steven-

son, dispute the claim of being the first English comedy with *Ralph Roister Doister*. There is some fun in it. All the fuss is made about Gammer Gurton's loss of a needle. The action is rather farcical. There is one noted drinking song in it—*Back and side go bare, go bare*.

The first English tragedy, *Gorboduc* or *Ferrex and Porrex* was written by Sackville and Norton, and played early in 1562. The plot is this: 'Gorboduc, King of Britain, divided his realms in his lifetime to his sons, Ferrex and Porrex. The sons fell to dissension. The younger (Porrex) killed the elder. The mother (Videna), that more dearly loved the elder (Ferrex), for revenge killed the younger. The people, moved with the cruelty of the fact, rose in rebellion, and slew both father and mother. The nobility assembled, and most terribly destroyed the rebels; and afterwards, for want of issue of the prince, whereby the succession of the crown became uncertain, they fell to civil war, etc.' The play is divided into acts and scenes, and written for the most part in stiff blank verse. There is a dumb show before each act, foreshadowing what is next to appear on the stage, and a chorus in rhyming verse ends the act. The speeches are inordinately long. The atmosphere is one of unrelieved gloom. The only merit it possesses is the regularity of the plot and metre. The Latin models were followed in the tragedy as well as in the comedy. The comedy was founded upon Plautus; the tragedy was founded upon Seneca. But in the subsequent developments of English drama the classical influence is to count for less than the native genius and tradition. The *Jocasta* of Gascoigne needs mention here. Like *Gorboduc* it followed the classical models, and was written in blank verse, and had a chorus after the act and a dumb-show before it. But its immediate source is the Italian. *Giocasta*, which was in itself an adaptation of Euripides's *Phoinissai*.

The later developments of English drama are to be traced through the work of the 'University Wits'—scholars who were fostered under the atmosphere of

either Oxford or Cambridge. Of the University Wits the following are the chief. George Peele of Oxford wrote *David and Bethsade*, full of poetical beauties, and a court play *The Arraignment of Paris*. Robert Greene of Cambridge, and then of Oxford, led a dissipated life and wrote plays and numerous pamphlets; his best play being *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, the 'Margaret' of which is almost worthy of Shakespeare. He is chiefly remembered for his spiteful attack on Shakespeare in his pamphlet *Groatworth of Wit*. Thomas Lodge of Oxford wrote indifferent plays, with the exception of *The looking Glass for London*, in which he collaborated with Greene. From his prose novel *Rosalynde* Shakespeare borrowed the plot of *As You Like It*. John Lyly of Oxford is hardly important as a dramatist. As the inventor of *Euphuism*, as set forth in his *Euphues: the Anatomy of Wit* and *Euphues and his England*, he had great influence on Shakespeare's development. The bastard *Euphuism* is ridiculed in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, but genuine *Euphuism* is more truly illustrated in the tongue-fence between Benedick and Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Thomas Kyd lived and wrote as one of the set, though we are not sure that he was at either University. He produced two very popular play, *Hieronymo* and its sequel *The Spanish Tragedy*, both alike full of blood-curdling horrors and vulgar rant. Yet here and there are passages of lofty poetry. The most important of the whole group, and one who influenced Shakespeare's development most was Christopher Marlowe of Cambridge. His chief plays are *Tamburlane*, *Dr. Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, and *Edward II*. Marlowe was Shakespeare's master. *Richard III* was inspired by Marlowe's example. *Richard II* was influenced by Marlowe's *Edward II*. Marlowe's great merit lay in discovering and calling into life that blank verse which Shakespeare perfected. Marlowe, however, had no touch of humour and no sense of artistic proportion; in straining after the vast and the awful, he sometimes degenerated into bombast. But a large proportion of his work has a force and poetic beauty hardly surpassed by Shakespeare.



The work of the University Wits is thus summed up by Saintsbury. "In all we find the many-sided activity of the Shakespearean drama as it was to be, sprawling and struggling in a kind of swaddling clothes of which it cannot get rid, and which hamper and cripple its movements. In all there is present a most extraordinary and unique rant and bombast of expression which reminds one of the shrieks and yells of a band of healthy boys just let out to play. The passages which (thanks to Pistol's incomparable quotations and parodies of them) are known to every one, are scattered broadcast in their originals, and are evidently meant quite seriously throughout the work of these poets. Side by side with this is another mania, the foible of classical allusion. The heathen gods and goddesses, the localities of Greek and Roman poetry are put in the mouths of all the characters without the remotest attempt to consider propriety or relevance.....on the other hand the merits, though less evenly distributed in degree, are equally constant in kind. In Kyd, in Greene still more, in Peele more still, in Marlowe most of all, phrases and passages of blinding and dazzling poetry flash out of the midst of the bombast and the tedium."

Shakespeare belonged not to the University group, but to the rival set of actor-playwrights. Of the actor-playwrights who preceded Shakespeare, we know very little. They worked in groups not individually, for the benefit of their respective companies. The work they contributed was the creation of drama, rather than of poetry. They made the characters and the plot develop each other, acting and reacting on each other as organic parts of a living whole, instead of using the plot as a peg on which to hang splendid speeches, or, as in Marlowe's case, a mere background to throw out in lurid light the hero's all-devouring egotism.

Of Shakespeare's contemporaries, four were especially connected with him by personal ties or by the character of their work—Jonson, Chapman, Marston and Dekker. Ben Jonson made his name (through Shakespeare's good offices, it is said) by *Every Man in His*

*Humour*. He wrote many plays, the chief being his two Roman plays, *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, which are deficient in human interest. He had a keen eye for the characteristic foibles of men and women, and a wide range of observation. His plays thus exhibit every variety of wit, subtle character-analysis, and knowledge of the world. Jonson's genius was too unsympathetic to make him a perfect master of the drama. His *dramatis personæ* do not come home to our hearts as Shakespeare's do. George Chapman was a close friend of Jonson's and partly resembled him both in personal character and literary skill. His best comedy is *All Fools*, his best tragedy, *Bussy d' Ambois*. His dramatic work is far inferior to Johnson's, except in occasional passages. John Marston wrote several plays, the earliest and best being *Antonio and Mellida*; his best comedy, though based upon an improbable and unpleasant plot, is *What You Will*. In spite of blood-curdling bombast there are fine passages in his plays. Thomas Dekker, rather a hack-writer, did a large amount of dramatic work, chiefly in collaboration with others. He approaches Shakespeare far nearer than any of his contemporaries in pathos, and in the delineation of womanhood.

### Life in Elizabethan England

Two potent forces—the Renaissance and the Reformation—are to be reckoned with in estimating Elizabethan England. In England happily one was not opposed to the other—both the forces blended and co-operated. The Reformation in England tended to *humanistic*, and the Renaissance was not divorced from morality as it was in Italy. A great uplifting of the spirit was produced by these two movements. In the first place, the mediæval obsession with death and the other world was replaced by the very joy of living. Secondly, intellectual curiosity, quest for knowledge unbounded and unexplored, became the keynote of the age. Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* well expresses the spirit of the age:

“Nature, that fran'd us of four elements  
Warring within our breasts for regiment,  
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds :

Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend  
The wondrous architecture of the world,  
And measure every wandering planet's course,  
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,  
And always moving as the restless spheres  
Will us to wear ourselves and never rest."

A sense of the unlimited potentialities of men must have been engendered by the Renaissance, when we find Shakespeare writing :

"What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties, in form and moving ! how express and admirable in action ! how like an angel in apprehension, how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals !"

Believing in its own unlimited powers the man's soul was outquesting in both spiritual and material spheres. That is the meaning of the manifold energy and productivity of the Elizabethan age in music, poetry, drama, and not less in geographical discoveries and explorations. We might say that it was the spiritual fusion between the old and the new world that gave birth to the Renaissance—the old world of Greece and Rome, and the new world across the seas.

This is only one side of the picture. The Elizabethans lived in the full tide of life. Life and more life—and its aching joys and raptures held them fascinated. They aimed at draining the cup of life to the dregs. To exhaust all possibilities of life, material and spiritual, to enjoy all that life may yield, and to know all that life may mean—this goal the Elizabethans set before them. They had very sound views about education. No academic education would do for them. Education was broad-based upon all the needs of human nature. Music on the one hand, proficiency in field sports on the other, were parts of that education. Education too was directed towards increasing the range and power of enjoyment and self-expression, increasing the pleasures of the cultivated senses as well as of the cultivated mind.

Love of pomp and pageantry was a characteristic of the age. Queen Elizabeth delighted in fine and magni-

ficent clothes. She insisted too that her courtiers should be richly dressed. Gifts of fine clothes were very commonly exchanged and highly appreciated. In Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of His Humour* we find this of a fop of the day : "twere good you turned four or five hundred acres of your best land into two or three trunks of apparel. Hentzner, a German who visited England in 1598 gives this pictures of Queen Elizabeth going to church on a Sunday : "That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads ; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness ; instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels." Of pageants and processions people seemed to have had no end. We have the description of the elaborate entertainments, given by the Earl of Leicester in honour of the Queen, at Kenilworth Castle. As a boy Shakespeare might have witnessed the entertainments at Kenilworth. In this pageant there was a Triton in the likeness of a mermaid, and Proteus sitting on a dolphin's back. Within the body of this sham dolphin was hidden a band of musicians ; and, as usual, fireworks and rockets gave an additional glamour to the scene. Perhaps Shakespeare alludes to this pageant in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. i :

"Once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music.

The age was distinctly and avowedly in favour of physical enjoyment, which the growing wealth of England enabled to be realized. William Harrison in his *Description of Britaine* (1567) has the following observation on the innovations that were brought about by the growing wealth of England :

"There are old men yet dwelling in the village where I remaining which have noted three things to be marvelously altered in England within their sound remembrance,

and other three things too much increased. One is the multitude of chimneys lately erected, whereas in their young days there were not above two or three, if so many, in most uplandish towns of the realm (the religious houses and manor-places of their lords always expected, and peradventure some great personages), but each one made his fire against a reredos in the hall, where he dined and dressed his meat. The second is the great (although not general) amendment of lodging; for, said they, our fathers, yea and we ourselves also, have lain full oft upon straw pallets, on rough mats covered only with a sheet, under coverlets made of dag-swain or hop-harlot (I use their own terms) and a good round log under their heads instead of a bolster or pillow..... pillows (said they) were thought meet only for women in childbed.....The third thing they tell of is the exchange of vessel, as of treen (wooden) platters into pewter, and wooden spoons into silver or tin." New houses and new inns sprang up everywhere in the land. Visitors from foreign countries noted the prodigality of English diet. Harrison says that many strange herbs, plants and annual fruit were daily brought into England from the Indies, the American colonies, Taprobane, Canary Isles, and all parts of the world. The nobility of England, who employed French and foreign cooks, fed upon variety of dishes, preparations of different kinds of meat, beef, mutton, veal, lamb, kid, pork, cony, cayon, pig, etc., and of different kinds of fish and wild fowl.

Naval fights and naval enterprises and colonizations provided stirring times, of which records have been left in Richard Hakluyt's book. *The Principle Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation*. Piratical activities, often of the most daring and reckless kind, formed the principal part of the naval expeditions. But apart from these organized voyages, single individuals sometimes undertook extensive journeys, not only through Europe, but into the remote East. Echoes of the far-sounding adventures occur in the literature of the time. Shakespeare makes Othello narrate his adventures to Desdemona, the best art,

perhaps, of capturing the fancy of a young girl in those days. In *The Tempest* there is an allusion to the popular practice of travellers, in those days, of leaving their money with a merchant on condition that he might keep it if they failed to return but must pay fivefold if they safely returned. Shakespeare's phrase, "putters out of five for one," has made this practice familiar to the reader.

Travelling was also a part of education. For example, it was the ambition of the educated young Englishmen to visit Italy, the home of the Renaissance. Shakespeare in his days must have personally met many who had returned from Italy. His unerring touch in the description of Italian scenery and atmosphere—and even of minor details regarding such can be accounted for by his acquaintance with such travellers. The educated Elizabethans could speak in several languages. Apart from classical learning which was diligently pursued, many in the course of their travels picked up French and Italian, and paraded their bits of learning. Thomas Wilson in his *'System of Rhetoric'* writes, "Some far-journeyed gentlemen, at the return home, like as they love to go in foreign apparel, so they will powder their talk with over-sea language. He that cometh lately out of France will talk French English and never blush at the matter. Another chops in with English Italianated, and applieth the Italian phrase to our English speaking." Similarly Ascham in his *'Schoolmaster'* speaks of the English Italianate as a devil incarnate, one who has adopted the vices of Italy and abandoned the virtues of his own country. Broad-based education, supplemented by travels, should have liberalized the mind and abolished superstitions and barbarous practices, but did nothing of the kind. The existence of witches exercised a tyrannic spell upon the imagination of the Elizabethans. The Statute against Witches was passed in the very year of Shakespeare's birth, and stringently enforced in Elizabeth's reign, and re-enacted with severer penalties in the first year of James I. The penal code of the Elizabethan age was most brutal. "Whippings, hang-

ings, burnings, drownings, disembowelings, and mutilations were as common and apparently as attractive as bear-baiting and cock-fights. Carcases on gibbets, traitors' heads on spikes, living felons with mutilated hands and ears must have made the counterfeit horrors of *Titus Andronicus* more amusing than painful to the average play-goer. Whipping was the mildest of punishments—on shipboard it seems to have been a superstition that to avert misfortune the ship-boys should be regularly whipped whether or not they deserved it, a sacrifice to the malignant fates. Children were unmercifully beaten alike by their parents and teachers; even a girl, of royal blood, and a model child, Lady Jane Grey, was cruelly punished, as Ascham relates, for the slightest fault."

Glimpses into the condition of the common folk in the Elizabethan era are few and far between in the chronicles of the time. Harrison admits the superiority of the English husbandmen and artisans. He describes the skilful craftsmanship of the builders, the excellence of the fruits and vegetables grown by the gardeners, and the good breed of English cattle and sheep. Trevelyan writes, "In the country towns and villages where the industry as well as the agriculture of the country was carried on, a considerable proportion of the inhabitants were trained craftsmen. Apprenticeship was the key to the new national life, almost as much as villeinage had been to the old. The apprentice system was no longer left to local usage and municipal enforcement, but was controlled on a uniform national pattern for town and country by Elizabeth's Statute of Artificers, which remained in force with little modification for over two hundred years. No man could set up as master or as workman till he had served his seven years apprenticeship. In that way the youth of the country obtained technical education and social discipline that went some way to compensate for the unfelt want of a universal system of school education. Youth was under control of a master, in some cases until the age of twenty-four".

Traders and lawyers seemed to have had the best time of it. Harrison writes, "All the wealth of the land

doth flow unto our common lawyers of whom some one having practised little above 13 or 14 years is able to buy a purchase of so many one thousand pounds : which argueth that the wax rich apace, and will be richer if their clients become not the more wise and wary hereafter." The Elizabethans, it appears, were as ready to go to law as they were ready to fight. Shakespeare's knowledge of legal phrases and legal terminology cannot be anything remarkable if this fact is remembered. The point was that the rich got richer and the poor got poorer. There was unemployment on the countryside in those days though the problem was not so acute as it is at present. Owing to unemployment there was a growing number of landless and masterless men, study beggars, thieves, and highwaymen who infested the common highways and made travelling unsafe. The Gadshill robbery in *Henry IV* is but a burlesque of the actual happenings in those days. The unemployed drifted mostly to London. They were chiefly soldiers and sailors disbanded from the wars in Ireland and the Low Countries, refugees and outlaws from abroad ; and they were armed with some kind of weapon from the primitive cudgel to latest rapier. The street quarrels of the Capulets and Montagues in *Romeo and Juliet* were likely to be a reproduction of sense that Shakespeare had witnessed in the streets of London.

The Elizabethans had but a poor idea of sanitation. Trevelyan writes, "Washing of clothes and person was much neglected, especially in winter. Conveniences which we consider necessities did not exist. The death-rate even in upper class families was very heavy, and the poor only expected a slender proportion of their numerous progeny to survive. Medicine was in its infancy." London was frequently in the grip of epidemics. It was twice ravaged by the plague in Shakespeare's lifetime. Consumption was quite common ; small-pox commoner still ; in the low-lying areas ague raged from year to year. "It is hard for us to realize that the abounding vitality and buoyancy of spirit which so amazes us in the Elizabethans co-existed with a state of public health in which disease almost unchecked scourged rich and poor alike.



## APPENDIX B

### (a) Additional Topics

#### (1) Geography of "The Tempest."

"Shakespeare's scenes are almost laid inside what the ancients called the civilized world, the Christians' Christendom, and the geographers' Europe. Africa is the centre of interest in Greene's *Orlando*, Asia in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, Tunis in Massinger's *Renegada*, the Portuguese spice and clove islands of Ternate and Timore in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Island Princess* : but Europe is Shakespeare's centre ; and although things outside intrude now and then, like spectres from another world, his plots, themes, and scenes are almost exclusively European. The only exception is *The Tempest*, which belongs partly to the New World, but partly, too, to a fragment of Italy transposed into the New World for a day or two.....*The Tempest* is the only play in which Shakespeare leaves Europe and the Mediterranean. Elsewhere that which is beyond Europe is beyond knowledge, mere myth and mere atmosphere. Here he transplants himself into cloud-land, builds in air, and looks at solid Europe as sometime afar and less real. While crossing from Naples to Tunis (?), Italian dukes and their suite are transported in a moment and by magic into a region where space is annihilated and enchantment is the order of the day. The European characters in the play shrink into mere visitors and the principal interest is concentrated on two beings, both unique, the one aerial and dainty, and the other a fleshly amalgam of attributes drawn from anywhere or everywhere outside Europe and ascribed to every savage by every traveller of the day."

#### (2) J. Dover Wilson's Allegorical Interpretation of "The Tempest."

"For, what is the enchanted island but life itself,

which seems so 'desert and uninhabitable' to the cynics and so green with 'lush and lusty' grass to the single-minded ? It is life also as Shakespeare himself sees it with his recovered vision ; once the domain of a foul witch, but now beneath the sway of a magician who controls it entirely, who keeps the evil spirits in subjection and employs the good spirits to serve his ends, and so has banished fear from it.

Be not afeared—the isle is full of noises,  
 Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not :  
 Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
 Will hum about mine ears : and sometimes voices,  
 That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
 Will make me sleep again—and then in dreaming,  
 The clouds methought would open, and show riches  
 Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked  
 I cried to dream again.

What then is Prospero who works these marvels ? He reminds us of Lear, a wronged old man, but a happier Lear with his Cordelia to share his banishment. There is, too, much of Shakespeare himself in him, as has often been observed ; and I have no doubt that the dismissal of Ariel and the lines :

I'll break my staff,  
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound.  
 I'll drown my book,

are his hinted farewell to the theatre, while the speech which precedes these lines is surely intended to depict the tragic mood he has just escaped. Prospero, again, has learnt that Desire may prove a savage beast, and has chained it up in a rock beneath his call. Yet he is more than Shakespeare, he is Dramatic Poetry ; just as the island is more than Life, it is Life seen in the mirror of ripe dramatic art, Life seen not as in the hour

Of thoughtless youth : but hearing often times  
 The still sad music of humanity,  
 Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
 To chasten and subdue.

Prospero is a magician, but all that he performs is wrought by means of Ariel, who is poetic imagination. Even the turning-point of the play, his conversion from the thought of revenge to thoughts of pity and forgiveness, is prompted not by moral or religious considerations, but by Ariel. Thus Shakespeare anticipates Shelley's famous doctrine: "the great instrument of moral good is the imagination; and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause." And the apocalyptic vision of the universe to which he gives utterance at the end of his masque, what is it but an interpretation of Life as a sublime dramatic poem

Be cheerful, sir?  
 Our revels now are ended: these our actors,  
 As I foretold, you, were all spirits, and  
 Are melted into air, into thin air,  
 And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself  
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
 And like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a rack behind: we are such stuff  
 As dreams are made on; and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep.

Is *The Tempest* a Christian play? It is surely a profoundly religious poem, and of a Christ-like spirit in its infinite tenderness, its all-embracing sense of pity, its conclusion of joyful atonement and forgiveness, so general that even Caliban begins to talk of "grace". But it is not in the least Christian from the theological standpoint; there is no word of God, not a hint of immortality. On the contrary, rewrite the passage just quoted in scientific prose, and we find ourselves confronted with an icy universe, utterly regardless of man and destined ultimate extinction, which reminds us of the philosophy of Bertrand Russell. But it is not science either, and instead of depressing it elevates the spirits with the grandeur of the spectacle it presents and the magnificence of the rhetoric in which it is clothed."

(3) **England's Sea-life as the Background of 'The Tempest.'***(Extracts from "Shakespeare's England.")*

"Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow" I. ii. "Hakluyt published the first edition of his *Principal Navigations* in 1589, and the second enlarged edition in 1598-1600. Down to the date of his death (1616) he went on collecting material which fell into the less skillful hands of Purchas, and was published by him under the title of *Hakluytus Posthumus* or *Purchas His Pilgrimes* (1625).....Both Hakluyt and Purchas emphasize the greatness of the English adventures and of English initiative. Hakluyt died in the same year as 'Shakespeare. ....The collections of his 'Great Prose Epic of the English Nation' are valuable for what they relate, and the directness with which things are related: but the narrators, though often simple sailors, sometimes attained grandeur, as it were, by accident. John Hortop's narrative begins thus: "Man being born of a woman, living a short time is replenished with many miseries, which some know by reading of histories, many by the view of others' calamities, and I by experience, and he makes us feel what Shakespeare called 'sea-sorrow'" (*Tempest*, I. ii. 203). Francis Fletcher described a storm at sea thus: "The seas were rolled up from the depths.....as if had been a scroll of parchment"; and William Secretary thus: "The sea swelled above the clouds and gave battle to Heaven ....."; and many other sea-scenes in Hakluyt bear comparison with those in *The Tempest* or *Othello*.

**Caliban**

"In 1492 and onwards Columbus discovered islands and shores in the Caribbean Sea, which he mistook for India; and Cortes conquered Mexico and Pizarro, Peru. The Indians whom Columbus saw were called 'Caribes', 'Canibales,' or in Italian 'Canibali,' and their land 'Caniba' or 'Calibaga,' and they were said to eat men. Their alleged habits added another word to the languages of Western Europe, and this word amused Englishmen with its unwonted ending and its interchanges of 'i,' 'n,'

and 'r' so that Shakespeare's clowns confused it with 'Hannibal' (*Measure for Measure*, II. i. 188 ; 2 *Henry IV*, II. iv. 179), and Shakespeare himself metamorphosed it into Caliban."

### Setebos.

"In 1519 Magellan sailed from Spain through the Strait of Magellan-Terra Australis on his port and America on his starboard into the 'South Sea of discovery' (A. Y. L., III. ii. 208), and so to the Philippines, where he died ; and one of his ships straggled on to Ternate and Timore, and came home by the Cape of Good hope. In casting along Patagonia he saw huge men clad Llama-skins-hair outside, and head, ears, and tail complete—and heard them bellowing like bulls to 'their great devil Setebos,' whose name lives as the name of Caliban's god and tormentor."

### Sycorax and her hag-seed

"Giles Fletcher wrote a classical account of the strange country—*Of the Russe Common Wealth* (1591). He says of the Lapps, much as others had said that 'for practice of witchcraft and sorcery they pass all nations in the world,' thereby justifying Antipholus's reference to 'Lapland sorcerers' (*Comedy of Errors*, IV, iii. 11). As for the Samoyeds, they were cannibals and according to some the word meant 'self-eaters and not of themselves' or indigenous. They resorted to the mouth of the Obe, where invisible trumpets blared, and 'Slata Baba or the Golden Hag' was supposed to utter oracles ; but Fletcher believed that winds made the music, and that Slata Baba was really a rock which may seem to bear the shape of a ragged woman with a child in her arms, that their sorcerers drew the people there, pretended to cut off their own heads and put them on again, spoke oracles, and persuaded the people that the 'Golden Hag' was the speaker. Witches are common ; but the combination of one witch and one child is rare, so that perhaps Sycorax and her 'hag-seed' Caliban may be far-off reflections of the Golden Hag and her child. Giles Fletcher heard, too, of 'men of prodigious shape—some overgrown with hair like wild-

beasts, others have heads like dogs and their faces in their breasts without necks'—and of 'fish with head, eyes nose; mouth, hands, feet, and other members utterly of human shape.' In Shakespeare Caliban is a puppy-headed monster', 'a moon-calf', 'a strange fish', 'half a fish and half monster.'

Antonio Travellers ne'er did lie.  
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gonzalo. If in Naples,  
I should report this now, would they believe me?  
If I should say, I saw such islanders—  
When we were boys,  
Who would believe that there were mountaineers  
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging  
at 'em  
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men  
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now  
we find  
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us  
Good warrant of—(*Tempest*, III, iii. 26-29, 43-49).

Othello, too, speaks of  
The Anthrophagi and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders...  
(*Othello*, I. iii. 158-159).

If Shakespeare's monsters are of Asiatic origin, he keeps within dramatic probability in the treatment of his ox-like, fishy, goitred, dog-faced, headless models; and his pictures of cannibals, skin-clad savages, and the like are less grotesque than those in the prose writers and travellers of the day.

One of Charles Leigh's ships touched at Santa Lucia on the way between Wiapogo and England (1605). Sixty-seven of the crew chose to remain. They fed on tortoises, and by net-fishing, and the Crabs for a while brought them food, but afterwards attacked them, burned their nets, and starved them so that only nineteen survived, and they fled, and were wrecked on an island opposite Tocuyo river in Venezuela. "There," wrote John Nichol, "we continued fifteen days having no kind of meat but milks, salt water, and tobacco, which did nothing at all

nourish us" until the Spaniards came to the rescue..... There may well be a reminiscence of this episode in Prospero's threat :

Sea-water shalt thou drink : thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook muscles—(*Tempest*, I. ii. 462-63)

and in Caliban's promise to his friends of 'young scamels from the rack' and to his foes 'nought but brine.'—(*Tempest*, II. ii. 187 ; III. ii. 76)."

### The Devil's Islands—Bermudas

"Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers, who were on their way to Virginia (1609), appointed the archipelago of the Bermudas as the trusting-place for their fleet, although it was considered as an 'enchanted place affording nothing but gusts, storm, and foul weather,' and because they wished to avoid the West Indies, where storms of another kind were frequent. Most of the ships went straight to Virginia, and only the Admiral's ship reached the Bermudas, tempest-tossed, leaking, and with some of its crew working heroically and others drunk. There it was wrecked, but without loss of life. The island were uninhabited and, like other islands elsewhere were nicknamed Devil's Island, 'it being counted of most that there can be no habitations for men but rather given over to Devils, 'But the castaways found to their surprise that the island were 'habitable and comodious,' the air temperate and 'sweet-smelling' though often afflicted with 'tempests, thunder, lightning and rain ;' 'berries...made a pleasant drink' (cf. *Tempest*, I. ii. 335), and the noises in the island came not from devils but from pigs, which the Spaniards had turned loose there long ago, and for which styes were built ; and instead of being starved, like John Nichol, they fed sumptuously, built two pinnaces, one of 80 tons burden, and reached Virginia, which they saved-instead of Virginia saving them—from starvation."

### Caliban and American Indians

"Caliban's name proclaims him West Indian, and he is the dispossessed 'king' of an island which is clearly West Indian. Many of his characteristics were noted

for the first time among American Indians, though they belonged equally to every savage.....According to John Leri<sup>us</sup> they 'are woefully tormented by the devil,' who sometimes assumed 'the shape of a cruel beast,' so that they were heard 'crying out like frantic men. Hei, Hei, help us for Aygnan beateth us.' Even so Caliban was haunted, hunted, beaten, and persecuted by his ghosts. Like American Indians, Caliban fished with d<sup>am</sup>s for his white master (*Tempest*, II. ii. 196)..... Most French and English discoverers brought two or three natives home to learn the languages and then return to their tribe. Sometimes they were brought as presents for the king, sometimes as commercial guest-friends, and once in order to be exhibited for money (1611). Cf. *Tempest*, II. ii. 34-37. Londoners must therefore have known that the ignoble misshapen groveller Caliban was not to be taken as the physical and moral representative of an American Indian. Shakespeare, too, in isolating Caliban from his tribal and family relations must have felt that he was not painting a portrait, but blending an individualistic study in abstract savagery with pure poetic phantasy."

### (B) Additional Explanations

#### Act I : Scene I

"*Long heath, brown furze*"

Hanmer's emendation is : "Ling, heath, broom, furze," which has been adopted in our text. The objection to it is that "ling" and "heath" are synonymous, and there is little point in repeating the idea.

Furness explains the original text thus :

'Long heath is the real name of a plant. Lyte, in his *'Herbal'*, points out the distinction between the *long* heath and the *small* heath, and adds that heath grows on mountains that are dry and barren, and that furze grows in waste places by the way-side.

"Both plants were suggested.....by the word 'barren' in Gonzalo's wish for 'an acre of barren ground' and in calling the furze 'brown' an additional hue of desolation is imparted by suggesting that the acre is so



barren that even the weeds on it are dried up and discoloured."

Furness has the following comment on Hanmer's emendation: "Such a mere, bare iteration, without adding anything whatsoever to the picture, grates me as some-what un-Shakespearian."

### Act III : Sc. I

"I forget :

*But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,  
Most busy less, when I do it".*

#### (1) Theobald's emendation :

"I forget :

*But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my  
labour,  
Most busie-less, when I do it".*

Capell explains the passage thus: "I talk and quite forget my task ; yet I will think of her too ; for those sweet thoughts lighten my work ; and when I am most employed in it, thinking of her I scarce feel that I am employ'd in't at all : am least engag'd by my business (most unengag'd by it) when engaged by such thinking."

Holt reads : "*Most business* when I do it," which may signify either those thoughts being *most busy* when he is at work, or that they refresh his *busiest* or greatest labour when he does it."

(2) Heath puts a comma after "*busy*" and paraphrases thus : "I forget myself, and while the thoughts of my mistress employ my whole attention, the business enjoined on me suffers by the delay ; but upon recollection this is really not the case ; for I find such refreshment from those sweet thoughts that I am more busy when I am employed in them, and my labour is more advanced by the alacrity with which they inspire me, than retarded by the delay which they occasion. I am in truth more effectually completing the task set me by these intervals of interruption than if I were incessantly at work about it, as I am thereby enabled to exert myself with double vigour whenever I resume it."

(3) Spedding reads : "Most busiest when idlest."

"Holt's conjecture (*most busiest*) had been carried a step further by Mr. Spedding in giving what upon the whole, appears the best suggestion yet made, 'Most busiest when idlest.' A very slight change would make a certain sense. 'Most busy left when I do it'; that is, when I indulge in these thought."—(W. A. Wright).

#### Act IV : Scene I

*"Thy banks with pined and twilled brims."*

1. The passage may read, "River banks with flowers along their brains," or, more briefly, "River banks fringed with flowers"; May-flowers, as we may suggest, brought forth by April showers; for there is no real difficulty, though the flowers may be mentioned first, and then described as due to spongy April. As to the particular flowers or plants, if we cannot absolutely identify, we must be content with choosing; my choice would be April "peony, and lillies of all sorts" of Bacon's Essay on Gardens ("lillies of all kings" is the phrase in *The Winter's Tale*), or else marigolds and sedge; "peony" may have been a Warwickshire name for the marigold, and as to sedge, Cotgrave gives *Tuyan*, a "pipe," "quill," "cane," "reed"; and 'twill' is another form of "quill," and therefore "twilled" may mean covered with sedge.

—(Morton Luce).

2. "We could not but believe that there must be some flower, most probably a water-flower or one living in marshy ground, that was provincially known as a peony. In confirmation of this view, we were informed sometime since by a clergyman who was for many years incumbent of a parish in the northern part of the country, that peony is the name given in Warwickshire to the marsh marigold. Knowing that he had long resided in the neighbourhood of Stratford, taking an active interest in country life, we asked him if there was any wild flower that the country people called a peony, and he promptly answered that there was, and it soon appeared from the description that it must be the marsh marigold

.....

We may be sure that the marsh marigold had often caught Shakespeare's eye, and it is exactly the flower with (the present line from *The Tempest*) viewed in relation to the whole context, requires in order to make the meaning complete. It haunts the watery margins as the constant associate of reeds and rushes, blooms in "spongy April," and in common with other wild flowers is twined with sedge "to make cold nymphs chaste crowns." With regard to the form of the word, as in the First Folio. Shakespeare writes it, as it was universally pronounced among those who use it. In the midland and western countries the peony is a great favourite in all rustic gardens, and is looked upon as an important element of floral decoration in all rural festivities especially at Whitsuntide, school-festa,.....

The other obscure and disputed word 'twilled' may be disposed of more rapidly. *Twills* is given by Halliwell as an older provincial word for reeds and it was applied like quills to the serried resting sedges of river reaches and marshy levels. The word is, indeed, still retained in its secondary application, being commercially used to denote the fluted or rib-like effect produced on various fabrics by a kind of ridged or corded weaving. Twilled cloth might equally be described as reed-like cloth'- cloth channelled or furrowed in a reed-like manner. "Twilled" is, therefore, the very word to describe the crowded sedges in the shallower reaches of the Avon as it winds round Stratford. It was, indeed, while watching the masses of waving sedge cutting the water-line of the Avon, not far from Stratford church, that we first felt the peculiar force and significance of the epithet. And although the season was too far advanced for the reeds to be brightened by the flowers of the marsh marygold, the plant was abundant enough to glorify the banks in the early spring. The whole line, therefore, gives a vivid and truthful picture of what is most characteristic of watery margins at this period of the year."

3. "Hither the goddess of husbandry is represented as resorting, because at the approach of spring it becomes necessary to repair the banks (or mounds) of the flat-

meads, whose grass not only shooting over, but being more succulent than that of the *turfy mountains*, would for want of precaution, be devoured, and so the intended *stover* (hay or *winter keep*), with which these meadows are proleptically described as *thatched*, be lost. The giving way and caving in of the *brims* of those banks, occasioned by the heats, rains, and frosts of the preceding year, are made good by opening the trenches from whence the banks themselves were at first raised, and facing them up afresh with the mire those trenches contain. This being done, the *brims of the banks* are, in the poet's language, "*pioned and twilled*." Warton, in a note on *Comus*, cited a passage in which *pioneers* are explained as *diggers* (rather *trenchers*), and Steevens mentions Spenser and the author of *Muleasses* as both using *pioning* for *digging*. "*Twilled*" is obviously formed from the French *touiller*, which Cotgrave interprets "*filthily to mix or mingle ; confound or shuffle together ; bedurt ; begrime ; besmear ;*"—significations that confirm the explanation here given. This "*bank with pioned and twilled brims*" is described as "*trimmed, at the behest of Ceres, by spongy April, with flowers, to make cold nymphs chaste crowns*." These flowers were neither *peonies* nor *lillies*, for they never blow at this season, but "*lady smocks all silver-white*" which, during this humid month, start up in abundance on such banks."

— *Henley*.

Knight adds the following elucidation to the above : "*It is manifest that the banks of river are not meant. The address is to Ceres. Her rich leas, her turfey mountains, her flat meads precede the mention of her banks. The "banks" are the artificial mounds by which the flat meads and rich leas are divided ; or they are the natural ridges in grove and grass-plot, which Shakespeare has himself described as the home of the wild thyme and the violet. Spongy April betrimms these banks, at the command of Ceres, not with peonies and lilies,—not with the flowers of the valley—but with her own pretty hedge-flowers. Any one who has seen the operation of banking and ditching in the early spring, so essential to the*

proper drainage of land, must recognise the property of Shakespeare's epithets. He was a practical farmer; he saw the poetry even of the humblest works of husbandry."

#### Act IV : Scene I

"Have given you here a third of mine own life."

1. "His realm, his daughter, and himself ; 'the daughter he gives away, keeping all his concern for her : the realm he hop'd to return to..... and when retired to Milan, (as he tells us in almost his last speech), 'every third thought should be his grave' ; words that seem to derive themselves from the expression in this passage."

—Capell.

2. "A third of my own life' is a *fibre* or a *part* of my own life. Prospero considers himself as the stock or parent tree, and his daughter as a fibre or portion of himself, for whose benefit he lives. In this sense the word is used in Markham's *English Husbandmen*, Ed. 1625, p. 146 : 'Cut off all the maine rootes, within half a foot of the tree, only the small *thriddes* or twist rootes you shall not cut at all.' Again, *ibid.* : Every branch and third of the root.' This is evidently the same word as *thread*, which is likewise spelt *thrid* by Lord Bacon."

—Tollett.

#### (C) Critical Opinions of "The Tempest"

"The story is as 'romantic' as ever. It is made up of crime and miracle and love at first sight. And Shakespeare has kept to the end his liking for what seem to us very dull jests like those which pass between Stephano and Trinculo. The 'exposition' of the previous story given by Prospero to Ariel is so artless that the only possible defence for it is that of Mr. Puff. There seems no reason at all why Gonzalo should discourse on what he would do if he were king of the island, except that Shakespeare has lately been reading Florio's Montaigne and been struck by a passage in it which he wished to quote. And if Ferdinand and Miranda are among the most convincing as well as among the most charming of Shakespeare's young lovers, not so much can

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be said for Prospero who plays so much more important a part in the action. Shakespeare has put into his mouth ~~of~~ ~~is~~ in all the plays.

He evidently means him to be a 'good' character. Yet he is extremely, very disagreeably cruel to Caliban, and even to Ferdinand and Ariel. Is this just Shakespeare's carelessness? Or is it possible that he meant to hint at a deterioration of character caused by the use of magic?

Still, "of these trifles enough," as Johnson says at the end of his long note on spirits and the black art to be found in the old Variorum Edition of this play. No defects of detail can alter the fact that *The Tempest* is a miracle of poetry and romance, and therefore just the play to the last word of the man who put more of these qualities into drama than any other dramatist who ever lived. It is far from being the greatest of his plays. There is in it scarcely anything either of his humour or of his supreme tragic intensity. But, apart from them, it has all things which have made his theatre so popular all over the world. It is at once a polite story, a love story, and a story of royal rivalry and intrigue; and it is a spectacle of loveliness and ugliness, shipwreck and murder, magicians and fairies, all seen on an island set somewhere in unknown seas, whose only native is the sort of monster that crowds pay their shillings to see. And all this variety of rather crude business is recoined in the gold of Shakespeare's poetry, which is also Shakespeare's truth, and so made into thing in which we can believe as well as take delight, which is followed not only by eye and ear but by heart and mind and imagination, at first with a sort of ecstasy of pleasure, at last with the quietness of rest and content. .... There is nowhere any more English figure than the Boatswain with whom it begins; and it ends with Prospero's

Be free and fare thou well,

or, if you like, with the 'set me free' which are the last three words of the Epilogue."—John Bailey.

"*The Tempest* was probably his last play—in this sense, least that he designed it for his farewell to the stage. The thought which occurs at once to almost every

reader of the play, that Prospero resembles Shakespeare himself, can hardly have been absent from the mind of the author. By his most potent art he had bedimmed the noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds and plucked up the giant trees of the forest. Graves at his command had waked their sleepers, opened, and let them forth. When at last he resolved to break the wand of his incantations and to bury his magic book, he was shaken, as all men in sight of the end are shaken, by the passion of mortality. But there was no bitterness in the leave-taking. He looked into the future, and there was given to him a last vision ; not the futile panorama of industrial progress, but a view of the whole world, shifting like a dream, and melting into vapour like a cloud. His own fate and the fate of his book were as nothing, against that wide expanse. What was it to him that for a certain term of years men should read what he had written ? The old braggart promises of the days of his vanity could not console him now.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

So he had written in the Sonnets. When the end drew near, his care was only to forgive his enemies, and to comfort the young, who are awed and disquieted by the show of grief in their elders. Miranda and Ferdinand watch Prospero, as he struggles in the throes of imagination. Then he comes to himself and speaks :

You do look, my son, in mov'd sort  
As if you were dismay'd. Be cheerful, sir ;  
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air ;  
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And like this insubstantial pageant faded  
Leave not a rack behind : we are such stuff  
As dreams are made on ; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

In all the works of Shakespeare there is nothing more like himself than these quiet words of parting—"Be cheerful, sir : our revels now are ended."—*Walter Raleigh*.

"The minor vision of the play is a study, often very amusing, but deeply earnest, of the coming of the fifth part civilised to the mostly brutal. In Shakespeare's time, men like the quite thoughtless and callous Stephano and Trinculo, the sea-dogs who manned our ships, and of whom Raleigh wrote that it was an offence to god to minister oaths to the generality of them, were 'spreading civilisation' in various parts of the world. Shakespeare, looking at them gravely, saw them to be, perhaps, more dangerous to the needs of life, to wisdom, and to unlit animal strength than the base Sebastian and the treacherous Antonio."—*John Masefield*.

"*The Tempest* is one of the most original and perfect of Shakespeare's production, and he has shewn in it all the variety of his powers. It is full of grace and grandeur. The human and imaginary characters, the dramatic and the grotesque, are blended together with the greatest art and without any appearance of it. Though he has here given 'to airy nothing a local habitation and a name,' yet that part which is the only fantastic creation of his mind, has the same palpable texture, and coheres 'semblably' with the rest. As the preternatural part has the air of reality, and almost haunts the imagination with a sense of truth, the real characters and events partake of the wildness of a dream. The stately magician, Prospero, driven from his dukedom, but around whom (so potent is his art) airy spirits throng numberless to do his bidding : his daughter Miranda ('worthy of that name') to whom the power of his art points, and who seems the goddess of the isle ; the princely Ferdinand, cast by fate upon the wave of his happiness in this idol of his love ; the delicate Ariel : the savage Caliban, half brute, half demon ; the drunken ship's crew—are all connected parts of the story, and can hardly be spared from the place they fill. Even the local scenery is of a piece and character with the subject. Prospero's enchanted island seems to have risen up out



of the sea ; the airy music, the tempest-tossed vessel, the turbulent waves, all have the effect of the landscape background of some fine picture. Shakespeare's pencil is (to use an allusion of his own) 'like the dyer's hand' subdued to what it works in. Everything in him, though it partakes of 'the liberty of wit,' is also subjected to the 'law' of the understanding. For instance, even the drunken sailors, who are made reeling-ripe, share, in the disorder of their minds and bodies, in the tumult of the elements, and seem on shore to be as much at the mercy of chance as they were before at the mercy of the winds and waves. These fellows with their sea-wit are the least to our taste of any part of the play ; but they are as like drunken sailors as they can be, and are an indirect foil to Caliban, whose figure acquires a classical dignity in the comparison."—*William Hazlitt*.

"There is scarce a play of Shakespeare's in which there is such variety of character, none in which character has so little to do in the carrying on and development of the story. But consider for a moment if ever the imagination has been so embodied as in Prospero, the fancy as in Ariel, the brute understanding as in Caliban, who, the moment his poor wits are warmed with the glorious liquor of Stephano, plots rebellion against his natural lord, the higher Reason. Miranda in more abstract womanhood, as truly so before she sees Ferdinand as Eve before she was awakened to consciousness by the echo of her own nature coming back to her the same, and yet not the same, from that of Adam Ferdinand is nothing more than youth, compelled to drudge at something he desires till the sacrifice of will and abnegation of self win him his ideal in Miranda. The subordinate personages are simply types ; Sebastian and Antonio, of weak character and evil ambition ; Gonzalo, of average sense and honesty ; Adrian and Francisco, of the walking gentlemen who fill up the world. They are not character in the same sense with Iago, Falstaff, Shallow or Leontes : and it is curious how every one of them loses his way in this enchanted island of life, all the victims of one illusion after another, except Prospero,

whose ministers are purely ideal. The whole play indeed is a succession of illusions, winding up with those solemn words of the great enchanter who had summoned to his service every shape of merriment or passion, every figure in the great tragi-comedy of life, and who was now bidding farewell to the scene of his triumphs."

—James Russel Lowell.

## APPENDIX C

### Questions and Answers

#### (A) Introductory and Critical

**Q. 1.** "What theories have been formed as to the date of this play ? What is the evidence for each theory ?" (*Cambridge Local Junior, 1885.*)

**Ans.** See Introduction (*Date of Composition*). The following points may be noted :—

*Date of Composition* generally accepted is either late 1610 or early 1611.

(i) The most obvious connection of *The Tempest* with the expedition to Virginia (1609-10) is admitted by critics. The Colony of Virginia was originally founded in 1606. A second fleet of ships was dispatched in 1609 to reinforce the colony. One of the ships, the *Sea-Adventurer*, was driven by storm to the coast of the Bermudas. Report of the loss of the ship first reached England, and then arrived the news of the safety of the ship. The incident made a great sensation in England, the echoes of which seem to sound in the opening scene of *The Tempest*.

A pamphlet, *A Discovery of the Bermudas*, otherwise called *the Isle of Devils*, was issued by Sylvester Jourdan one of the crew of the *Sea-Adventurer*. Shakespeare might have seen the pamphlet. The local colour of Shakespeare's enchanted island is partly suggested by it. If *The Tempest* has anything to do with the expedition to Virginia, then the date of composition is likely to be 1610-1611.

(ii) The play is supposed to have been written to celebrate the marriage of Princess Elizabeth with the Elector Frederick in 1613. *The Tempest* contains a masque which is appropriate to wedding-festivities.

Some critics argue that the play was written especially for the occasion, which would place the date later than 1610-1611. These critics who are in favour of a later date expound an ingenious theory, which makes out Prospero to be James I, Ferdinand to be the Elector Palatine, and Miranda to be Princess Elizabeth.

It should be noted that *The Tempest* was one of some twenty plays, presented on the occasion of the marriage. We might, therefore, assume that the play had been written earlier, and was later abridged, to be performed for the occasion of the marriage. Such a view might support the date of 1610-1611.

(iii) The play could not have been written much later than 1603. The evidence for this earlier date is made to depend on two things—(1) Gonzalo's description of an ideal commonwealth. (2) Prospero's speech—'*The Cloud-Capp'd towers, etc.*'

Gonzalo's description of the commonwealth is traced to a passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, published in 1603.

Prospero's speech is traced to *The Tragedy of Dorious*, by William Alexander, published in 1603. The argument does not seem to be very convincing that because the two books from which Shakespeare seems to have borrowed, were published in 1603. *The Tempest* must have been written near about that time.

Of the three theories, one relating to the Virginian incident, seems to be most plausible.

**Q. 2.** What are the supposed sources of "*The Tempest*" ? Discuss their relevancy.

**Ans.** (i) The plot of *The Tempest* is said to have been taken from a German play, *Die Schone Siden* by Jacob Ayer. In the German play we have a magician (Prince Ludolph) with an only daughter, and the magician is attended by a spirit; similarly the son of Ludolph's enemy becomes his prisoner, his arms are paralysed by

magic and he is made to bear logs. Now Ayrrer was more an adapter and translator of plays than an original writer. It is supposed that Shakespeare did not borrow from Ayrrer, and that both had access to an old English play or an Italian romance.

There is another fact to remember. A company of English actors, 'The English Comedians', paid a visit to Germany. They, it is supposed, might have seen the German play performed, or they might have themselves acted in it. Shakespeare might have had contact with these English actors. At any rate it is clear that Ayrrer could not have got the story from *The Tempest* for he died in 1605.

The sources of particular incidents and scenes in the play may be indicated :

(i) The details of the shipwreck in the play seem to have been suggested by Sylvester Jourdan's *Discovery of the Bermudas*.

(ii) The discourse—"Though this island seem to be desert, etc.," is suggested by *A True Declaration of the Estate of the Colony in Virginia*, a pamphlet issued at the time.

(iii) The passage—"I flamed amazement, etc.," is suggested by Strachey's *Reportory*.

(iv) The description of the savages—"mountaineers dew-lapp'd like bulls," is suggested by Hakluyt's *Voyages*.

(v) The magical and supernatural elements of the play are supplied partly by King James's *Demonology* and partly by Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*.

(vi) Such names as Prospero, Alonso, Ferdinand, and also the union of the two houses of Milan and Naples by marriage seem to have been obtained from Thomas's *Historie of Italye*.

(vii) Prospero's speech—"Ye elves of hills, brooks, etc.," is suggested by Golding's Translation of Ovid.

(viii) Gonzalo's description of the imaginary commonwealth is suggested by Florio's Translation of Montaigne's *Essays*.

The poet Collins is supposed to have stumbled upon the source of *The Tempest*, but his memory failed

immediately afterwards and the mention of the story, which he believes to have suggested *The Tempest* is vague and uncertain. Warton supposed the story to be *Aurelio and Isabella*, that Collins had in mind. But *The Tempest* seems to have nothing to do with *Aurelio and Isabella*.

The connection of *The Tempest* with the Virginia incident is an admitted fact, and it is quite likely that Shakespeare might have read the pamphlets, issued at the time, concerning Virginia, and that the local colour of his enchanted island might have been suggested by the descriptions of Virginia, with which Shakespeare was familiar. Then he might have obtained stray hints from this or that publication.

**Q. 3.** Compare "The Tempest" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with reference to Shakespeare's use of the Supernatural. Point out the relation in which the spirits in "The Tempest" and the fairies in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" stand to human beings.

**Ans.** See Introduction (The comparison of *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*). The following points may be noted :

(i) The supernatural beings play an important part both in *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Ariel in *The Tempest* seems to have the same love of mischief as Puck or Robin Goodfellow in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Of course Ariel is a subtler and finer being than Puck. The action of both plays is complicated by the intervention of the supernatural beings. Yet there is a difference. In *The Tempest* the action of the play is directed and controlled by Prospero, and Ariel but executes the will of Prospero. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* the fairies and the mortals become a mix-up, and the action of the fairies, and particularly of Puck, which influences also the fortunes of the mortals, leads to ludicrous and half-serious issues. The point is that Ariel is not a free agent, but has to work under Prospero, while in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* the fairies have a free hand.

(ii) In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Shakespeare embodies but the popular idea of the fairies. Oberon and Titania were well-known in popular tradition. Puck and his numerous pranks were the subject of country-side legend. To these "airy nothings" of the English country-side Shakespeare has given "a local habitation and a name." But Ariel in *The Tempest*, no less than Caliban, is an imaginative creation of Shakespeare, and owes nothing to popular legend.

(iii) Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* plays his pranks upon human lovers, and also upon the Fairy Queen, Titania,—just a tissue of confusion and entanglement is woven by his love of mischief. Ariel is connected with more serious issues; directly he is not concerned in the affairs of the mortals, but he is the instrument of Prospero, and involved as he becomes in the destinies of Prospero's enemies, he is not at all personally interested in them except that Prospero's will with regard to them should be carried out. This is also an important difference between the two plays. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* the fairies and the mortals are thrown together into a medley, and the result of it is an amusing confusion. In *The Tempest* the high work of fate is executed by a mortal upon his fellow-mortals through the agency of a spirit.

**Q. 4. Briefly characterize the group of plays to which "The Tempest" belongs. Why are these plays called "Romances" ?**

**Ans.** See Introduction. The following points may be noted :

(i) *The Tempest* has a place among the later plays of Shakespeare. These plays are not strictly comedies or tragedies, and yet they share partly the character of a comedy and partly the character of a tragedy. They deal with the serious issues of life, but the tone and colour have a soft mellowness, and the plays usually end on the note of peace and reconciliation. These later plays—*Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* are fittingly called 'Romances'. They have a romantic setting and background ; they deal with impro-

babilities—strange lapses from actualities and juggleries of time and space.

(ii) The theme of these plays is wrong done and forgiven, and in this respect they are grounded in realities of life. In *The Tempest* Prospero is wronged, and finally forgives his enemies—and so the play ends on peace and reconciliation. In *Cymbeline* Imogen, Cymbeline's daughter, suffers from the unjust suspicion of her husband, is supposed to be dead, and is ultimately discovered to be alive—and she forgives her husband. Similarly in *The Winter's Tale* Hermione suffers from the jealousy of her husband, is reported dead, comes into life again and forgives her husband.

(iii) There is another trick which is employed in *Pericles*, *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*. It is concerned with a lost child, or rather a child reported to be lost, who comes to life again at the end of the play. Thus in *Pericles* Marina lost and ultimately found to be alive and is restored; in *The Winter's Tale* Perdita is cast away, and is most romantically restored. Miranda in *The Tempest* seems to be but a replica of Marina and Perdita.

The Romances illustrate Shakespeare's wisdom and humanity, born of his acquaintance with the stern realities of life, as depicted in his tragedies—his serene and unclouded outlook on life, his charity of heart and forgiveness of wrongs. They also illustrate Shakespeare's revived interest in scenes of rural beauty, his delight in innocent childhood, his joyous sense of existence, his conception of peace and good will on earth.

**Q. 5. Write a note on the use of the supernatural in "The Tempest".**

**Ans.** See Introduction. The following points may be noted :

(i) The supernatural is made use of in *The Tempest* to bring out perfectly legitimate human ends. Prospero employs the spirit, Ariel, to carry out his own plans. The supernatural in *The Tempest* is absolutely under human control. The action of the play depends much upon

the supernatural means, but it is after all the human will which directs the supernatural means. This is the most peculiar feature of *The Tempest*. In *Macbeth* the supernatural directly affects the human destiny.

(ii) The action of *The Tempest* is entirely bound up with the supernatural machinery. The result is that the dramatic interest of the play has been partly destroyed. The element of suspense is almost absent. The reader can anticipate what is going to happen—can anticipate almost the end of the play. In *The Tempest* there is but little scope for free will, the conflict as motive and the dramatic evolution of character. The supernatural is the predominant factor of the play.

**Q. 6.** Explain “dramatic unities”, show how they are observed in “*The Tempest*.” Point out the intermixture of classical and romantic elements in “*The Tempest*”.

**Ans.** (i) The dramatic unities are the three unities of time, place and action. These three unities are derived from classical tragedies. The unity of time demands that the play should not exceed the limit of twenty-four hours, that the action of the play should have no longer time on the stage than the actual time in which it may be supposed to happen. The unity of place demands that the scene of action should be one and same place, and should not be shifted to another place. The unity of action demands that there should be one main plot of the story, to which all other incidents must be subordinate.

(ii) Shakespeare, a writer of romantic plays, has usually been indifferent to the dramatic unities. Time and space are dissolving essences with Shakespeare. But to the unity of action, not in the sense of classical writers, he pays some attention. If Shakespeare introduces a sub-plot or sub-plots, the unity of action he seeks is more or less unity of impression. Shakespeare has ever been the advocate of the romantic lawlessness in drama, as Ben Jonson has been the advocate of classical discipline.

(iii) It is curious, therefore, that Shakespeare should have observed the classical unities in *The Tempest*,



Shakespeare shows that he can meet Ben Jonson on his own ground. In the first place, the action of *The Tempest* is of a duration from three to four hours—the only instance in which Shakespeare confines the action within such strict limits. In *The Winter's Tale* the action is spread over a longer interval of time. Secondly, the action of *The Tempest* does not go beyond the island, and is mostly laid before Prospero's cell. Thirdly, one motive—happiness and well-being of Miranda together with the subduing of his enemies gives unity to the play.

(iv) The theme of *The Tempest*—the evolution of its plot is essentially romantic. It is a play in which romantic fancy runs riot. Yet in structure it follows the principles of classical drama.

**Q. 7. What are the characteristics of Shakespeare's dramatic art, illustrated by "The Tempest" ?**

(Calcutta University, B. A. Hon., 1913)

**Ans.** (i) *The Tempest* is one of the shortest plays of Shakespeare. It is accounted for by the theory that *The Tempest* was either written to be presented at a wedding festivity, or abridged for that purpose. But the most curious point is that *The tempest* observes the three classical unities—the unity of time in that the duration of the play is from three to four hours—the unity of place in that nothing happens outside the island the scene being laid mostly before Prospero's cell—the unity of action in that the motive of Miranda's happiness and well-being knits together the play.

(ii) In *The Tempest* the wildest romantic fancy is united to the classical unities. The romantic elements in the play are Prospero's magic, the performances of that rare spirit, Ariel, the innocent and unsophisticated love of Ferdinand and Miranda, etc. These romantic themes are bound together by classical principles. In *The Tempest* Shakespeare seems to meet the challenge of Ben Jonson who often made a joke of the extravagance of his romantic fancy.

(iii) The dramatic interest of *The Tempest* is considerably weakened by making Prospero's will supreme over everything else in the play. The action is directed

and controlled absolutely by Prospero. Magic gives him power over the forces of nature and over the destinies of men. Conflict of motives and characters—which is the very essence of a dramatic composition—is totally lacking in *The Tempest*. The exquisite romance of love, and the partly ideal senses and characters excuse the dramatic weakness of the plot.

(iv) The supernatural machinery colours and determines the whole conception of the play. Nothing happens but through the instrumentality of Ariel except perhaps the love between Ferdinand and Miranda, which springs of itself.

**Q. 8.** What kinds of internal evidence would you use to determine the relative date of composition of one of Shakespeare's plays? Explain with reference to "*The Tempest*."

**Ans.** Internal evidence for determining the date of one of Shakespeare's plays consists of allusions in the play to historical or contemporary events. It also consists in style and diction and in versification.

The difference in style and diction between Shakespeare's plays at different periods is well-marked. In the earlier plays Shakespeare strives for effect, and instead of saying things directly and pointedly, decorates them with rich, elaborate and fanciful expressions. In the later plays thought, and not expression, seems to be his main concern—and language is strained to breaking point expressing the thoughts that crowd into his mind in tumultuous disorder. Then again in the earlier plays formal symmetry, contrast and grouping of characters are striking features. In the later plays character interest determines all movements—the whole tone and colour of the composition, and the use of puns and quibbles, which characterizes the earlier plays is diminished.

In versification too the difference is equally well-marked. The earlier plays almost exclusively use the *end-stopped* verse, in which the sense of each line is complete in it and the pause occurs at the end of the line. Similarly in the earlier plays rhyme is abundantly used. The proportion of *run-on* (in which the sense is

carried on from one line to another) to *end-stopt* verse increases in his later plays until *end-stopt* verse is totally eliminated. Weak endings, i. e., monosyllable which receive no accent or a light accent are absent from earlier plays, but become numerous in his later plays. Similarly double or feminine endings are rare in the earlier plays, but increase in the later plays.

As *The Tempest* is supposed to be written in 1610-1611, it is one of Shakespeare's latest plays. This is also borne out by the style of *The Tempest*. The style is charged with the deep cross-currents of thought—a note of subtlety and complexity. Prospero's narrative to Miranda may be taken as an illustration. Though it seems to break through language. Again the subtle terseness which marks Ferdinand's reflections, when he is engaged in bearing logs may be noted.

Then applying the verse-tests, we find that *The Tempest* stands closer to *The Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline* than to any other play. The proportion of weak endings and double endings may be stated here :

	Weak Endings	Double Endings
<i>The Tempest</i>	1·71	35·4
<i>The Winter's Tale</i>	2·36	32·9
<i>Cymbeline</i>	1·93	30·7

**Q. 9.** Characterise the "romance" of Shakespeare. What are the moral lessons taught by them? Show that they are specially emphasized in "*The Tempest*".

(Calcutta University, B. A. Hon., 1917)

**Ans.** Shakespeare's latest group of plays—*Pericles*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest* are known as "Romances." They are "Romances" because they have a romantic setting and background, deal with idealized scenes and characters, paint pathetic pictures of innocent childhood and injured womanhood. But these romances are not, however, oblivious of the realities of life. There are people to inflict wrongs, and there are people who suffer them patiently. The evil passions that rage in Shakespeare's tragedies of the middle period are not absent from the world of romance, but the difference is that the wrongers, instead of meeting their inevitable

doom as they do in the tragedies, are forgiven, and restored to the good graces of the wronged.

The notes of forgiveness and reconciliation is the special characteristic of Shakespeare's romances. In *Cymbeline* Imogen is wronged by the treachery of Iachimo, and her deluded husband, Posthumus, employs his servant Pisanio to kill her, but Pisanio (like Gonzalo in *The Tempest*) spares her, and in the end Iachimo is forgiven, and Imogen is restored to Posthumus. In *The Winter's Tale* Hermione is wronged by the jealousy of her husband, Leontes, and reported dead until her husband repents and then is Hermoine restored to him. In *The Tempest* Prospero is wronged by his brother Antonio in alliance with Alonso, King of Naples, and when they meet again, Prospero readily forgives them. In each of the play Shakespeare makes forgiveness the supreme motive in life. The keynote of the *The Tempest* is struck in these words of Prospero :

"The rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance."

"The most important point of likeness in these later plays is that they deal with human reconciliation : and of that reconciliation by far the most important of likeness is that always comes about through the young and for the young. Throughout his last years it would seem that Shakespeare's mind brooded over one hope, now playing with it and anon fiercely asserting it—"the sins of the fathers shall not be visited on the children !" Perdita shall be happy with Florizel, Miranda with Ferdinand.....Imogen shall be clasped by her Lord and her brothers inherit a kingdom. She shall have her happy house with her father, as Marina with Pericles, as Cordelia with Lear—and not die of it, as poor Cordelia died."

—Quiller-Couch.

Q. 10. Schlegel says, "The *Tempest* has little action or progressive movement," and "the denouement is, in some degree, anticipated in the exposition"—Discuss.

Ans. *The Tempest* has little dramatic interest. All that happens in it, is willed by Prospero, and happens through the medium of magic. Prospero plays the Pro-

vidence in the play. There is no dramatic conflict of motives, no clash of interests. Suspense which keeps the reader's interest and expectation on tiptoe in a tale or dramatic composition is almost absent. The reader foresees all that is going to happen—and the end is a foregone conclusion.

In the opening scene a shipwreck takes place. In the next scene we learn that it has been brought about by Prospero's magic, and that not a soul has perished. We cannot even share Miranda's lively and aching sympathy. Then Ferdinand is brought in. Ferdinand meets Miranda. We might have been interested in their love. But Prospero *wills* that they should fall in love with each other. The trials of Ferdinand create but a semblance of interest. But when we see that Miranda is dead earnest on having him and that her father approves the match, their union seems to be a settled fact.

The conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian to murder Alonso seems to create a tense moment of suspense—but it is already forestalled by Ariel. So we already know how the conspiracy of Caliban, and his two associates, Stephano and Trinculo will end, and excites but little interest.

When Miranda expresses her grave concern at the loss of the ship, which she beholds with her own eyes, Prospero assures her that no harm has been done. He says, "I have done nothing but in care of thee." This is the only motive throughout the play—the future well-being of Miranda. It is revealed in the beginning of the play, and it is worked up stage by stage until Alonso approves and blesses the betrothal between Miranda and his son, Ferdinand. That things will shape thus is foreseen, and never doubted from the beginning of the play, for Prospero has, through magic command over the forces of nature and human destinies.

**Q. 11.** Discuss the principal features of an Elizabethan masque. Illustrate your answer by a description of the masque in Act IV.

**Ans.** See *Introduction*. The following points may be noted :

(i) The masque was introduced from Italy in the sixteenth century. The earliest mention of an English masque occurs in Hall's *Chronicle* under date 1512 :

"On the date of the Epiphanie at night the King with xi others were disguised after the manner of Italie, called a maske, a thing not seen afore in England ; thei were appparelled in garments long and brode wrought all with golde, with visers and cappes of gold, after the banket doen these Maskers came in with the sixe gentlemen disguised in silke, beryng staffe-torches, and desired the ladies to daunce : some were content, and some that knew the fashion of it refused, because it was not a thing commonly seen. After thei daunced and communed together, as the fashion of the maskes is, thei took their leave and departed ; and so did the Queen and all the ladies."

Originally the dance was the chief element of a masque. Then it came to have a good deal of music, and resembled an opera. At this stage it was influenced by the pageant, so elaborate scenery became a part of the masque. Now the ordinary theatres could not afford the expenses of a masque. Scenery and costume of the masquers were the most costly affair. There was a comic part called the anti-masque, which consisted of humorous dialogue and action, parodying the main subject of the masque, and in which characters were drawn from contemporary Elizabethan life. The masque had an allegorical or symbolical character. Deities of classical mythology, nymphs, personification of abstract qualities were introduced. Both scenes and characters were ideal. The masque was performed on a ceremonial occasion.

(ii) Now the masque in *The Tempest* has all the characteristics enumerated above : (1) The characters are mythological—Iris, Ceres and Juno ; (2) there are music and "a graceful dance"; (3) The masque is connected with marriage ; (4) The Nymphs and Reapers represent the band of masquers ; (5) the references to "baseless fabric," "insubstantial pageant," etc., indicate the use of some elaborate stage machinery.

**Q. 12.** State the reasons given for the theories : (1) "The *Tempest* was one of Shakespeare's latest plays ; (2) that it was written for the marriage of Princess Elizabeth.  
(*Cambridge Local Senior*, 1889).

**Ans.** See *Introduction*. The following points may be noted :—

(i) The theme, style and metrical features prove *The Tempest* to be one of the latest plays of Shakespeare. First, *The Tempest* belongs to the group of Romances — *Pericles*, *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*. In the Romances Shakespeare deals with the theme of forgiveness and reconciliation, introduces ideal scenes and characters with a romantic background, and employs certain common devices. Both in *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale* there is a wronged woman who is separated from her husband and is reported to be dead, and then finally restored—and the story of each play illustrates the supreme lesson of forgiveness. Similarly in *The Tempest* Prospero, Duke of Milan, is wronged by his brother, Antonio, and finally when they meet, Prospero forgives Antonio, and his accomplice in crime, Alonso, King of Naples. Then these plays have something to do with children who are reported missing or cast away, and who are finally restored. It may also be noted that forgiveness and reconciliation are wrought through and for these children. In *Pericles* Marina is cast away, and finally meets her father and all is well again. In *The Winter's Tale* Perdita is cast away, and finally through and for Perdita estranged friends (Leontes, Perdita's father and Polixenes, king of Bohemia) are reunited, and Hermione (Perdita's mother), cruelly wronged by Leontes and reported dead, is restored. In *Cymbeline* the two sons of the king are reported missing in the beginning and reappear at the end of the play and Imogen, the king's daughter, who is wronged by her husband, Posthumus, apparently dies to live again—finally they all meet and are happy and the wronger is forgiven. In *The Tempest* too Miranda is cast away like the Marina of *Pericles* and the Perdita of *The Winter's Tale*—and it is through her and for her (as in the case of Perdita in *The Winter's*

*Tale*). The wrongers and the wronged are brought together and reconciled. These plays—*Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* are all linked together by the same theme and the common device of children as the instrumentality through which forgiveness and reconciliation are effected. The metrical features too link together these plays—e. g., the proportion of run-on lines, of weak endings and of double endings (*See above*).

(ii) The reasons why *The Tempest* is supposed to have been written for the marriage of Princess Elizabeth are these : (1) *The Tempest* is one of the shortest plays of Shakespeare, and is, therefore, fit to be presented at the court ceremony of marriage ; (2) *The Tempest* contains a masque and the masque dwells on marriage.

The theory that *The Tempest* was written specially for the marriage is worked out at full length—with the result the Prospero is identified with King James I ; Ferdinand is identified with the Elector Palatine and Miranda is identified with Princess Elizabeth, and even in Alonso's grief at the supposed death of Ferdinand is seen a veiled allusion to James's grief at the death of Prince Henry in November, 1612.

On the theory Verity remarks : There is no positive evidence in its favour and the weight of probability is against it. We must rest content with the knowledge that *The Tempest* was one of the plays performed at the festivities in 1613. It was appropriate to the occasion ; it seems to have been a favourite play ; and in 1613 it had the merit of comparative freshness."

Q. 13 Discuss the connection of "The Tempest" with the subjects of "travel" and "colonisation" (*Gervinus*).

Ans. See *Introduction*. The following points may be noted :

(i) *Travel* : For years past English adventurers had been sailing the high seas and exploring unknown lands. They sometimes brought home "monsters" or savages whom they exhibited in London (II. ii, 34, 60, 61, and 70-81) and still more wonderful tales of their adventures (there is reference to 'Traveller's Tales' in III. iii).



Chartered companies were formed to plant 'settlement' in distant lands. The numberless narratives of travel, and descriptions of unknown countries which were printed and widely circulated, excited the imagination and quickened the national life and spirit. In these narratives people read of 'uninhabited islands' like Prospero's, of wonder-working beings like Sycorax, of savage races as strange and mysterious as Caliban himself, of strange shapes whom Gonzalo at once took to be islanders.

(ii) *Colonization*: With world-wide travels were concerted schemes of colonisation—and so we hear of plantations in Virginia and elsewhere. Gonzalo's words (II. i. 143-164) probably echoed what men were saying about these new settlements, their forms of government and social institutions; and it may be that the picture of Caliban's relations to Prospero touched on a matter inseparable from colonization, viz, the relation of the native races to the Europeans who settle in their land. Prospero 'made much of Caliban, at first, and in return was shown 'the qualities o' the isle' Finally, as Caliban realizes, he was dispossessed and enslaved. He says, "You taught me language and my profit on't is, I know how to curse" Certainly Caliban's evil mind turns Prospero's teaching into evil. As Prospero represents the good side of civilization, its baser side is represented by Stephano and Trinculo. The 'celestial liquor' (II. ii. 122) offers a new means of abasement and degradation, and becomes an occasion of crime hitherto unknown.

**Q. 14.** Illustrate from 'The Tempest' Shakespeare's knowledge of sea-manship, observance of poetic justice, acquaintance with the classics.

**Ans.** (i) The opening scene of *The Tempest* fully illustrates Shakespeare's knowledge of seamanship. The instruction of the Boatswain were such as could have been issued only by an expert seaman. The minute details in the position of the ship, which are fully indicated, and the corresponding orders or instructions display a knowledge accurate and practical. As Lord Musgrave points out, "He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the doubtful points of

seamanship ; one of the latter he has introduced, under the only circumstances in which it was indisputable, namely, the striking of the topmast. This was a new invention in Shakespeare's time, which he has very properly introduced here." Nothing was wanting so far as the skill and knowledge of Boatswain were concerned, and Shakespeare paints him as a capable and efficient seaman. Now the question is : where did Shakespeare pick up his wonderful knowledge of seamanship ? Not necessarily from books. He must have met and conversed with sailors who had been to foreign parts, or he must have heard their scraps of conversation among themselves, and from these he must have pieced together his knowledge of seamanship.

(ii) Shakespeare observes poetic justice in *The Tempest*. Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian are the three men of sin. Alonso is punished with the temporary loss of his son. And all the three are pursued by terror as the result of the supernatural warning until they seem to be on the verge of madness. The principle of poetic justice is enunciated in the following speech of Ariel :

"Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
They have bereft : and do pronounce by me  
Lingering perdition—worse than any death  
Can be at once—shall step by step attend  
You and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you  
from—  
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls  
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart's-sorrow  
And a clear life ensuing."

(iii) Shakespeare's knowledge of the classics is illustrated by numerous classical allusions which occur in the play. A few examples are given below :—

(1) The story of Proserpina, daughter of Ceres, who was carried off by Pluto, king of the lower region, is alluded to in the following lines :

"Since they did plot  
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,  
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company  
I have forsworn."

(2) The story of Dido, queen of Carthage, who perished in flames for Aeneas, the hero of Virgil's *Aeneid* is thus alluded to :

*Ant.* How come that widow in ? widow Dido !

*Seb.* What if he had said "widower Aeneas" too ?

(3) The love-intrigue between Venus and Mars is hinted at in the following lines :

"but in vain ;

Mars's hot minion is return'd again."

In the masque Shakespeare introduces figures from the classical mythology—"Ceres, most bounteous lady" (IV. i. 60), Iris ("Hail, many colour'd messenger" IV. i. 76), Juno ("Great Juno comes" IV. i. 102), etc. He alludes to Hymen, the god of marriage ("As Hymen's lamps shall light you, IV. i. 23), to Neptune, the god of the sea ("Do chase the ebbing Neptune," V. i. 34), to Phoebus, the sun-god ("or Phoebus' steeds are found'er'd" IV. i. 30), etc.

**Q. 15.** Outline the plot of "The Tempest," indicating the significance of the play in the development of Shakespeare's dramatic career, and comparing the characters of Puck and Ariel. (*Calcutta University, B. A. Hon., 1914.*)

*Ans.* (i) *The Tempest* opens with a shipwreck. The second scene is *expository*—and in the second scene the shipwreck is linked up with the life and events in the island off which the ship is wrecked. In the second scene we are made acquainted with the past history of Prospero and his daughter, Miranda, and with the history of two other inhabitants, Caliban and Ariel. But already in the second scene the plot thickens—Ariel, obeying the command of Prospero, brings together Ferdinand, the missing son of Alonso, King of Naples, who, with his other companions, has survived the shipwreck.

In the first scene of the second Act we meet the King (Alonso) and his companions—Ferdinand, Alonso's son missing. This group does not as yet seem to be connected either with Prospero and Ariel, or with the two lovers, Ferdinand and Miranda. Each group of characters is kept separate from the rest. But compli-

cations arise in this group of Alonso and his companions. Antonio and Sebastian form a conspiracy to murder Alonso in the first scene of the second Act—and this is forestalled by Ariel. Ariel, it may be noted, has something to do with each group—and Ariel seems to be the link between the different groups, and finally brings them together. In the second scene of the second Act we are made more fully acquainted with the nature and character of Caliban, and here is another group of characters—Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo.

The first scene of the third Act is connected with the second scene of the first Act. It is a love-idyll which arises from Ferdinand and Miranda being thrown together. The second scene presents again the Caliban-group. They form a plot to murder Prospero—a comic counterpart to the conspiracy to murder the King (Alonso). The Alonso-group is as yet left a loose thread. The other three groups—Group 1, Prospero and Ariel, Group 2, Ferdinand and Miranda, and Group 3, Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo,—we now knit up into closer relations. Prospero being directly interested in the affairs of Ferdinand and Miranda, and Caliban and his two companions being interested in Prospero. The third scene of the third Act is the climax. Now the Alonso-group is brought into relation with Prospero. The three men of Sin—Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian—are warned by a supernatural voice of the doom that would fall upon them if they did not repent. They are all distracted with terror and confusion.

The main interest of the fourth Act is the pair of lovers, Ferdinand and Miranda. They are entertained with a show, created by Prospero's magic, when Prospero wants to bless their betrothal. Towards the end of the scene Caliban and his two companions are punished for their conspiracy.

In the fifth Act the different groups are brought together. Ferdinand, the lost son, is restored to his father, the motive of forgiveness and reconciliation is fully expounded, the dispersed crew and passengers meet again, etc.

(ii) *The Tempest* is a Romance in which the seriousness of tragedy is combined with the mirth and laughter of the comedy. The writing of the romance marks a definite stage in Shakespeare's dramatic career. The tragedies paint a world in which ambition, lust, self-will, jealousy, etc., work their doom—a world in which the Nemesis ever overtakes the wrong-doer, and such is the mysterious complication and entanglement of sin that sometimes the innocents are involved. In Shakespeare's tragedies the effect of wrong-doing as it seems to spread itself blindly, crushes also the innocent. In Shakespeare's tragedies the tone sometimes becomes so bitter—and the arraignment of the world and its vices so steeped in gall and wormwood that the reader may very well suppose that the evils must have entered his soul like iron. However, in his romances he recovers his old healthy outlook, which his experiences take a sober colouring. His romances (*Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*) illustrate Shakespeare's charity and humanity—his serene outlook on life, his harvest of wisdom; above all his romances speak of a soul at last at peace with itself and with the world. On reading his romances we may well cry :

"O thou after toil and storm  
May'st seem to have reached a purer air."

(iii) Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is also known as Robin Good-fellow. He was a familiar figure in the fairy legend of the English countryside. In presenting him Shakespeare but colours and embellishes the popular tradition. But Ariel is the offspring of Shakespeare's own imagination; and therefore he is known to have a character distinct from that of any known fairy, or spirit or, elf. Ariel is described as a spirit of air and fire, when he is contrasted with Caliban, the creature of earth and water. But there is some resemblance between Puck and Ariel. Both have a love of mischief. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Puck plays pranks not only upon the mortals, but also upon Titania, queen of the fairies. He is responsible for all the amusing blunder and confusion among the mortals. Similarly in *The*

*Tempest* we enjoy the ducking of Caliban and his two companions in the filthy-mantled pool. Ariel has a sense of humour too, as shown in his narration of this incident to Prospero. The resemblance extends no farther. Ariel is a rarer, subtler being than Puck. Music seems to be his self-expression.

**Q. 16.** Comment on the following :

"It has been suggested that Prospero, the great enchanter, is Shakespeare himself."—E. Dowden.

(*Calcutta University, Hon.*, 1917).

**Ans.** See *Introduction*.

*The Tempest* is supposed to be one of Shakespeare's latest plays. Prospero renounces magic in the following lines :

I'll break my staff ;  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book.

This is interpreted as Shakespeare's farewell to the stage. Sensible critics will go no farther than read a symbolical meaning in the above lines. But there are some who cannot be content but by identifying Prospero with Shakespeare in specific details. For example, Prospero's speech : The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, etc." ending with

"We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep"

is supposed by the latter as representing Shakespeare's own sentiments. Stopford A. Brooke naturally protests against such unmanly, puting sentiments, however beautifully expressed, being attributed to Shakespeare. The supposition that the breaking of his staff is a farewell to the stage is within the range of probability, but to identify Shakespeare with Prospero in all his speeches and deeds is to ride the hobby too hard. Shakespeare is a dramatist—and the art of a dramatist is *impersonal*. The very laws of dramatic composition forbid a dramatist giving himself off in any of the characters he creates.

Q. 17. "Forgiveness and freedom : these are keynotes of the play" (Dowden)—Discuss.

Ans. See *Introduction*. The following points may be noted :

(i) Forgiveness is the leading motive of the play. The ship is wrecked, but Alonso and his companions, the Boatswan, the sailors are all saved. The motive is not unfolded until later in the play :

"The rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance."

All that happens in the play is worked up to this end—even the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian to murder Alonso falls into this all-embracing scheme of forgiveness. So Prospero simply lets Antonio and Sebastian know that he is not unaware of their late conspiracy, but does not denounce them to Alonso. Alonso and Antonio, he makes up his mind to forgive, when they fall into his hands.

(ii) There is another motive working as potently throughout *The Tempest*. Ariel who serves Prospero ever longs for freedom. Freedom seems to be the very breath of his existence—and without freedom he is seen to be pining away. But Prospero makes it clear to him that he will have no freedom until he has done all the task which are set on him. Freedom is to be won in and through service. This idea is more emphatically illustrated in Ferdinand. He accepts the condition of service before he is free to love and win Miranda. *Through service to freedom*—that is the second leading idea of the play. It is perfectly illustrated in Ariel and in Ferdinand. The *Epilogue* acquires a new significance in the light of this idea. In the *Epilogue* Prospero begs to be released from the power of enchantment which he has exercised so long for beneficent ends. Just as Ariel rightly deserves and wins freedom after his term of service is completed, so Prospero too naturally begs for freedom after he has served by his power of magic. Both the ideas of forgiveness and freedom are finally uttered in the *Epilogue* :

Let me not ;  
Since I have my dukedom got

And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
In this bare island by our spell

Unless I be relieved by prayer,  
Which pierces so that it assaults.  
Mercy itself and frees all faults  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.

**Q. 18.** Miranda has been said to combine "the delicacy of innocence" with the "advantages of education" (Coleridge). What can you gather from the play about Miranda's "education." (*Cambridge Local Senior*, 1885).

**Ans.** In the first place, Miranda possesses the very sweetness of innocence. Her innocence consists not only in her ignorance of any thing evil, but also in an innate purity and tenderness of the heart which are often besmirched by contact with the actualities of life. Her sympathy with those who seems to suffer in the shipwreck, her admiration for Ferdinand, her frank and unblushing confession of love—all bespeak the unsullied purity and tenderness of her sentiment.

Her education has been solely conducted by her father :

"and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made the more profit  
Than other princesses can, that have more time  
For vaner hours, and tutors not careful."

The best test of her education is her correct behaviour in the love-scene (II. i.) Her education has rather added grace to her simplicity, innocence and frankness. Education might very well have either obscured these original qualities of her or given her an air of sophistication. Prospero so directed her education as to develop fully her simplicity and innocence, and when we are told that

"the isle is full of noises  
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and  
hurt not"



we may well imagine that sweet sounds and beautiful sights were provided by Prospero for feeding Miranda's senses and imagination.

It may be noted too that apart from the strict propriety of her conduct in the love-scene, her confession of love is marked by grace which emanates from her own nature and by dignity which is the outcome of education. In fact her education blended most happily with the grace and modesty which she originally possessed.

**Q. 19** "The true freedom of man consists in service" (*Dowden*). Illustrate the truth of this in the character of Ferdinand and Miranda.

**Ans.** The task of bearing logs is, from Prospero's point of view, a test of Ferdinand's love. But Ferdinand accepts it as service for the sake of love :

This my mean task  
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but  
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead  
And makes my labours pleasures.

This idea of *service* is an integral part of Ferdinand's conception. Nay, *love* and *service* seem to be inseparable. So Ferdinand says,

"Hear my soul speak :  
The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,  
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man."

The same idea of service enters into Miranda's conception of love :

"Hence, bashful cunning !  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !  
I am your wife, if you will marry me :  
If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow  
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no."

Ferdinand wins his way from service to crowning love. *From service to freedom*—that is how it works in the case of Ariel. *From service to love*—that is how it works in the case of Ferdinand. Now love involves the idea of service—and so Ferdinand who as a prince is conscious

of the humiliation of the task, submits to it for the sake of love, and Miranda who loves, cries for service.

**Q. 20.** What is the problem suggested by Caliban? Refer to the theories advanced to explain the significance of his character.

**Ans.** It is imagined by critics that *The Tempest* touches upon the problems that arose in connection with colonization—such problems as the rights of conquered savages, the doubtful evil of slavery, the doubtful blessing of civilization, etc.

These problems seem to be foreshadowed in the relations between Caliban and Prospero. Caliban is a slave—an African of some kind. "He is a dispossessed Indian, a more or less 'noble' savage." Caliban is not, however, a contented slave of Prospero. He has awakened to consciousness of his own rights as an individual and as a man: "This island's mine.....which thou takest from me." Prospero's attempt to educate him and give him the benefit of civilization has but produced an adverse result:

*Cal.* You taught me language; and my profit on 't  
Is, I know how to curse.

"Shakespeare is more than doubtful whether European civilisation is anything better than a curse to the savage; he is certainly severe where he points out that the vices of the old world, such as drunkenness, find their way into the new world for sooner than any of its virtues:

"Drink servant-monster, when I bid thee'.

And even Caliban.....puts to shame the rapacity which was too common among the colonists; he will have none of the paltry plunder; but, on the contrary, earth as he is, he can rebuke his more civilised master for their greedy pilfering."—(*Morton Luce*).

Percival propounds a very ingenious theory: Prospero is "the beneficent white man" whose object is to educate and civilize the natives; Ariel is "the success of his work," and Caliban, "his failure." Stephano and Trinculo are "the mean whites" who teach the native the vices of European civilization. Alonso and his lords are the type of Spanish conquerors who took no more interest

**Q. 21.** What incidents of the play may be supposed to refer to contemporaneous events?

Ans. The shipwreck in the opening scene of *The Tempest* seems to have been suggested by the disaster that happened to the *Sea-Adventurer*, one of the ships of the fleet that sailed to Virginia in 1609. At first it was reported lost, and then the news of its having been driven to the coast of the Bermudas reached England—and it was the sensation of the day. A pamphlet was issued at the time by Sylvester Jourdan, one of the crew of the *Sea-Adventurer*. The local colour of Shakespeare's enchanted island seems to have been drawn from Jourdain's description of the Bermudas. The Virginia expedition and the sensation which it created must have been in Shakespeare's mind, when Shakespeare wrote *The Tempest*.

When we were boys,

Walleys of flesh ? Or that there were such men  
Whose heads stood in their breast ? which now  
we find

Each putter out of five for one will bring us  
Good warrant of.

Here we have also an illusion to the system of insurance (in the expression—"putter out of five for one") which travellers in those days would enter into.

There is allusion to another practice of those days; sometimes American savages were brought over to England and they were exhibited at fairs. We may

compare here Trinculo's comment on first seeing Caliban :

"Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver : there would this monster make a man ; any strange beast there makes a man : when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian "

Again in Gonzalo's description of an ideal commonwealth Shakespeare evidently satirizes the fanciful schemes of colonization which were the topics of the day.

**Q. 22.** Sketch Caliban's character.

**Ans.** See *Introduction* (Characters).

**Q. 23.** Compare and contrast Caliban and Ariel.

**Ans.** See *Introduction* (Characters). The following points may be noted :—

(1) Both are elemental beings—Ariel has the elements of air and fire in his composition, and Caliban has the elements of earth and water.

(2) Caliban has brutish senses ; Ariel is pure intelligence. Neither has any moral sense or conscience.

(3) Both long for freedom. Freedom is the very breath of Ariel's existence. Caliban's idea of freedom is to be released from all tasks, and to be left to himself or perhaps a change of one master for another.

(4) Ariel has the feeling of gratitude and also some sort of attachment to Prospero. Caliban has no reason to feel grateful to Prospero ; nor has he any affection for Prospero.

(5) Ariel is dainty, graceful—an elemental being with the finer instinct of an artist. Caliban is brutish and grotesque—mis-shapen in body and manners.

(6) Ariel is the agent of the beneficent purposes of Prospero. Caliban is a drudge and slave of Prospero.

(7) Ariel has a love of innocent fun. Caliban is full of malignity.

**Q. 24.** Compare and contrast Stephano and Trinculo.

**Ans.** See *Introduction* (Characters).

**Q. 25.** Sketch the character of Gonzalo and contrast him with Antonio and Sebastian.

Ans. See *Introduction* (Character). The following points may be noted :

(1) Gonzalo is a gossip old man. If he has any fault, it is his garrulity. And his garrulity, when he tries to comfort Alonso in his grief for the loss of his son, gets on the King's nerves. Perhaps too he is wanting in fine sensibilities. He would cram comfort into the ears of Alonso.

(2) Gonzalo is honest, loyal, kind-hearted. He is also full of good intentions, however he may work in a blundering way. He is entrusted with the task of removing Prospero and Miranda, and in his good nature he provides them with food and garments. Prospero remembers this kindness of Gonzalo. He is loyal to Alonso. When Antonio and Sebastian are going to murder the King, his loyalty, though he is asleep, seems to be mysteriously stirred and he cries out in his dream.

“Now good angels,

Preserve the King.”

(3) Antonio and Sebastian have no respect for Alonso's grief. Gonzalo seeks to comfort him, and distract his thoughts. Antonio and Sebastian interrupt him with their jests and quips. They try to make fun of Gonzalo. Gonzalo pays no attention to their silly and unfeeling comments. But Gonzalo is not such a fool as they want to make him out. He can retort in his superb way. The following may be taken as an example :

Ant. 'T was you we laughed at.

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling are nothing to you : so you may continue and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given !

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle ; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

(4) Gonzalo is a good and virtuous soul. Antonio and Sebastian are unscrupulous, devoid of moral principles, up to treachery and even murder. The malicious nature of Antonio and Sebastian contrasts with the bene-

volence of Gonzalo ; their treachery, with Gonzalo's loyalty ; their cruelty, with Gonzalo's kindness.

**Q. 26. Analyse the chief elements in the character of Ariel.**

**Ans.** See *Introduction* (Characters). The following points may be noted :

(1) A spirit of air and fire—and freedom is the very breath of his existence. He is first subdued by the black art of the foul witch, Sycorax, and imprisoned in a cloven pine for refusing to do her will. Prospero's magic again commands his service. Prospero is an appreciative master, and a delicate and dainty spirit as he is, Prospero sets him no odious or hateful tasks : yet Ariel ever longs for freedom, which Prospero has to promise him in order to get the service out of him.

(2) There is perfect understanding between Prospero and Ariel after Prospero promises to release him as soon as the term of service is over. Ariel can even anticipate Prospero's wishes—a sort of telepathic understanding. Thus Ariel forestalls Caliban's conspiracy to murder Prospero. Ariel, otherwise non-human, develops a sort of devotion to Prospero. Compact of imagination as he is, he can enter into human feelings, even though he does not share in them ; so Ariel feels a touch of sympathy for the sinners, (Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian) when they are distracted by terror.

(3) Ariel is fond of fun and mischief. In this respect he has been compared with Puck of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The ducking that he gives to Caliban and his two associates (Stephano and Trinculo) may be recalled as an instance of his love of fun and mischief.

(4) Ariel is associated with the beneficent ends and activities of Prospero. But he is after all non-moral : nothing good or bad could be associated with him. He is an instrument of Prospero's will and purpose—a passionless and indifferent instrument. Yet by his association with Prospero and his beneficent acts, he seems to acquire a touch of sympathy. So ultimately he develops pity for human suffering, and affection and gratitude for Prospero.

**Q. 27.** Sketch the character of Prospero or Ferdinand.

**Ans.** See *Introduction* (Characters).

**Q. 28.** "The *Tempest*" is "a birth of the imagination" (Coleridge)—Elucidate.

**Ans.** (1) *The Tempest* is a specimen of the purely romantic drama, in which the interest does not depend on historical truth, on presentation of real character, or on the natural connection of events. In *The Tempest* probabilities are defied—and from the beginning an atmosphere of illusion and enchantment is created in which things most improbable e. g., the shipwreck and the survival of all passengers, occur without any shock to our faith and imagination.

(2) The play addresses itself entirely to our imaginative faculty. Unless there is a surrender of the imagination to the potent spell of Prospero's magic, the reader's mind will only pass through a succession of shocks. Yet in this world of illusion and enchantment a higher sort of consistency—beauty and harmony on an imaginative plane is maintained so that the grotesque (as in Caliban) and the delicate (as in Ariel), honesty (as in Gonzalo) and treachery (as in Antonio and Sebastian), innocence (as in Miranda) and experience (as in Ferdinand) are most skilfully blended. In the integrity of Shakespeare's conception, which is bodied forth in *The Tempest*, the most incongruous elements—the grotesque, the bizarre, the fantastic find their right place and significance. *The Tempest* is a perfectly co-ordinated piece of composition, absolutely true to the law of imaginative production.

As Coleridge points out, "Although the illusion may be assisted by the effect on the senses of the complicated scenery and decorations of modern times, yet this sort of assistance is dangerous." A sheer work of imagination as *The Tempest* is, any adventitious aids will rather spoil the effect—the best way of approach is through the imagination. So Coleridge says, "For the principal and only genuine excitement ought to come from within—from the moved and sympathetic imagination."

(3) The two most remarkable creation of a poetical imagination in *The Tempest* are Ariel and Caliban. Both represent two extremes. Ariel is the quintessence of thought and imagination—represents the ethereality of thought and imagination. Caliban is the embodiment of gross and brute intelligence. Ariel is the supernormal type of the mind; Caliban is the subnormal type of the mind. They are both unique creation of Shakespeare's imagination. Shakespeare owes little to the previous writers on the spirit-world or subnormal types of mind. *The Tempest* with its character and scenery is a perfect illustration of what Shakespeare elsewhere says about a poet :

“The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to  
heaven,  
And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Thus them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.

### (B) Textual

#### Act I

**Q. 29.** Sketch the first scene of “*The Tempest*,” and show how it illustrates the accuracy of Shakespeare's knowledge of seamanship.

**Ans.** See *Analysis*.

The first scene of *The Tempest* opens with a storm at sea, accompanied by thunder and lightning, and discovers a ship, driven by the storm straight on to the rocky coast. The Boatswain and the sailors are busy—trying to get the ship out into the open sea. The first command of the Master : “Fall to't, yarely” is but a warning to be ready to execute any orders quickly. The first order issued by the Boatswain is : ‘Take in the Topsail.’ The wind may blow its worst, but if there is sea-room enough, the ship, the Boatswain is quite confident, will be saved.

At this moment Alonso and his companions rush on deck and get in the way of the Boatswain and the



sailors. The Boatswain chides them back to their cabins. The force of the gale increasing, the Boatswain orders : 'Down with the topmast ! yare ! lower, lower ! Bring her to try with main course.' The topmast is struck "to take the weight from aloft," and the mainsail is set so that the ship can keep close to the wind. It proves ineffectual, and the Boatswain orders the crew to set both foresail and mainsail which may carry the ship out into the open sea :

"Lay her a-hold ! set her two courses ; off to sea again ; lay her off."

All the Boatswain's technique proves unavailing. The ship is driven on shore and goes to pieces. Lord Musgrave, commenting on Shakespeare's knowledge of seamanship, points out that the succession of events is related to the increasing degree of peril ; that the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety ; that the words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point to the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail.

Lord Musgrave also adds : "He has shown a knowledge of the new improvement, as well as the doubtful points of seamanship ; one of the latter he has introduced, under the only circumstances in which it was indisputable, namely, the striking of the topmast. This was a new invention in Shakespeare's time, which he has very properly introduced here."

**Q. 30.** Give in outline the story of Prospero's past which he narrates to Miranda.

*Pros.*

The hour's now come

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;

Obey and be attentive.

**Q. 31.** What is the significance of the hour to Prospero's narrative ?

**Ans.** The shipwreck off the enchanted island which Miranda witnesses, and which moves her heart to pity, provides the occasion to Prospero's narration of his past history to Miranda. To explain the shipwreck which, as Miranda understands, is caused by her father's magic

power, Prospero has to go back to his past history, and to show the connection of the shipwreck with it.

All that Miranda can remember of the past is that she had several women to attend upon her. Her memory does not carry her any farther. Prospero tells her that he was formerly the Duke of Milan, and that he was removed from Milan by a conspiracy. Then he enters into the detailed course or events connected with his removal from Milan. He entrusted the management of his State to his brother, Antonio, while he himself was given to study—and the result was that he was out of touch with the affairs of the State. Taking advantage of the position his brother took steps to oust him. He first won over the officers of State. Not content with exercising the powers of a duke as a deputy, he must be the duke, himself. So he allied himself with the King of Naples (Alonso), offering the latter his allegiance and promising to him an annual tribute. So one night he was removed from Naples—Miranda was then a baby. They (Prospero and Miranda) were put into a frail, unrigged boat. They might have perished but for the providence of one Gonzalo who was charged with carrying out this task. Gonzalo supplied them with food and linen, which stood them in good stead. Gonzalo also supplied him with books from his library.

As to the connection of this narrative with the shipwreck that engages now Miranda's attention, Prospero points out to her that Fortune which seems to be favouring him now, has placed his enemies in his power; that if he were to rise again, he must take advantage of this moment. He implies that the shipwreck which Miranda had witnessed lately is but a sequel to the narrative of his past misfortunes, which now relates to Miranda.

**Q. 32.** Briefly narrate what may be gathered from the play of the previous history of the principal characters.  
(*Cambridge Local Junior, 1889*).

**Ans.** First Prospero tells his History to Miranda. We learn that he was Duke of Milan, and that being himself devoted to study, he deputed his ducal powers to his brother Antonio with the result that Antonio allied

himself with the King of Naples (Alonso), and one midnight managed to remove Prospero and his daughter, Miranda, then a baby, and that Prospero and Miranda, being exposed at sea in a frail boat, drifted to the lonely island (off which the shipwreck, described in the first scene takes place).

Incidentally we learn the history of Ariel and Caliban. Ariel, as we see, is the attendant spirit of Prospero. But he seems to get impatient of Prospero's power over him, and to be in a mood of revolt. Prospero now recalls Ariel's past history, reminding him of the state in which he was found (by Prospero) and threatening to put him back into the same torture again if he were disobedient. In this connection we learn that Prospero found Ariel imprisoned in a cloven pine, from which state of torture he was released (by Prospero); that Ariel originally served a foul witch, Sycorax, who had been banished to this island, and being "a spirit too delicate to act her earthy and abhorr'd commands," he was put into the cloven pine where he howled away twelve years in pain.

About Caliban we learn that Sycorax bore him on the island; that Prospero took a lot of pains to educate and humanize him all in vain; that Prospero forbade him the company of Miranda after he had made an attempt upon her honour; that Caliban served as a slave and drudge of Prospero.

We learn also Antonio's treachery to Prospero, in which, Alonso, King of Naples, was associated with him, the kindness of Gonzalo in providing Prospero and Miranda with food and linen when they were banished from Milan.

**Q. 33.** What traits does Caliban display? Has knowledge been a benefit to him? Does Prospero seem unnecessarily harsh to him?

**Ans.** Miranda cannot stand Caliban:

*Mir.* 'Tis a villain, sir,

I do not love to look on.

Later we learn that Prospero at first lodged him in his own cell until he made an attempt upon the honour of Miranda. Yet Prospero cannot do without him. He

does all the menial service for Prospero. But Caliban is an unwilling drudge. If he had the power, he would have rebelled against Prospero.

Caliban is begotten by the devil upon the witch, Sycorax. And his inheritance seems to be *malignity*. He ever curses Prospero in language befitting a hag-seed, begotten by the devil, like himself. Prospero's honest efforts to educate him have failed. Caliban readily admits that Prospero at first showed much kindness to him, and that he was grateful to him (Prospero). Then Caliban attempted the honour of Miranda, and Prospero's kindness was changed into hatred. When Prospero alludes to this matter, Caliban takes a *malicious* delight in contemplating how if he had not been prevented, he would have peopled the island with Calibans.

His traits are enumerated by Prospero. He is very lazy—he cannot be made to work except by fear of stripes. He would take no “print of goodness”, “being capable of all ill.” Prospero taught him language. And the best use that Caliban finds of it is to curse Prospero. Caliban is ill-natured and perverse; so all Prospero's best efforts for him are wasted. And here is Prospero's confession of failure :

“But thy vile race,  
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which  
good natures  
Could not abide to be with.”

For his perversity and laziness Caliban is often tortured with cramp, “side-stitches”, etc., and hunted by spirits, and so on. If Caliban is a type of American Indian, as he is supposed to be by many critics, then we find that he has been reduced to slavery, and however Prospero may have good intentions towards him, Prospero cannot be justified in making a slave of Caliban. Caliban might very well exclaim :

“I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother  
Which thou takest from me.”

Prospero has robbed him of elementary human rights. The fact of Caliban being reduced to slavery, for which

Prospero is responsible (on his own admission) cannot be justified.

**Q. 34.** How is Ferdinand introduced ? What is Miranda's first impression of him ? What is Ferdinand's impression of Miranda and of Prospero ?

**Ans.** Ferdinand, son of Alonso, King of Naples, is separated from the rest of the survivors after the shipwreck. According to Prospero's command, Ariel landed, Ferdinand by himself in an out of the way corner of the island.

As Ferdinand sits alone, mourning his father whom he supposes to be drowned, suddenly he hears strange music in the air. The music is made by Ariel. The music arrests the fury of the waves and soothes his own grief-stricken mind. It is at first a fairy-song. Soon it changes to a dirge—a sea-lament, referring to his own father. To Ferdinand it seems to be heavenly music. He follows it and then he comes within view of Prospero and Miranda. The very words in which Prospero draws Miranda's attention to him seem to be a potent charm of love :

*Pros.* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,  
And say what thou seest yond.

Miranda imagines Ferdinand to be a spirit, and admires his beautiful appearance. Her admiration is expressed in extravagant words :

*Mir.* I might call him  
A thing divine, for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

Ferdinand's surprise and delight seem to be as great. He imagines Miranda to be the goddess of the island, on whom the music he has heard, seems to attend. He is no less astonished to hear Miranda speak his own language. He already inquires whether she is a maid (and therefore free to marry) or not. Prospero challenges his claim to be the King of Naples. Prospero is anxious not to make the winning of his daughter too easy for Ferdinand. Therefore, he treats Ferdinand rather harshly and Miranda protests in vain. Prospero calls Ferdinand a spy and traitor. Ferdinand draws his sword, but his

arms soon seem to be paralysed. Miranda pleads in vain for him. To make the best of a bargain, Ferdinand yields to Prospero. Ferdinand must have thought of Prospero as an old, crabbed man, given to violent temper.

**Q. 35.** What is to be the episode of the play, and what its enveloping atmosphere ?

**Ans.** *The Tempest* has a sort of sub-plot. The Ferdinand and Miranda form the episode or sub-plot of *The Tempest*. It seems to run side by side with the main plot. It starts in the first Act—perhaps in a quarter of an hour after the shipwreck takes place. The second Act is concerned with the affairs of the survivors of the wreck—we see Alonso (King of Naples) and his companions, who were in the ship, re-assemble except Ferdinand whom Alonso supposes to be drowned. We meet in the second scene of the Act two more survivors of the wreck Stephano and Trinculo. But in the first scene of the third Act the story of love between Ferdinand and Miranda is taken up—the most exquisite love-idyll ever painted by Shakespeare. The scene marks a definite stage in the love between the two—the plighting of troth between the lovers, independently of Prospero. It may also be noted that Prospero's magic casts no shadow upon the scene. In the beginning of the fourth Act the story of their love is continued. By this time the episode of love becomes an organic part of the main plot—the formal betrothal now takes place in the presence of, and blessed by, Prospero. The chess play between the lovers in the fifth Act—when Alonso sees his lost son again, and the work of forgiveness and reconciliation seems to be completed—marks the happy culmination of the episode or sub-plot.

## Act II

**Q. 36.** "Shakespeare never puts habitual scorn into the mouths of other than bad men" (*Coleridge*). Illustrate the truth of this statement from the first scene of the second Act.

**Ans.** The first scene of the second Act (*The Tempest*) re-assembles Alonso, King of Naples, and his companions who were in the ship, lately wrecked. Ferdinand, Alonso's son, is missing from the group. Alonso supposes him to be drowned, and is grief-stricken. Gonzalo seeks to comfort him by indulging in commonplace twaddle. Alonso begs him to stop. Now Antonio (the usurping duke of Milan) and Sebastian (Alonso's own brother) feel no sympathy for the King's grief. They cut in with their cruel jokes, which must have been more painful to Alonso if he had paid any heed to them than Gonzalo's comfort. They, however, try to make fun of Gonzalo. They twist the meaning of Gonzalo's words and do all they can to make a fool of him. When Gonzalo describes an ideal commonwealth, they comment ironically on it and try to show how ridiculous Gonzalo is. Now Antonio and Sebastian speak the language of "habitual scorn"—and they are bad men.

**Q. 37.** Give an account of the conspiracy in Act II, stating how it was frustrated. Who was the first to broach the plot; by what argument did he win over the other?

**Ans.** Antonio is the arch-conspirator in *The Tempest*. He expelled his brother, Prospero, from Milan and usurped his dukedom—so Antonio is quite an experienced hand. The idea of the plot against Alonso must have occurred first to him on the lonely island. The circumstances are certainly favourable to his design. The King is grief-stricken and his courtiers are hardly recovered from their late astounding experiences. Taking in the situation. Antonio's brain must have been busy all the time.

The opportunity soon presents itself. Alonso and all the rest except Antonio and Sebastian suddenly fall asleep. Antonio must get an accomplice, and sees that Sebastian is the likely person, as he is at least to benefit by the murder of the King. But before inviting Sebastian to participate in the plot, he feels his way cautiously. He speaks in dark hints, which seem to be totally lost upon Sebastian.

“What might,  
 Worthy Sebastian ?—O, what might ?—No more :—  
 And yet methinks I see it in thy face,  
 What thou shouldst be”—

this is how Antonio broaches the subject to Sebastian. It is an appeal to his vanity, to his baser passion of ambition—it is passionate pleading to him to take advantage of this opportunity :

“Noble Sebastian,  
 Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather ; wink'st  
 Whiles thou art waking.

By subtle persuasion, by sophistical reasoning he convinces Sebastian that he is most worthy to be King of Naples ; that there could have been no better opportunity than now to get rid of Alonso ; that the King's son is drowned for certain and that his daughter, Claribel, who has been married to the king of Tunis, cannot, from such a distance, make good her claim, etc. So Sebastian falls in with Antonio's project. They prepare to draw their swords, Antonio to kill Alonso and Sebastian to kill Gonzalo, when there is sudden music in the air—and Gonzalo and Alonso wake up. They are surprised to see Antonio and Sebastian, standing with drawn swords. The conspiracy is frustrated by Ariel's intervention.

**Q. 38.** What were the nature and source of the ideal commonwealth that Gonzalo describes ? Does Shakespeare introduce this passage as a satire on current ideas of his era ? May it be said to have a purpose in harmony with the Imaginative character of the play ?

**Ans.** The source of Gonzalo's discourse on an ideal commonwealth (II. i. 142-159) is a passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays* (1603). The very ideas and even phrases seem to be borrowed from Florio. In those days of England's maritime enterprise schemes of colonization, often fanciful and visionary, were common matters of discussion. This passage seems to glance at such schemes of colonization. Gonzalo's commonwealth seems to be a parody of a thousand other schemes that were discussed in those days. Gonzalo's commonwealth is after all an impracticable scheme. It will have nothing.



to do with trade, magistracy, education, wealth, poverty, service, legal contract and agreement, property and succession. It will have nothing to do even with cultivation, with use of metal, corn or wine, or oil. It will be a state in which all people will be idle, and will be fed by Nature. There will be no crime, no war, no activity, good or bad.

Shakespeare's purpose in introducing the passage seems to be satirical. Nor can he assume that Gonzalo is at all serious in propounding the scheme. Alonso charges him with talking nonsense. Gonzalo replies,

"I do well believe your highness ; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing." Gonzalo describes it as "merry fooling."

*The Tempest* is a play of illusion and enchantment. This kind of "merry fooling" does not seem to be out of place here. Since enchantment is all there seems to be no incongruity, when serious issues of life are treated lightly. The satirical allusion to schemes of colonization, therefore, seems to be quite in keeping with the spirit of the play.

**Q. 39.** Do you think it is at Prospero's suggestion that Antonio and Sebastian plot ? What does Ariel's speech on re-entrance imply ?

**Ans.** In the first scene of the second Act we first find Gonzalo seeking to comfort Alonso in his grief for the loss of his son, and Antonio and Sebastian cutting in with their sarcastic comments, in the course of which Sebastian rather bluntly reminds the King that his obstinacy in marrying his daughter, Claribel, to the prince of Tunis, has cost him his son (for on their way back from Tunis, the shipwreck occurred). Next we find Gonzalo launching into a discourse on an ideal commonwealth. As the battle of wits between Gonzalo on the one hand and Antonio and Sebastian on the other goes on, Ariel enters, invisible, playing solemn music. (*This is stage direction*): Suddenly all fall asleep except Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio. Evidently it is the

effect of Ariel's *solemn music*. Next Alonso feels sleepy and is at once asleep. But Antonio and Sebastian keep awake. Antonio's remark seems to be significant :

"They fall together all, as by consent ;  
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke "

There is again the suggestion of music. We may imagine, therefore, that all the rest are put to sleep and Antonio and Sebastian are kept awake that they may plot murder. We cannot indeed say that they plot at the instigation of Prospero. If Prospero's magic operates on them, it may have provided them with the opportunity for crime. The impression seems to be confirmed by Ariel's speech on re-entrance, which implies that Prospero foresees the crime of Antonio and Sebastian and sends Ariel to prevent its execution.

Hudson writes, "In the delineation of Antonio and Sebastian, short as it is, there is a volume of wise science .....Nor is there less of sagacity in the means whereby Prospero seeks to make them better, *provoking in them the purpose and taking away the performance of crime*, so that he may bring them to a knowledge of themselves, and awe or shame down their evil by his demonstration of good." According to Hudson, therefore, Prospero suggests the crime, but prevents them from executing it. We see that they have the criminal instincts, and that while opportunity is given to them to plan a crime, they are not allowed to carry out the plan.

**Q. 40.** Describe the meeting of Trinculo and Caliban.

**Ans.** The second scene of the second Act discovers Caliban, carrying a burden of wood. He curses Prospero all the time. He is afraid that Prospero's Spirits are over-hearing him. Then Caliban sees Trinculo coming along ; of course he does not know who and what Trinculo is—and naturally he imagines that Trinculo is a Spirit, sent by Prospero, to torment him. He at once falls flat on the earth, believing that the Spirit may not notice him.

Trinculo, as he approaches, looks round for some shelter. But he sees neither any bush nor any shrub that may protect him from the coming storm, then he

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comes upon Caliban lying on the ground. He cannot make out whether he is a man or fish, dead or alive. ~~He concludes that he must be a strange fish, that could have been exhibited in England.~~ He soon discovers that he is legged like a man and he has fins like arms. He must be then an islander who has been struck by lightning. Now the storm bursts, and Trinculo creeps under Caliban's gaberdine.

**Q. 41.** Sketch the recognition scene between Trinculo and Stephano, and dwell on its comic character.

**Ans.** Trinculo (the jester) and Stephano (a butler) are two of the survivors of the shipwreck. They are separated from the group of Alonso and his companions. As they wander about in the island, they meet Caliban. First, Trinculo comes along. Caliban imagines that he is a Spirit, sent by Prospero, to torment him. He lies flat on the ground to escape his notice. A storm is coming on. Looking for shelter and finding none, Trinculo creeps under Caliban's gaberdine supposing the strange, misshapen creature to be an islander. Then Stephano comes along. He sings a sailor's song, and carries a bottle of wine in his hand. He is astonished to see the prostrate figure of Caliban. and discovers two mouths and four legs and imagines that it must be a monster of the island. He hears Caliban speaking his own language—of course Caliban prays that he may be spared any torment, supposing them to be Spirits. Stephano pours wine into his mouth. Trinculo recognizes Stephano by his voice, and calls out his name. Stephano now drags out Trinculo by his legs.

When Stephano first discovers the prostrate figure of Caliban, from which four legs stick out, he is a little shaken with fear, but he summons courage to his help:

"I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs."

He hears Caliban speaking his own language, but cannot make out what he means; and as Caliban trembles he imagines that he must have been taken with an ague. Now the idea comes to him that he should give him a taste of his wine and that if he can recover him, he will

keep him as a specimen of the American Indian and sell him at a high price in Europe. Again when Trinculo hears Stephano's voice, he imagines that he must be either Stephano, or the island must be full of devils. It is so amusing that in the mind of all the three fear is the motive. When Stephano hears two voices from the prostrate figure, and when one of the voices calls out his name, fear is again uppermost in his mind :

"Mercy, mercy ! this is a devil, and no monster." Each seem to be afraid of the other, for each thinks that the devil must be playing some tricks upon him :

*Trin.* Stephano ! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me : for I am Trinculo—be not afeard—thy good Trinculo.

So they touch each other and make sure that no illusions were put upon them by the devil.

**Q. 42.** What are some of Trinculo's satirical comment on Caliban ? Are they capable of wider application ?

**Ans.** Wine which Caliban is given to drink, by Stephano produces a miraculous effect upon Caliban's senses and understanding. He is prepared to transfer his devotion at once to Stephano :

"That's brave god and bears celestial liquor,  
I will kneel to him."

Stephano makes Caliban drink again and again—and his brutish understanding seems to expand under its influence. Stephano seems to him to be the man in the moon, about whom Miranda has told him. Trinculo is tickled by the simplicity and ignorance of Caliban. It must be "a very shallow monster." He hates himself for ever having been afraid of the monster. Caliban's servile devotion to Stephano amuses Trinculo. Caliban now gods Stephano, but a slave of drink as he is, when his god (*i. e.*, Stephano) is asleep, Caliban will rob his bottle. Trinculo cannot help feeling contempt for Caliban :

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard !

If Caliban represents, as critics imagine, an African (for Morton Luce remarks : "Caliban is an African of

some kind ; as a slave, he hates his taskmaster, hates all "service ") Trinculo's satirical comments are of wider application. These comments bring into clearer light the poor mentality of the African savages and show how readily they catch the vices of the European, particularly the vice of drunkenness, and that if they at all care for freedom, they will be content with a change of masters, and that for their new masters they will develop a servile spirit.

### Act III

**Q. 43.** What purpose had Prospero in giving the laborious work to Ferdinand ? How does Miranda show her sympathetic nature ? What does it bring out in Ferdinand ?

**Ans.** Prospero's magic brings together Ferdinand and Miranda, but his magic has little to do with the inspiring of love between the two—love is prompted by their sex-instinct, by their mutual admiration and by the romantic circumstance of their meeting. It is the wish of Prospero's heart that they should fall in love. But Prospero finds that they are too quick, and that as soon as they are in love, they seem to be getting free of Prospero's influence and interference—they would better like to shape their own destiny independently of Prospero. Prospero is quite happy at the result, but is afraid that too easy winning may make the prize cheap. Prospero, therefore, wants to test the strength and sincerity of Ferdinand's love. Hence the idea of imposing on him the task of bearing logs.

Happily this task brings Ferdinand and Miranda more closely together. Taking advantage of the hours that Prospero spends on study, Miranda steals away to Ferdinand while he is engaged in carrying logs. Miranda cannot help observing that Ferdinand is straining himself. The task would have been most unpleasant to him but for the sake of Miranda. The thought of Miranda keeps him company and seems to relieve his fatigue. But Miranda herself comes up to him, and her personal company is more heartening to him. Seeing how he seems to be quite exhausted by the task, Miranda offers

to carry the logs for him. Her sympathy is quite touching, and robs the task of all its unpleasantness. Apart from love, her sympathy is prompted by Ferdinand's distress. With her womanly instinct she sees at once that Ferdinand is not used to this thing. So she says:

"It would become me

As well as it does you : and I should do it

With much more ease ; for my good will is to it.

And yours it is against." (III. i. 28-31.)

Miranda's sympathy brings out true manhood in Ferdinand. It does not simply encourage him to confess his love ; it makes a man of him. If there is something of the lover's exaggeration in the sentiments he utters, yet they have the very breath of sincerity, passion and nobility :

"Hear my soul speak :

The very instant that I saw you, did

My heart fly to your service ; there resides,

To make me slave to it ; and for your sake

Am I this patient log-man." (III. i. 63-67.)

Miranda's love transforms him from his butterfly existence at his father's court into a serious-minded youth, who has now a purpose in life.

**Q. 44.** Write an explanatory comment on Ferdinand's speech—"There be some sports are painful, etc."

**Ans.** In this speech Ferdinand refers to the task of bearing logs. In itself the task is unpleasant—and humiliating ; his nature revolts against it. But it points to "rich ends." Hence it is possible for him to submit to this task. He has constantly Miranda in his mind while he works. Hence he seems to be detached from the task in which he is engaged, and is hardly aware of its unpleasantness. He is going through with it for the sake of Miranda. The very idea positively turns the task into a pleasure. Her sympathy in his hard task is a treasure to him :

"my sweet mistress

Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such

baseness

Had never like executor."

(III. i. 11-13.)

Her sympathy lifts him far above his task. The task is something outside his self ; it occupies the threshold of his consciousness. He is rather busy with the thought of Miranda :

“But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours ;

Most busy lest, when I do it.” ( III. i. 14-15. )

Q. 45. I suppose there is nothing of the kind in poetry equal to the scene between Ferdinand and Miranda.”—

Discus. (*Mrs Jameson*).

Ans The scene is the log-bearing scene. Ferdinand is piling up the logs, but all the time he seems to be rapt up in the sweet thought of Miranda. As a matter of fact the task seems to be performed almost mechanically—it hardly enters into his active consciousness. Believing that her father will be busy with his study, Miranda steals to him : she is quite unaware that her father watches them from a distance, unseen by them. After all it is a scene that delights a father's heart.

In its naive simplicity the scene is an exquisite idyll. No convention of artificial life mars its harmony. In Miranda speaks the voice of womanhood, uncorrupted by ‘society,’ and emerging into a consciousness of its natural craving—and its rights to love and be loved. First, it is expressed in genuine and tender sympathy for Ferdinand in his hard task. Sympathy is a great solvent. It stirs the deeps of Ferdinand's heart.

“Mir. If you'll sit down,

I'll bear your logs the while : pray, give me that ;

I'll carry it to the pile.” ( III. i. 23-25. )

That is an exquisite touch. No woman, aware of the conventions of society, would have made an offer like that ! Her sympathy, so tenderly and candidly expressed, touches Ferdinand into grace and nobility. Ferdinand bred in society, forgets the artificial code of behaviour and society and speaks as elemental man speaks to elemental woman. Ferdinand keeps nothing back from her. He has met women in his life, and he has been fascinated by them for diverse gifts—but none like Miranda, “so perfect and peerless”, “created of every creature's best.”

That is a genuine tribute to Miranda's unspoilt womanhood—her simplicity, her innocence, her unsophisticated frankness, etc. But the most remarkable part of the scene is Miranda's own behaviour in relation to love. She has no training from society. The conventions of society are often a safe guide in matters of love—at least they seem to protect lovers from any act of indiscretion. Now Miranda has but to trust her own instinct. To say the least, she behaves correctly in the most critical moment of her life. Perhaps she owes it to the absorptive nature of her father's training. We have, therefore, the most exquisite love-scene here, in which simplicity and innocence, instead of lapsing into unblushing forwardness, go with grace and dignity. An ordinary dramatist might have been exposed to two dangers in depicting this scene; he might have either painted Miranda as a brazen hussy, who might have easily compromised herself with Ferdinand, or he might have painted her as a conventional girl of society, masking her physical desire in an appearance of innocence, keeping at a safe distance. Miranda herself seems to be surprised that

“And all the more it seeks to hide itself,  
The bigger bulk it shows.” (III. i. 80-81.)

That is a woman again. After all what is the good of playing a game of hide-and-seek with herself?

“Hence, bashful cunning!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!

I am your wife, if you will marry me.” (III. i. 81-83.)  
That is the very language of innocence, unfettered by convention. Shakespeare's exquisite art gives the scene the best grace of poetry and sentiment.

**Q. 46.** Is Miranda less charming for being so purely feminine? Is it not the temptation of most novelist in picturing women, educated in ignorance of other women, to make them sexless creations?

**Ans.** See Q. 45. Note the following points:—

Any lesser man than Shakespeare would have made Miranda's character untrue to nature. Shakespeare has the profoundest insight into human nature. And though



it is a critical task to depict a woman who, since her childhood, has been brought up in ignorance of society, and yet retains all the grace and sweetness of womanhood, Shakespeare has accomplished it with the easy skill of a master. The test of his success is that Miranda is *womanly* with all her ignorance, and unsophisticated simplicity and innocence. Nothing she does or says strikes us as incongruous, or untrue to her womanly nature. In every action of hers—her spontaneous sympathy either with the ship-wrecked or with Ferdinand in his hard task, her taking up the side of Ferdinand against her father, her comforting of Ferdinand, her offer to carry the logs for him, and last but not least her pledge of love, she is the very image of womanhood, unfettered by convention, and protected by her own innocence and grace.

**Q 47.** What satirical foreshadowing of the plot to kill Prospero does Trinculo utter in the beginning of Sc. ii? Who proposes the plot?

**Ans.** The plot to murder Prospero is formed by the three, Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo. In Act II. Sc. ii, Stephano says, "Trinculo, the King and all our company else being drowned, *we will inherit here.*" In the meantime Caliban has been telling them that he has so long served a tyrant that he will henceforth serve his new-found master (Stephano). Caliban does not yet suggest that they should murder Prospero (his old master). The idea of *inheriting* or taking possession of the island occurs to Stephano, and Stephano tells Trinculo. Trinculo must have been musing on this. In the beginning of Sc. ii (Act III) Trinculo reflects with reference to Stephano's idea of being master of the island.

"They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters."

The plot to murder Prospero is foreshadowed in this speech of Trinculo. But neither Stephano nor Trinculo proposes this. Caliban clings to Stephano and dins in his ears all the wrongs he has suffered at the hands of Prospero, and begs him to take revenge upon Prospero. Finally Caliban arranges all the details of the plot, and

tempts Stephano further with the prospect of the fairest bride (Miranda) in the event of pulling it off.

**Q. 48.** Why does Ariel try to instigate quarrels among the plotters? What is the result?

**Ans.** Ariel has a love of fun and mischief. While Caliban begs Stephano to listen to his suit, Ariel enters invisible. Caliban repeats the story that he has been subject to a tyrant, a magician, who has robbed him of the island, and begs Stephano to avenge his wrongs. Now as he tells the story, Ariel, remaining invisible, contradicts him. Both Stephano and Caliban suppose that Trinculo is the offender. Trinculo protests in vain. At last Stephano turns upon him, and gives him a good beating. Trinculo who does not suspect any supernatural trick, blames the drink for all this. While Ariel satisfies the love of fun, by making them quarrel, Ariel has also the purpose of weakening and disuniting them, and making them appear ridiculous.

**Q. 49.** Explain the dramatic significance of the plot of Caliban with his two associates to murder Prospero.

**Ans.** Caliban's plot to murder Prospero is, as it turns out, a ludicrous counterpart to the more serious plot of Antonio and Sebastian to murder Alonso in the previous Act. This is known as *parallelism*. It means working the same motive over again. The more serious plot of Antonio and Sebastian is brought into contact with the comic plot of Caliban and his two companions. As one critic remarks, "Occasionally parallelism is employed for the purposes of burlesque; in other words, the repetition of motive is introduced in the way of ridicule." The plot of Caliban and his two companions is intended to exhibit them in a ridiculous light.

**Q. 50.** Describe the phantom banquet. What purpose is it intended to serve?

**Ans.** Alonso, exhausted by his wanderings in search of his missing son (Ferdinand), at last gives up all search and hope of ever finding his son. Antonio and Sebastian whisper, and resolve to execute their plot again that very night when they expect the watch to be loose, due to the

exhaustion of the party. Suddenly solemn and strange music is heard. Then several strange shapes enter, bringing in a banquet. They dance about with gentle actions of greeting, and then inviting the King and his party to eat, they depart.

Now they all begin to speculate about the strange phenomena. At last they decide that they should eat. But when they sit down to the banquet, Ariel enters in the shape of a harpy, and snatches away the banquet.

Next Ariel addresses himself to Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio. He reminds them of the wrong done to Prospero, and tells them that the elements now exact punishment for this act. He warns Alonso that the loss of his son is part of his punishment, and adds that unless he repents in time, further punishment will follow.

The banquet scene is meant to awaken in Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio, their sense of sin by supernatural terrors, and then to lead them to repentance. Alonso seems to be most shaken by this supernatural warning, which turns his sin into his consciousness. Antonio and Sebastian are distracted with terror. And all three disperse in a wild and desperate mood.

**Q. 51.** Comment on Ariel's speech, condemning the men of sin. What effect is produced on each?

**Ans.** A mere ariel voice denounces Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio. These are "three men of sin." Antonio expelled his brother, Prospero, from the dukedom of Milan. Alonso assisted Antonio in carrying out the plot. Ariel recalls this crime to them. Ariel and his fellow-spirits appear as but ministers of fate. Fate has so long deferred their punishment; but now it overtakes them. The elements and all living things are now ready to avenge the wrong done to Prospero. Alonso is told that the loss of his son is the first step of his punishment, and that worse punishment is still to follow, which he can only escape by sincere repentance and submission.

Then Ariel vanishes in thunder. The Shapes enter again and dance with mocking gestures—and at last carry off the table. Alonso begins to stare wildly about him. He imagines that he heard the waves of the sea speak to

him of his crime, that the thunder pronounced the name of Prospero and trumpeted the wrong he (Alonso) had done Prospero. Now he believes that his son is drowned and that he can but seek him in vain. Sebastian and Antonio are distraught with terror, but they do not seem to be stricken with remorse like Alonso. To Gonzalo who does not suspect the supernatural intervention, it appears that the three are now awakened to their sense of crime, and is afraid that they might do violence to themselves in their desperation.

**Q. 52.** Quote passages showing that Caliban, notwithstanding the brutishness of his nature, is one of the most poetical creatures of this play.

—(*Local Cambridge Senior*—1887).

**Ans.** Caliban is a creature, half human and half brutish. His intelligence is but partly developed; but it is an intelligence that delights more in evil than in good. Evil seems to be inherent in his nature. He has a sort of shrewdness, and it is again a part of that intelligence which is entirely given over to evil. His diabolical scheme to murder Prospero springs from his shrewdness. Yet compared with Stephano and Trinculo, whose intelligence, if they have any, is clouded by the fumes of wine, Caliban seems capable of driving straight to the ends in view. Caliban himself suggests and plans the murder of Prospero, and while he imagines that Stephano will do the murder, he practically assumes the leadership of the plot. After all Caliban, however poor his intelligence and dark and benighted his reason, shows a peculiar aptitude for evil. If he has intelligence, he can best prove it by doing evil—it is a devilish intelligence.

There is, however, one thing which the evil in his composition has not been able to resist and undo. He seems to have a plastic and susceptible imagination—an imagination that the primitive man possessed. Left to the subtle influence of sight, and particularly sound in Nature, his imagination has woven around him a world of magic and beauty. Hence critics find that Caliban is the most poetical creature in the play. If Caliban does not seem to be particularly responsive to the varied

aspects of Nature's beauty and majesty, his mind seems to react readily to the subtle suggestion of *sound*. Here is the most poetical passage put into his mouth :

"the isle is full of noises,  
 Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.  
 Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
 Will hum about mine ear ; and sometimes voices,  
 That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
 Will make me sleep again : and then, in dreaming.  
 The clouds methought would open and show riches  
 Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,  
 I cried to dream again " ( III ii. 132-140. )

#### Act IV

**Q. 53.** "If I have too austere<sup>ly</sup> punish'd you, your compensation makes amends."—Whose punishment is referred to here ? What is the compensation ? Is any precaution taken in awarding the "compensation ?"

**Ans.** The punishment referred to is the punishment of Ferdinand by Prospero. It is rather a trial of Ferdinand's love for Miranda. But from the beginning Prospero prefers to talk of it as punishment. The punishment or the trial consists in the task of bearing logs. Prospero is satisfied with the result of the test. Prospero offers Ferdinand Miranda as his reward—

"a third of mine own life,

Or that for which I live." ( IV. i. 3-4. )

But Prospero warns Ferdinand not to seek Miranda in love until they are married. Ferdinand solemnly promises to obey Prospero, and Prospero is satisfied with his promise. The point is that Ferdinand having stood the test well, Prospero betroths Miranda to him, but is cautious enough to bind Ferdinand to a promise to respect the sanctity of their loves.

**Q. 54.** Describe the pageant, presented by Prospero to give delight to Ferdinand and Miranda.

**Ans.** Prospero bids Ariel bring his associates and give a show. Accordingly, first, Iris, the goddess of the rainbow enters. She invokes Ceres, the mother-earth. Ceres is the goddess, responsible for the fruit and vegetable growth of the earth, and she presides over meadows,

pasture, groves and vineyards. Iris summons her from her favourite haunts to entertain Juno, "the queen o' the sky." Juno is the goddess who presides a wedding.

Ceres soon appears. She thanks Iris for her services in fertilizing the earth. She learns that she has been summoned to bless the betrothal of two lovers (Ferdinand and Miranda). Ceres asks whether Venus or her son (Cupid) will be present. Since Venus helped Dis (king of the lower regions) to abduct Ceres's daughter, Ceres has shunned Venus's company, and Ceres does not like to meet her again. Iris assures her that Venus and her son tried to do some mischief here, but were baffled, and had retreated to Paphos. Next appears Juno. Juno greets Ceres. Then they both bless the lovers (Ferdinand and Miranda). Juno promises them honour, riches and happiness. Ceres promises them all the produce of the earth—well-stocked barns and granaries, fruitful vines, prolonged spring and a good harvest.

Ferdinand is delighted with the vision and praises it most enthusiastically. Iris then summons the nymphs of rivers who wear "scedged crowns" to celebrate the betrothal and reapers. So the reapers appear and dance with the nymphs. Prospero now happens to remember the conspiracy of Caliban against his life, and appears to be upset, and suddenly dismisses the show.

**Q. 55.** What does the pageant celebrate? When classical figures take part? Over what part of nature does each exercise a function?

**Ans.** See Q. 54.

**Q. 56.** Analyse, and point out the dramatic significance of, Prospero's speech, "Our revels now are ended, etc."

**Ans.** The sudden termination of the pageant (in which Juno and Ceres bless the betrothal of Ferdinand and Miranda), which is connected with Prospero's sudden and unaccounted for fit of annoyance, astonishes both Ferdinand and Miranda. It needs an explanation. And it appears that Prospero is in a sad, pensive mood, and that to him the world appears as an empty show and life itself a dream that soon fades away. Of course this

reflection is immediately suggested by the pageant itself. The material universe with all its beauty and majesty is compared by Prospero to the "insubstantial pageant," lately presented to the lovers. Out of vexation of spirit arises this reflection—rather a passing phase of despair and pessimism, when life seems to be an empty show. He addresses himself to Ferdinand :

"Sir I am vex'd ;

Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled." This is the most significant utterance from Prospero. Prospero had fought with evil, and conquered it. He has defeated the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian. He has struck terror into the hearts of his enemies. He has been instrumental in awakening the bitterest remorse in Alonso. There is the conspiracy of Caliban against his life, and it is going to be dealt with soon. But now, he asks himself whether all this has been worth while. He cannot certainly cast out all evil from the world. His efforts at regenerating wicked men cannot, he knows produce any lasting result. It is certain that he is going to get back his dukedom. Apparently all that Prospero willed and intended is accomplished. The reflection whether it is any good now forces itself upon his mind, and Prospero delivers himself of a pessimistic view of life.

Q. 57. Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to  
Shall hoodwink this mischance.

( IV. i. 201-03. )

What is the "mischance" referred to ? Describe the result of Caliban's further enterprise.

Ans. In Sc. ii, Act III we find that Caliban proposes to Stephano the murder of Prospero. Ariel appearing there and remaining invisible, stirs up a quarrel between Stephano and Trinculo, for Ariel contradicts Caliban, and both Stephano and Caliban suppose that Trinculo is the offender. Now Ariel plays on a tabor and pipe. This aerial music fills Stephano and Trinculo with fright. Caliban assures them that the music is a part of the island, and is absolutely harmless. They decide to

follow the music. Flustered with drinking as they were, they seem to be excited by Ariel's music :

"they prick'd their ears,  
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses  
As they smelt music" ( IV. i. 176-178 )

That is how Ariel describes the effect of his music upon them. The result is that they rush madly on through prickly shrubs and thorny bushes and plunge right into a "filthy mantled pool."

Then they crawl out of the pool, and make for Prospero's cell to execute their plot. But Ariel at the bidding of Prospero, hangs out some glistening apparel. Both Stephano and Trinculo are tempted by it. They forget all about the plot, and are anxious to possess themselves of the apparel. Caliban cannot persuade them to leave it off. Now diverse Spirits, in the shape of dogs and hounds, set on them. Prospero and Ariel encourage them by their cries. So Caliban and his two associates are hunted up and down, and their plot against Prospero is defeated.

**Q 58.** How is the plot of Caliban against Prospero's life defeated ? What agencies does Prospero employ to punish them ? How does this contrast with the punishment laid on the King's train ?

**Ans** See Q. 57. Add the following :

Prospero employs Spirits in the shape of dogs and hounds to hunt Caliban and his associates (Stephano and Trinculo). The punishment of the King's train is inflicted through the instrumentality of Spirits, but it is a more refined and elaborate affair. First several strange shapes appear, bringing in a banquet ; they dance about with friendly gestures of salutation, and invite the King and his companions to eat. While they sit down to the banquet, Ariel enters in the shape of a harpy, and claps his wings upon the table, and the banquet disappears. Then an aerial voice denounces the "three man of sin"—Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian. They are told that they are being pursued by the "ministers of Fate." Alonso is told that he has been punished with the loss of his son for his treachery to Prospero, and that a much



worse punishment will befall him if he does not repent. The voice of the Spirits produces in Alonso the most exquisite torture. The punishment of Caliban and his associates is in a crude form—and is a mere appeal to physical fear, whereas the punishment of the King and his train is calculated to produce an exquisite terror—the terror of the body and the terror of the spirit. In fact Alonso suffers more from the torture of the spirit—the most exquisite and refined torture, ever produced by a sense of crime.

### Act V

**Q. 59.** “Now does my project gather to a head”—Explain the dramatic significance of this speech of Prospero.

**Ans.** On the one hand love between Ferdinand and Miranda has progressed according to Prospero’s intention and expectation. Satisfied with the result of Ferdinand’s test, Prospero formally betroths Miranda to Ferdinand, and calls up the pageant in which Juno and Ceres bless the betrothal. This is one part of Prospero’s project.

The second part of his project is concerned with his enemies—Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian. In this matter Prospero needs Ariel’s help more than in the other. First, the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian against Alonso is defeated through the instrumentality of Ariel. Secondly, through the instrumentality again of Ariel and his fellow-spirits (in the banquet scene, Act IV) the sense of crime is brought home to Alonso, and Alonso, Antonio, and Sebastian are all three thrown into a desperate mood. Thus while on the one hand love between Ferdinand and Miranda runs a smooth course, which is quite satisfactory to Prospero, on the other all his enemies are brought under his power. In the meantime Caliban’s conspiracy against his life has been foiled. He is triumphant over his enemies, and he is happy for the blossoming of love between Ferdinand and Miranda, which he had desired. He may well say, therefore, that his project now gathers to a head. The purpose for which he raised the tempest in the opening of the play is now fully accomplished. It now remains for him to confront his enemies and forgive them.

**Q. 60.** Give the Summary of Prospero's speech—"Ye elves of hills, etc."

**Ans.** The speech is Prospero's farewell to the Spirits whom he has so long commanded. They are the tiny spirits of hills, rivers, lakes and groves ; spirits that sport on the sands with the waves of the sea ; fairies that dance in the ring in the moonlight. By their aid, though they are weak, when left to themselves, Prospero has been able to darken the midday sun, to call forth the tempestuous winds and lash the sea into fury, to split open the oak with lightning, to cause the solid promontory to shake, and to pluck up the pine and cedar by their roots. At his command graves have opened and released the dead to walk the earth. But now he renounces the magic. The last use that he makes of it is to produce some heavenly music to restore the sense of Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian. After this he promises to break his magic staff, and bury it deep in the earth whence it may not be recovered.

**Q. 61.** Sketch the scene of forgiveness and reconciliation.

**Ans.** As the effect of the banquet scene and the supernatural voice denouncing Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian, they seem to be overwrought and demented, Ariel (of course invisible) now brings them in. Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian make frantic movements. Alonso, is attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Antonio are attended by Adrian and Francisco. They enter the circle which Prospero has made. Prospero's magic makes solemn music which has a soothing effect upon their sense Prospero first addresses Gonzalo and thanks him for having preserved his life. Then he addresses Alonso, Sebastian and lastly Antonio, and forgives them for their treachery to him (in having expelled him and his daughter from Milan. He readily forgives their crime. The spell is worked off, and their reason and judgment, yet clouded, slowly begin to recover. None of them can as yet recognize him. Ariel then attires him in the ducal robe. Prospero then bids Ariel bring in the Master and the Boatswain. Prospero, the duke

of Milan, stands before them, and welcomes Alonso and his train. Alonso can hardly believe his eyes. It might be an illusion ! However Alonso is glad to meet again Prospero, to whom he renders back his dukedom. Prospero embraces Gonzalo. Gonzalo too is inclined to disbelieve his eyes. Prospero speaks aside to Sebastian and Antonio, giving them to understand that he is aware of their late conspiracy against Alonso. He forgives his own brother.

**Q. 62.** What detachment from human interests does Ariel show at the supreme moral moment in the lives of the sinners ?

**Ans.** Ariel has nothing to do with the sinners. All his activity is limited to obeying the orders of Prospero. First, he brings in Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio, who are still under the effect of Prospero's charm, and whose reason and judgment seem to be clouded. Prospero solemnly addresses them, dwelling on their sin. Ariel simply stands off. He does not seem to be at all interested in the sinners. He waits for further orders from Prospero. Prospero bids Ariel fetch his ducal robe, and promises to set him free immediately afterwards. His own freedom is the only thing that interests him ; otherwise he stands aloof from the solemn drama of the sinners. As he helps to attire Prospero, he sings, "Where the bee sucks there suck I", etc. He seems to enjoy the prospect of his freedom in contemplation :

"Merrily, merrily shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

(V. i. 93-94).

**Q. 63.** What is the significance of the game of chess ?

**Ans.** The game of chess is the final climax of the scene of forgiveness and reconciliation. Alonso is glad to meet Prospero again. He might have been happy—for he has totally repented his sin—but for the loss of his son (Ferdinand). The restoration of Ferdinand to Alonso will complete the drama of forgiveness and reconciliation. How to effect this ? The game of chess seems to be the neatest solution. Alonso bewails to Prospero the loss of his son. Prospero too (jestingly)

alludes to the loss of his daughter (for he has lost his daughter to Ferdinand.) On hearing of his loss Alonso wishes that they both (his son and Prospero's daughter) were living now and so they were the king and queen of Naples. Prospero welcomes them all to his cell. He promises to bring forth another wonder—the last wonder that he will ever accomplish. It is then that Ferdinand and Miranda are discovered to Alonso's view—and they are playing chess.

Q: 64. How is the current of action turned to coincide with the love story of the play?

Ans. The two main elements in the action of the play are ; (1) the love between Ferdinand and Miranda ; (2) the punishment of the crime of Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio. These two elements are kept apart from the beginning. After the shipwreck Ferdinand is landed by himself, and he is missing from the party of the King and his courtiers. Ferdinand meets Miranda, and they fall in love. Ferdinand has to submit to a test and satisfy Prospero before he sanctions their betrothal. In the meantime Prospero takes steps to punish the sinners. Ariel and his fellow Spirits are employed for this purpose. They bring in a banquet, to which they invite the King and his train. Now as soon as they sit down to the banquet, Ariel appears as a harpy, and the banquet disappears. Then a supernatural voice denounces the sinners. It is in the scene of forgiveness and reconciliation that the two elements are brought together and united. The game of chess which Ferdinand and Miranda play in Prospero's cell has a dramatic significance. It is the culmination of the drama of forgiveness and reconciliation, and finally restores the balance and harmony of the play.

#### Epilogue

Q. 65. What graceful compliment does Prospero make to the audience in the Epilogue?

Ans. In the Epilogue Prospero of course speaks as a dramatic character. His *role* is that of a magician. Consequently as a magician he needs the prayer of the

audience to save his soul. As a matter of fact he submits to their kind consideration and sympathy, and begs to be released from their spell :

"But release me from my bands  
With the help of your good hands."

In these words Shakespeare craves the indulgence of the audience for his play. In other words, if the play has any merit or excellence, it is for the audience to appraise it.

**Q. 66.** Discuss the evidence for and against recognizing the Epilogue as the work of Shakespeare.

**Ans.** See Critical Note.

## APPENDIX D

### Puns

- I. ii. 451. 'light' (two meanings).
- II. i. 18. 'dollar.'
- II. i. 19. 'dolour'.
- II. i. 42-43. 'temperance' and 'Temperance.'
- II. i. 62. 'pockets' as a noun.
- II. i. 64. 'pocket' as a verb.
- III. i. 37-38. 'Miranda,' 'admired' and 'admiration'.
- III. ii. 16. 'standard' (two meanings).
- III. ii. 18. 'lie' (two meanings).
- IV. i. 232. 'line' (two meanings).
- IV. i. 233. 'line' (two meanings).
- V. i. 205. 'Milan' (the Duke) and 'Milan' (the City).

## APPENDIX E

### Familiar Quotations

- I. i. 16. 'What cares these roarers for the name  
of king?'
- I. ii. 376. 'Come unto these yellow sands.'
- I. ii. 147. 'The very rats instinctively have quit it.'
- I. ii. 415. 'Grief that's beauty's canker.'
- I. ii. 498. 'Thou shalt be as free as mountain  
winds'.

- II. i. 10. 'He receives comfort like cold porridge.'  
 II. i. 133. 'You rub the sore, when you should  
                   bring the plaster.'  
 II. ii. 25. 'A very ancient and fish-like smell.'  
 II. ii. 37. 'Misery acquaints a man with strange  
                   bed-fellows.'  
 II. ii. 90. 'I have no long spoon.'  
 III. i. 1. 'There be some sports are painful, and  
                   their labour  
                   Delight in them sets off.'  
 III. ii. 69. 'I'll turn my mercy out o' doors.'  
 III. ii. 109. 'While thou livest, keep a good tongue  
                   in thy head.'  
 III. i. 120. 'Thought is free.'  
 III. ii. 128. 'He that dies pays all debts.'  
 IV. ii. 156-58. 'We are such stuff  
                   'As dreams are made on, and our little life  
                   Is rounded with a sleep.'  
 IV. i. 206. 'There is not only disgrace and dis-  
                   honour in that, but an infinite loss.'  
 IV. i. 245. 'Apes with foreheads villanous low.'

## APPENDIX F

## Words Spelt Differently

I. i. 39.	Incharitable	for	uncharitable
I. ii. 229.	Bermoothes	for	Bermudas
I. ii. 247.	mistakings	for	mistakes
I. ii. 262.	Argier	for	Algiers
I. ii. 463.	mussels	for	muscles
II. i. 66.	Afric	for	Africa
II. i. 135.	Chirurgeon	for	Surgeon
II. ii. 55.	Ind	for	India
II. ii. 56.	afeard	for	afraid
III. ii. 26.	deboshed	for	debauched
III. iii. 14.	throughly	for	thoroughly
IV. i. 3.	thrid	for	third
IV. i. 155.	insubstantial	for	unsubstantial
IV. i. 163.	line	for	lime
IV. i. 233.	line	for	lime

## APPENDIX G

## Obsolete Words

I. i. 3.	yare	II. ii. 33.	troth
I. ii. 13.	fraughting	II. ii. 134.	sooth
I. ii. 31.	betid	III. ii. 78.	murrain
I. ii. 37.	ope	III. ii. 89.	wezand
I. ii. 63.	holp	III. ii. 115.	while-ere
I. ii. 64.	teen	III. iii. 1.	lakin
I. ii. 234.	flote	III. iii. 3.	forth-rights
II. i. 125.	loathness	III. iii. 30.	certes
II. i. 128.	mo	III. iii. 65.	dowle
II. i. 147.	tilth	III. iii. 71.	requit
II. i. 158.	foison	IV. i. 81.	bosky

## APPENDIX H

## Hints to the Students

1. Read the play through two or three times with the notes, and then two or three times more without them.

2. After reading, test your knowledge by writing out an account of the action in each act, and finally in the whole play, comparing your account with the play itself.

3. When you feel yourself fully conversant with the play, analyse your conception of each character, and write it down.

4. Consider next the central point at which the dramatist is aiming, and how each separate scene works up to it.

5. Having formed your own opinion of the play and the characters in it, lose no opportunity of seeing it played, and compare the representation given by each actor with your own conception of the part. If you differ, have solid grounds for your difference, or find out why you are wrong. Should you have the opportunity of taking part in any dramatic representation of the play, or of any part of it, do not fail to avail yourself of it.

6. The most excellent test of complete knowledge of the author's meaning is paraphrasing. In paraphrasing avoid such expressions as 'The poet says,' 'Shakespeare here writes,' etc., and touch nothing but the passage itself. Elementary faults in paraphrasing are—(a) sins of omission, or leaving out; (b) sins of commission, or putting in; the former being more common. After you have written your paraphrase, read the original passage, phrase by phrase, and find its translation in your own work. Do not attempt high-flown or roundabout language in your language, but let it be simple and direct. If you have several phrases to choose from, choose that which most nearly translates the original.

7. You may now find it interesting to notice the change from blank verse to rime or prose, and to endeavour to discover the reasons which lead to these changes.

8. When, *and not till when*, you are thoroughly saturated with the text of the play, questions of date, metre, etc., should have your attention, and in these the introductory chapter ought to help you.

9. Keep a notebook in which to enter—(a) words which have become obsolete, or have changed in meaning; (b) words with peculiar accent; (c) lines of peculiar metre.

10. Carefully study any picture or books upon the play. If you have the opportunity of reading Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, Goethe's *Faust*, Greene's *Friar Bacon*, and *Friar Bungay*, or Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft*, they will help you to a further appreciation of *The Tempest*.

11. Choose passages you consider worthy of memorising, and memorise them. You can hardly go wrong in selecting passages from *The Tempest* for recitation, but the following may be among the best: Ariel's songs, I. ii; Gonzalo's commonwealth, II. i. 142-164; the conspiracy, II. i. 194-286; the love-making, III. i; the masque, IV. i. 60-138; IV. i. 146-158; Prospero's abjuration, V. i. 1-57.—*Crook*.